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MARK LEMON

(First Editor of "Punch")

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MR. PUNCH'S VICTORIAN ERA

An Illustrated Chronicle

FIFTY YEARS OF THE REIGN OF

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

109419

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WITH A PROLOGUE (1837-41)

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MR. PUNCH'S VICTORIAN ERA.



PROLOGUE. 1837-1841.

HER MAJESTY QUEEN

VICTORIA acceded to the throne upon the death of William IV., on the 20th June, 1837. The first number of *Punch, or the London Charivari* bears date the week ending July 17th, 1841. It is only of the first four years of the reign of Victoria, therefore, that the pages of *Punch* hold no record. The events of those four years may be briefly summarised, as a preliminary to taking up the

story from the contemporary chronicle of the *Punch* Volumes.

The PRINCESS ALEXANDRINA VICTORIA was niece to the deceased King, being the daughter of his brother the Duke of Kent. She was born at Kensington Palace on May 24th, 1819, and was consequently, at the time of her accession, little more than 18 years of age. But although she was but a girl in years, subsequent events proved that both by nature, character, and judicious training she was well fitted for the great part she was so suddenly called upon to play. Mr. Justin McCarthy in his "Short History of Our Own Time" says:—"She was well brought up; both as regards her intellect and, her

character, her training was excellent. She was taught to be self-reliant, brave, and systematical. Prudence and economy were inculcated on her as though she had been born to be poor. One is not generally inclined to attach much importance to what historians tell us of the education of contemporary Princes or Princesses; but it cannot be doubted that the Princess was trained for intelligence and goodness."

These traits of character, and these advantages of training, have during fifty blameless and prosperous, though often anxious and burdensome years, borne excellent fruit, to the contentment and great gain of the people the youthful Princess was summoned to rule.

The striking circumstances attending that summons have now often been narrated, and more than once pictorially displayed. A picture by Henry T. Wells, R.A., in this year's Royal Academy Exhibition shows the girlish Queen hastily summoned from her chamber, with hair unbound and feet in slippers, to meet at early morning the messengers of state, the Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Howley) and the Lord Chamberlain (the Marquis of Conyngham), who had hurried from Windsor to inform her of the death of her uncle and her own accession. Though so young, so startled, in *deshabille* and in tears, she is represented as having comported herself collectedly and with dignity, like one-born to the purple and prepared for the golden burden of the Crown.



Lord Melbourne was the Prime Minister of the day. No time was lost. The Privy Council assembled at eleven o'clock of the same day. At that hour the new Queen, attended by her mother the Duchess of Kent, and her officers of state, entered the Council Chamber, the Lord Chancellor administered the customary oaths, and the Queen received the oaths of allegiance of those present. Thus commenced the long and glorious reign whose Jubilee we are now celebrating. In her reply to the declaration of allegiance Her Majesty expressed a hope that "she should find in the purity of her intentions, and in her zeal for the public welfare, that support and those resources which usually belong to more mature age and to longer experience," expressed her firm "reliance upon the wisdom of Parliament and upon the loyalty and affection of her people," and her resolve "steadily to protect the rights and promote to the utmost of her power the happiness and welfare of all classes of her subjects." The story of her prolonged reign, even as here summarised, will show that the modest hope was happily realised, the womanly reliance well placed, and the Royal resolve carefully observed.

At the time of Her Majesty's accession the Whigs were in office, Lord Melbourne being Prime Minister, and Lord Palmerston Foreign Secretary. Lord Melbourne's Administration had come into power in April, 1835. The young Queen regarded her first counsellor with that affection which his kindly if somewhat epicurean character was well qualified to inspire in a Sovereign youthful, of gentle nature and a woman. The influence which the Whig Premier had every opportunity of exercising upon the Queen naturally excited some jealousy, but Lord Melbourne does not appear to have used that influence excessively or unfairly, whether for personal or for party purposes.

The Proclamation took place on the 21st June, being first read in the courtyard of St. James's Palace by Garter King-at-Arms, in the presence of the Queen, who appeared at a window of the Palace, accompanied by Lord Melbourne and Lord Lansdowne, President of the Council. Everywhere the Proclamation was hailed with satisfaction and with loyal effusion. If the effusion might be thought to be emotional or conventional, there is every reason to believe that the satisfaction was sincere and deep-seated.

The England which this gentle yet dignified and intelligent girl of 18 was so suddenly called upon to rule, was a peaceful and, in large measure, a prosperous realm. Twenty-two years had passed since the Battle of Waterloo, and five since the passing of the first Reform Bill. The one event had secured to England external peace and national security, the other had given her internal concord and civic repose. What Lord Welton and his army had done for the kingdom, Earl Grey and his supporters had achieved for the Commonwealth. The

struggle against aggressive despotism without, and the struggle in favour of long-delayed Reform within, were alike over. The voice of the People, whether in complaint of suffering or injustice, or in expression of desire or determination, could now make itself audible and to a certain extent effective in the British House of Commons. It was no longer necessary for distressed Manchester workmen, like the so-called Blanketeers of 1817, to shake the nerves of the governing classes by the desperate project of walking up to London to plead their cause in person with the authorities. Another Peterloo massacre was not regarded as a probability of the early future in these happier times. The *vox populi*, most dangerous when most carefully gagged, could now find something like free expression without insurrection or incendiaryism. Of the state of things which had existed in the country only seven years previously, some idea may be gathered from the words of Mr. W. N. Molesworth ("History of England from the year 1830—1874," chap. 1, p. 32). "Trade, manufactures, agriculture,—all stagnated. Many parishes were reduced to such a state of pauperism that the whole property within their limits was insufficient for the maintenance of their poor; and assistance had to be sought from neighbouring parishes already overburdened with the expense of supporting their own paupers. Landlords could not obtain their rents; farmers were impoverished; the agricultural labourer, whose wages were often eked out from the poor-rates, received just enough to enable him to procure for his family and himself the barest necessities of life. The manufacturing operatives of Lancashire and Yorkshire were, in many instances, receiving only threepence and fourpence a day, for more than twelve hours' labour." And the Marquis of Blandford, in the House of Commons, had ascribed the "awful and alarming state of universal distress in which the landed, commercial, and all the great productive interests of the country" were involved, to the fact that the House was nominated for the greater part by certain proprietors of close and decaying boroughs, and by a few other individuals, who, by the mere power of money employed in means absolutely and positively forbidden by the laws, had obtained a "domination also expressly forbidden by Act of Parliament, over certain other cities and boroughs of the United Kingdom."* In fact, as Mr. Molesworth says, "Wars, national debt, increase of population, corn-laws, mal-administration of the poor-laws, and other legislation or hindrance of legislation, had reduced the great mass of the people, and especially the agricultural labourers, to the verge of starvation and despair. They were going mad with misery."†

But wars, those at least on a large scale, and involving

* Molesworth, chap. i, p. 33.

† *Ibid.* p. 53.

national danger, had now ceased; Parliamentary Reform, long delayed, had come at last; the excessive predominance of the landed interest and of class prejudice had been shaken if not destroyed; the day of scientific improvement and of social amelioration had dawned upon a lately darkened and distracted country, and though abuses yet lingered and suffering still existed, the beginning of what may be called the Victorian Era was for England a time of comparative peace, of reviving prosperity, and, especially, of abounding hope.

Taxation had been reduced and re-adjusted; the Factory Bill had been passed, the abolition of Slavery in the West Indies and other British Dependencies had been achieved, the new Poor Law, which the Duke of Wellington called "the best measure ever devised," had been passed, as also that for the Reform of Municipal Corporations, and in many other ways the presence of fresh life and a new ameliorating impulse in society and the State had been manifested, as well by numerous though as yet unsuccessful tentatives in the direction of improvement, as by reforms carried to a complete issue. The Church was quickening with new vitality; ecclesiastical reform was "in the air," the Bill for admitting Dissenters to University degrees had passed the Commons, though rejected by the Lords; the questions of Church Rates and Tithes had been attacked. More important still, as fruitful in even more far-reaching results, Science was awaking to new and astonishing activities, and we were "within measurable distance" of discoveries and applications which were destined to change the whole face of the country, the whole structure of society and the whole character of civilization.

This then was the pregnant and hopeful epoch when Queen Victoria acceded to the throne of the United Kingdom,

"I have no small talk, and Peel has no manners," said the Duke of Wellington, and he and the Tories thought that the accession of a female sovereign was unfavourable to their chances of regaining power. At that time the commencement of a new reign involved the necessity of summoning a new Parliament. Parliament was prorogued on the 17th July by the young Queen in person. "It will be my care," said Her Majesty in her first Royal Speech, "to strengthen our institutions, civil and ecclesiastical, by discreet improvement wherever improvement is required, and to do all in my power to compose and allay animosity and discord." The course thus early foreshadowed has been adhered to. Later on in her reign her Poet Laureate was able to say with more than mere courtly optimism:—

"And statesmen at her council met
Who knew the seasons when to take
Occasion by the hand, and make
The bounds of freedom wider yet

"By shaping some august decree,
Which kept her throne unshaken still,
Broad-based upon her people's will,
And compass'd by the inviolate sea."

Great, however, and beneficent in their action, more especially upon the middle classes, as had been the late reforms, political and social, the working classes of this country felt strongly, and even angrily, that their particular claims and their especial interests had received less than their due measure of consideration. "The working class," says Mr. Justin McCarthy, "in the opinion of many of their ablest and most influential representatives, were not merely left out, but, shouldered out." Their political enfranchisement and their social amelioration were to be the work of later days.

They did not, however, sit down quietly under their disabilities. They had ardently espoused the cause of the Reform Bill of 1831; but they felt that they had been disregarded by its authors. The operatives of the large towns were restlessly dissatisfied, and what became known as Chartism was the result. The Chartist agitation disturbed the country for some years.

Before the end of August the elections were over. They went rather in favour of the Tory, or as it was just now beginning to be called, the Conservative Party. In the last Parliament there were 356 Liberals and 302 Tories. To the new Parliament only 336 Liberals were returned as against 322 Tories. Parliament assembled on the 20th November, and was opened by the young Queen in person. In the Commons Mr. Wakley moved, and Sir W. Molesworth seconded, an amendment to the Address in favour of certain points of the Charter, viz., the Ballot, and shorter Parliaments. The Government opposed it on the grounds that to urge Reform further at the present time would be destructive of the stability of our institutions, and a breach of faith towards those who were parties to the late Reform Act. This announcement gave great dissatisfaction to the working men and to many Radical Members of the House. An impression prevailed, too, in some quarters, that the influence of Lord Melbourne rather checked than encouraged the Queen's popular sympathies. So a conference of Members of Parliament and working-men leaders was held, at which a programme of Reform, afterwards known as "the Charter," was prepared. These were its demands, or "points":—

1. Manhood Suffrage.
2. Annual Parliaments.
3. Vote by Ballot.
4. Abolition of Property Qualification.
5. Payment of Members.
6. Equal Electoral Districts.

These were then denounced as exceedingly revolutionary proposals. Most of them may now be said to be virtually in peaceful operation. The not altogether unreasonable demands of the Chartists, however, were very often supported by seditious speech and by violent action.

It was in this brief preliminary session, on the 7th December, 1837, that Mr. Benjamin Disraeli, whose name will hereafter so often appear in these pages, made that celebrated first speech of his, the story of whose discouraging reception, premature termination, and proud concluding boast, has too often been told to need repetition here.

The remainder of the session was chiefly occupied in the discussion of the Civil List and other pecuniary questions raised by the accession of a new Sovereign. This discussion was signalized by an angry altercation between the Premier (Lord Melbourne) and Lord Brougham, the two noble Lords bandying charges of courtier-like sycophancy, Lord Brougham charging Lord Melbourne with having hinged knees and a tongue attuned to courtly airs, whilst the latter retorted that Lord Brougham himself was well skilled at glozing, flattering and bending the knee.

On the 23rd December, Parliament was prorogued by the Queen to the 16th January.



1838.

THE opening year was disturbed by the tidings of the insurrection in Canada. On the 16th January, when Parliament reassembled, Lord John Russell carried a motion for an address to the Queen, in which was expressed "our deep concern that a disaffected party in Canada should have had recourse to open violence and rebellion, with a view to throw off their allegiance to the Crown," and Her Majesty was assured that "while this House is ever ready to afford relief to real grievances, we are fully determined to support the efforts of Her Majesty for the suppression of revolt and the restoration of tranquillity."

The grievances complained of by Canada were thought by many to be very real indeed, and the insurgents did not lack sympathisers in this country. It was in Lower Canada, inhabited chiefly by persons of French descent, that the insurrection broke out, the complaints being of arbitrary treatment and unjustifiable restriction of their liberties. The

insurgents were suppressed, and subsequently Lord Durham was sent out as Governor-General and High Commissioner to adjust the affairs of the Provinces of Lower and Upper Canada. By action too dictatorial Lord Durham made himself personally unpopular, and soon had to resign. His policy, however, based upon the principle of giving to the Colonists the largest possible powers of self-government, was generally acted upon, and was splendidly successful.

On the 28th of June the Coronation of Queen Victoria took place. It was a magnificent ceremony, attended by a superb popular pageant. It was said at the time that the people were "coronation-mad." They poured into the streets in enthusiastic multitudes, to see the first public procession which had paraded the metropolis since the time of Charles the Second. It left Buckingham Palace about 10 o'clock, and passed by way of Constitution Hill, along Piccadilly, St. James's Street, Pall Mall, Charing Cross, and Parliament Street, to Westminster Abbey, where the ceremony was to take place. The choir rolled out the anthem "I was glad," the Westminster boys chanted "Vivat Victoria Regina," "Sirs," said the Archbishop of Canterbury, "I here present unto you Queen Victoria, the undoubted Queen of this realm; wherefore all you who are come this day to do your homage, are you willing to do the same?" All present responded with a shout of "God save Queen Victoria!" a cry repeated later from every corner of the crowded Abbey, when the Archbishop, taking the crown from the Dean of Westminster, placed it upon the head of the young Queen. After the administration of the sacrament Her Majesty was invested by the Lord Chamberlain with her Royal robes, and proceeded to the west door of the Abbey wearing them and the crown, holding in her right hand the sceptre with the cross, in her left the orb. Then the Royal procession returned to the Palace, the people acclaiming their new Sovereign, and greeting with loud cheers the Duke of Wellington, Marshal Soult, Wellington's old Peninsular antagonist, who had been sent here to represent the French Government at the Coronation, and other popular personages in the procession.

In the evening the Queen looked out from the Palace window at the display of fireworks in the Green Park. The rest of the week was given up to dinners, balls, and festivities of all sorts, including a great fair in Hyde Park, to which day by day swarmed multitudes of the populace of London and its visitors.

Meanwhile the Melbourne Ministry was losing ground. Projects of Reform filled the air, but the energy to bring to fruition seemed everywhere lacking. A Ministry of somnolent, good-natured do-nothings was not likely long to retain popularity or power. On the 16th August, Parliament was pro-

rogued by the Queen in person. It was felt that the recess was a reprieve for the Melbourne Ministry, and probably little more.

On the 13th August the Select Committee appointed "to inquire into the present rates and mode of charging postage, with a view to such reduction thereof as may be made without injury to the revenue: and for this purpose to examine especially into the mode recommended for charging and collecting postage in a pamphlet published by Mr. Rowland Hill," had issued their report, which was generally favourable to Mr. Rowland Hill's plans.



1839.

PARLIAMENT was opened on the 5th February by the Queen in person. In the Royal Speech reference was made to the steps taken for the protection of British interests in Afghanistan, to the disturbances in Canada, and to the Chartist agitation.

Early in the year the Opium dispute with China became greatly aggravated. The Imperial Commissioner Lin, on the 18th March, issued an edict prohibiting the importation of opium into Chinese ports under severe penalties. This edict was deliberately evaded by our traders, and although the English Government appointed superintendents to manage our commercial relations with China, misunderstandings and disputes were of constant occurrence, and these ultimately led to the Opium War between ourselves and China. On the 22nd March, Superintendent Elliott requested all the ships of Her Majesty's subjects at the outer anchorages to proceed forthwith to Hong Kong, and, hoisting their national colours, be prepared to resist every act of aggression on the part of the Chinese Government.

On May 1 the ship "Tory" left England with the first company of emigrants for New Zealand, a memorable landmark in the history of British colonization. On the 1st of the following June the inhabitants of Melbourne in Australia celebrated the second anniversary of their city, in which plots of land had advanced in price from £7 to £600.

Meanwhile the Melbourne Ministry were losing ground daily. On the 7th May, in consequence of securing a majority of 5 only on a proposal to suspend the constitution of Jamaica, they announced their resignation. Sir Robert Peel undertook to form a Ministry, but stipulating for some changes in certain offices of the Royal Household, the appointments

for which the Queen insisted upon reserving for herself, the negotiations fell through and the Melbourne Ministry was recalled. Her Majesty's resolve not to allow the change of Government to interfere with the ladies of her Court of course gave great offence to the Tories at this time. Public opinion was much divided on the question, and the death of Lady Flora Hastings, of the Duchess of Kent's household, which was believed to have been hastened by certain baseless charges made against her by the ladies of the Court, added to the acerbity with which this matter was debated.

The Budget was introduced on the 5th July. It showed a deficiency. In connection with his financial statement the Chancellor of the Exchequer proposed a resolution: "That it is expedient to reduce the postage on letters to one uniform rate of one penny, charged upon every letter of a weight to be hereafter fixed by law." This proposal was opposed by the Tories, but the Postage Duties Bill passed the House of Commons on the 29th July, the Lords on the 8th August, and received the Royal assent on the 17th of the latter month.

Parliament was prorogued by the Queen in person on the 27th August. The Royal Speech referred to the dispute with Persia, and the consequent advance of the Indian army across the Indus into Afghanistan, which was being conducted with success, and had already resulted in the storming of Ghuznee, a frontier fortress in Afghanistan. An outrage had been committed on the British Minister at Teheran in November of 1838, and as no redress could be obtained, and our terms, including an apology for the outrage and the withdrawal of the Persian garrisons from the places which they had occupied in Afghanistan, had been rejected, the army of the Indus had advanced into Afghanistan. Cabul had been captured and entered by Shah Soojah, accompanied by the British Envoy and a squadron of British Cavalry, on the 7th August. Dost Mahomed Khan had taken to flight, and his army had been dispersed. The army of the Indus was now detained in Afghanistan to support Shah Soojah's claim to the throne of that country.

The Royal Speech also expressed the great pain with which the Crown "had been compelled to enforce the law against those who no longer concealed their design of resisting by force the lawful authorities, and of subverting the institutions of the country." This referred to the Chartist disturbances which had been rampant in various parts of the country all through the year, assuming in Birmingham and other places the form of serious riots. Four of the Chartist rioters had been tried and sentenced to death, though afterwards reprieved.

On the 28th August was commenced a piece of antique pageantry, which although partially robbed of its splendour by

unfavourable weather, excited immense public interest. This was what was known as the Eglinton Tournament, an elaborate "revival" of the old mediæval pastime, which was held at Eglinton Castle, the tilt-yard being constructed upon a lawn near "the Castle of Montgomery." The forms and proceedings of the ancient Tourney were carefully imitated, there were lists, knightly encampments, tents, equestrian joustings and sword encounters in true Ashby-de-la-Zouch fashion. Lady Seymour was Queen of Beauty, and the Marquis of Londonderry, King of the Tournament. The Earl of Eglinton (Lord of the Tournament), among others, tilted against the Marquis of Waterford (Knight of the Dragon); and Prince Louis Napoleon, then an exile in this country, engaged in a broadsword fight with Mr. Lamb (Knight of the White Rose). Despite bad weather and some inevitable derision, the pageant and its old-world sports drew over 100,000 visitors on the opening day, and were regarded with curious interest and sympathetic amusement by a society from which the forms if not the spirit of Chivalry had long departed.

About this time M. Daguerre's new invention of sun-pictures, the precursor of the subsequent wide and rapid development of the photographic art, attracted much attention in Paris. The first experiment in England, says "Annals of Our Time," was made on the 13th September, when M. St. Croix exhibited the instrument and process in presence of a party of scientific men and artists.

On the 10th October Prince Albert and his brother, the hereditary Prince of Saxe-Coburg, arrived in this country on a visit to the Queen. It had already been rumoured that there was some probability of a matrimonial alliance between the youthful Queen of England and this young German Prince, a rumour justified by Her Majesty's announcement on the 14th October, to Lord Melbourne, of her intention to ally herself in marriage with her cousin, Prince Albert, "presently on a visit to Windsor with his brother Ernest." Lord Melbourne received the information with satisfaction. "I think," said he, "it will be very well received, for I hear there is an anxiety now that it should be, and I am very glad of it." "You will be very much more comfortable," added the genial nobleman, "for a woman cannot stand alone for any time, in whatever position she may be."

Prince Albert was the second son of her mother's eldest brother, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg Saalfeld, and consequently Her Majesty's kinsman. He was born at Rosenau on the 26th August, 1819, and was therefore three months younger than the Queen, having now just entered on his 21st year. He was handsome in person, well educated, accomplished, and, as subsequent events proved, gifted both with force of character and sweetness of nature.

In accordance with Royal etiquette, the young Queen had of course, in this case, to take the initiative, a trying ordeal which she passed through with delicacy and tact. On the 15th October, on his return from hunting, Prince Albert was summoned to the Queen's room, where he found her alone. The news of his good fortune was gracefully conveyed to him. Where, as in this case, both sides feel the promptings of genuine affection, difficulties of form are soon surmounted. "Victoria," wrote Prince Albert to Baron Stockmar, "is so good and kind to me that I am often at a loss to believe that such affection should be shared by me." On her side, the Queen, with that simple sincere directness which characterizes all her utterances, writing on the same day to her uncle, the King of the Belgians, said, "I love him more than I can say, and shall do everything in my power to render this sacrifice (for such in my opinion it is) as small as I can." The Prince probably was at once too gallant and too sensible to regard it as "a sacrifice." Never, however, have Royal espousals been attended by more favourable omens. "We also think it better," added the Queen, "and Albert quite approves of it, that we should be married very soon after Parliament meets, about the beginning of February."

On the 23rd November, at a special meeting of the Privy Council at Buckingham Palace, Her Majesty read a brief declaration of "her intention to ally herself in marriage with the Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha."



1840.

ON the 10th of January of this year Rowland Hill's system of Penny Postage came into operation. On the very first day the number of letters sent from London is recorded as having been something like four times the average quantity, a favourable augury for the success of this great popular reform.

On the 16th January Parliament was opened by the Queen in person. In the Queen's Speech formal notification was made of the projected marriage of Her Majesty with Prince Albert. Some discussion arose as to the necessity of describing the Prince as "Protestant" in the Address; it was ultimately agreed to do so, and an annual allowance of £30,000 was voted to be granted to him on his marriage with the Queen.

On the 6th February Prince Albert arrived in this country; the next day he was royally welcomed at Buckingham Palace,

and the Lord Chancellor administered to him the oath of naturalization. On the 7th the treaty of marriage was signed in London, and on the 10th the ceremony was solemnized.

It took place in the Chapel Royal at St. James's, and was performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury. The Royal pair on their return to Buckingham Palace were enthusiastically cheered by a huge holiday-making multitude. Thence, later in the day, they proceeded to Windsor, where they were welcomed by a throng of wildly cheering Eton boys in white gloves and wedding favours. They remained at Windsor Castle for three days, and then returned to Buckingham Palace. The young Queen's happiness in her new relationship, and the confidence and comfort she felt in the companionship and counsel of the Prince Consort, were manifest to all, and have since been amply testified to both by herself and by other intimate observers of the early hours of her wedded life. "Such a new thing," writes Lady Lytton, "for her to dare to be unguarded in conversing with anybody; and with her frank and fearless nature the restraints she has hitherto been under, from one reason or another, must have been most painful."

On the 10th June, a demented pot-boy, named Edward Oxford, made a mad attempt upon the life of the Queen by firing a pistol at her as she was out driving with Prince Albert up Constitution Hill. Her Majesty, who bore herself bravely, was not injured, and the youth Oxford, who proved to be a crackbrained enthusiast, was placed in a lunatic asylum for life.

Meanwhile the Melbourne Ministry had become more and more weakened and discredited. Time after time they had been placed in a minority. A motion brought forward by Sir James Graham condemning in no measured terms their policy in China, was only defeated by a majority of ten. Still they clung to office.

On the 6th August occurred Prince Louis Napoleon's attempt on Boulogne. Landing at that place with 58 followers the Prince repaired to the barracks, where he endeavoured to secure the support of the soldiers. Failing in this he marched through the town, issuing high-sounding proclamations. He drew little support, however; the National Guard were mustered; retreating from them the Prince and his party were driven back to the sea, and in an attempt to reach the steamer the Prince and others were thrown into the water. The Prince was picked up and taken prisoner. The whole affair was a grotesque fiasco, and exposed the Prince, who had long been an exile among us, to much ridicule in this country. A little later he was tried for the offence by the Court of Peers of France, found guilty, and sentenced to perpetual imprisonment in the frontier fortress of Ham.

On the 11th August, Parliament was closed by the Queen

in person; Prince Albert being present, seated near the throne.

On the 3rd November, Dost Mahomed Khan surrendered to Sir William Macnaghten at Cabul, bringing the war in Afghanistan to an end. The policy of our advance into that country was a matter of much dispute, although our arms were crowned with success. The Russians had pushed an expedition into Central Asia; it was felt by Burnes and others that this foreboded the approach of their frontiers to ours, and possible future collisions. Burnes held that Russia's attack on Khiva was justified by the law of nations, but thought that the time chosen wore a bad appearance, as suggesting that Russia was advancing her forces to counteract our policy. The Court of Directors of the East India Company, at the close of the year, addressing the Government on the subject of the British position in Afghanistan, expressed its opinion that for many years to come the restored Afghan monarchy would have need of a British force in order to maintain peace in its own territory, and prevent aggression from without.

Our difficulty in Egypt had also been practically settled by the end of 1840. The Pasha of that country, Mehemet Ali, had revolted against the Sultan, and with the aid of his warlike son, Ibrahim Pasha, nearly succeeded in making himself master of Syria. A convention had been entered into between England, Austria, Prussia and Russia on one side, and Turkey on the other, for the pacification of the Levant. France somewhat strangely stood aside, but gave verbal assurances of sympathy. The propositions submitted by the Powers to Mehemet Ali were rejected by him. The allied fleet, under Admiral Stopford, bombarded and captured St. Jean d'Acre on the 3rd November, and on the 27th Commodore Napier entered into a convention with Mehemet Ali, in which the latter agreed to "evacuate Syria, restore the Turkish flag, and receive Egypt as an hereditary fief of the Porte." The attitude of France during these events was very equivocal, and much soreness on her part survived the Egyptian settlement.



1841.

"ON the whole," says Mr. Molesworth, "the year 1841 opened auspiciously for the Government. Abroad victory had crowned their arms, and success had attended their diplomacy. The objects for which they had contended might

not be very desirable, but at all events they had been attained, and this was all the great mass of the English people cared to know about the matter. The agricultural, manufacturing and commercial interests were all prospering, and peace and contentment seemed everywhere to prevail. It was therefore seen with little disappointment that the Queen's Speech of this year was more barren of promises of those progressive reforms which the opinion of the country demanded than even the Royal Speeches of previous years had been. The Whig Government had evidently made up its mind to rest and be thankful It was evident that the Government was now resting on the favour of the Queen, rather than on the support of the House of Commons and the people."

That "rest," however, was not destined to be long unbroken, and the "thankfulness" was undoubtedly a little premature.

Parliament was opened by the Queen in person on the 26th January. The Government on the 16th February was defeated by a majority of 31 in a House of 223, on Mr. Cresswell's motion for a committee on the Danish claims, and on the 25th they only secured a narrow majority of 5 (299 to 294 votes), on the second reading of Lord Morpeth's Irish Registration Bill. A little later (April 30th) their Budget showed a deficiency of about two millions, and the proposals of the Chancellor of the Exchequer (Mr. Baring) for meeting this deficiency by an alteration in the sugar duties, were rejected by the House by a majority of 36. The Ministry were expected to resign, but did not do so.

The Opposition became impatient of this prolonged clinging

to office in spite of repeated defeats. On the 24th May, Sir Robert Peel gave notice that he would, on the 27th, move a resolution of want of confidence in the Melbourne Ministry, in these words:—"That Her Majesty's Ministers do not sufficiently possess the confidence of the House of Commons to enable them to carry through the House measures which they deem of essential importance to the public welfare, and that their continuance in office under such circumstances is at variance with the spirit of the Constitution."

In the debate which ensued, Mr. Disraeli, notorious a little later for his virulent attacks upon Sir Robert Peel, delivered a glowing eulogy upon that statesman, who, he said, "placed in an age of rapid civilization and rapid transition, had adapted the practical character of his measures to the condition of the times," had "never employed his influence for factious purposes," and "whether in or out of office, had done his best to make the settlement of the new Constitution of England work for the benefit of the present time and of posterity." The warm panegyrist of to-day was soon to be the savage and unscrupulous assailant.

On the 4th June the debate on the vote of no confidence was concluded, and the Government found themselves in a minority of *one* (312 for, 311 against). This was too much even for the Melbourne Ministry, and on the 7th Lord John Russell announced their intention to advise a dissolution and the calling of a new Parliament as early as possible. *Punch's* first important political cartoon in apt illustration of this crisis, showed "Hercules (Sir R. Peel) tearing Theseus (Lord John Russell) from the Rock (the Treasury Bench to which he had grown."



MR. PUNCH'S VICTORIAN ERA.

1841—1887

+ 1841 +

JULY 17.

"PUNCH" and the Elections were the only matters which occupied the public mind on July 17, 1841. So says the *Introduction* to Volume I, of *Punch, or the London Charivari*. The first number of this new humorous journal, this *Guffawgraph* as the writer of its first Preface named it, bore date "for the week ending July 17, 1841." The Elections were then in full progress, Parliament having been prorogued on the 22nd of the previous month.

AUG. 24.

PARLIAMENT was opened by Commission, having on the 19th assembled to elect a Speaker, the Right Hon. Charles Shaw Lefevre. The result of the General Election gave a total of 368 Tories as against 292 Liberals. An amendment to the Address, negating the confidence of the House in the Melbourne Ministry, having been moved by Mr. T. S. Wortley, the Government, in the division which took place on August 28th, found themselves in a minority of 91. On the 30th, therefore, Lord John Russell announced in the House that the Ministry only held office until their successors were appointed.

AUG. 31.

SIR ROBERT PEEL, sent for by the Queen, undertook to form a Ministry.

(See *Cartoon, "The Letter of Introduction."*)



THE LETTER OF INTRODUCTION.

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SEPT. 3.

At a Council held at Claremont this day, the new Ministers were sworn into office. First Lord of the Treasury, Sir Robert Peel; Lord Chancellor, Lord Lyndhurst; President of the Council, Lord Wharcliffe; Home Secretary, Sir James Graham; Foreign Secretary, Lord Aberdeen; Leader in the House of Lords, without office, the Duke of Wellington.

Peel had now, as *Punch* observed, been called in as State physician, "in a regular way," and as the previous Ministry had held office for ten years, the Tories, or as they were now beginning to call themselves, Conservatives, were naturally elated at the prospect of the possession after so long waiting, of "place, power and patronage."

(See *Cartoon*, "The Royal Red Riding Hood, and the Ministerial Wolf.")

OCT. 7.

Parliament was prorogued by Commission. Its first session had been brief and unfruitful, and the Whigs derisively called it the "Do-nothing Parliament."

NOV. 2.

At Calcutta some 300 men, moved by a seditious letter written by Abdoolah Khan, attacked the residence of Sir Alexander Burnes, our Agent there, and murdered him and others. This led to a serious insurrection in Afghanistan against the English and Shah Soojah, whom we had seated on the throne in place of Dost Mahomed.

NOV. 9.

This day was rendered memorable by the birth of an heir to the Crown, the Queen being, at twelve minutes before eleven in the



THE ROYAL RED RIDING HOOD, AND THE MINISTERIAL WOLF.

morning, safely delivered of a son, the Prince of Wales. Loyal *Mr. Punch* celebrated the happy occasion by a "Poem to the Princelet," from which the following is a quotation:

HURRA! we've a little prince at last,
A roasting Royal boy;
And all day long the booming bells
Have rung their peals of joy.

And the little pusk-guns have blazed away,
And made a tremendous noise,
Whilst the air hath been fill'd since eleven o'clock
With the shouts of little boys;
And we have taken our little bell,
And rattled and laugh'd, and sang as well,
Roo-coo-root! Shallahalla!
Like to the Prince! Fallshallah!

+1842+

THE year 1842 opened with a Tory Administration, a deficient revenue, war in the East, where the British forces early in January commenced their disastrous retreat from Cabul, distress and dissatisfaction amongst the working classes, Chartist Conventions and Anti-Corn-Law Conferences.

These things, and the growing disunion between the agricultural and manufacturing interests (said *Mr. Punch* in his *Introduction*) "were matters of no mean import, when arrayed in the face of an active and clever Opposition, notwithstanding the fact that the Administration commanded large majorities in both Houses of Parliament."

JAN. 17.

THE Foundation-Stone of the new Royal Exchange was laid by Prince Albert.

JAN. 25.

CHESTERING of the Prince of Wales was performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, with water brought from the river Jordan in 1825.

FEB. 3.

PARLIAMENT was opened by the Queen in person. Her Majesty's Speech (says *Mr. Punch's Introduction*) "was delivered with the grace peculiar to that Royal Lady, and the Address in both Houses carried unanimously."

FEB. 9.

SIR ROBERT PEELE introduced his new Sliding Scale of Corn Duties to the House of Commons. This was an attempt to give some satisfaction to the Anti-Corn-Law party, by a "Sliding Scale" of duties on corn, without adapting their remedy of total repeal. It failed in its object, however, giving satisfaction to no

side. Mr. Cobden denounced it as an insult to a suffering people.

(See *Cartoon*, "The Modern Ceres.")

FEB. 14.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL moved an amendment hostile to Sir Robert Peel's new Corn-Law Scheme, but the Ministers secured a majority of

123 on the division. Later Mr. Villiers moved the immediate repeal of the Corn Law, which amendment was also lost by a large majority. The country, however, was thoroughly dissatisfied. Anti-Corn-Law meetings multiplied, and Sir Robert Peel became so unpopular in consequence that his effigy was burnt in several places.



THE MODERN CERES.

MARCH 11.

SIR ROBERT PEEL introduced his Budget. It included an Income Tax of sevenpence in the pound. The main design of the Budget, he said, was the taxation of wealth, and the relief of manufacturing industry. "There were many long faces on Saturday morning," said Mr. Punch *à propos* of this announcement. "Friday's sun rose upon Sir Robert as the tutelary genius of England; in his right hand he held the golden key of abundance, Saturday came, and the Prime Minister was the despoiler of men's cupboards, for the key had fallen from his grasp, and in his hand was a mortal pistol whereon was written — *Income Tax!*" Punch however admitted that Sir Robert Peel "has looked a great evil boldly in the face, and has proposed an unpopular but sufficing remedy," and he prophesied that "Respectability" (now in a great huff with poor Sir Robert) will "smooth his wrinkled front," and, after some qualms, resolve to return as fair an account of income as his conscience will permit, and (though it will be a trial to the temper and the pocket) to pay the sevenpence in the pound like a Briton and a man." The Ministerial financial scheme, though meeting with some opposition from the Liberals, was carried both in the Commons and the Lords practically unchanged.

Lord Brougham, in dealing with Sir Robert Peel's proposals, took occasion to compliment the Queen on volunteering to subject her income to the Tax.

(See Cartoon, "The Queen's Sevenpence.")

APRIL 29.

THE new Corn Law Bill received the Royal Assent. It had been vigorously, though vainly, opposed in the House by the Corn Law

Repeal party, but although the docile Government majority easily succeeded in forcing it virtually unchanged through both Houses, it was unpopular in the country, the Repealers looking upon it as a paltry compromise, and even the Agriculturists being dissatisfied with it as granting too much.

The Government financial schemes, moreover,

including the imposition of the Income Tax in the New Tariff, excited much opposition, led from the Corn Law Repealers and the Chartists, it being urged that the sufferings of the people at large made it imperative to remove all restrictions on the importation of corn and the reduction of taxation.

(See Cartoon, "The Tight Shoe.")



THE QUEEN'S "SEVENPENCE."

MAY 2.

A DEMONSTRATION of Chartists took place in London. They mustered in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and proceeded to Westminster to present to the House of Commons their monster petition, said to have 3,317,702 signatures,

which was borne on the shoulders of 16 men, and had to be broken up into sections before it could be carried into the House.

The *Times* thus described the scene:

"On entering the House this evening, the first object that attracted attention was the Chartist Leviathan petition, which was lying in a heap—

rudis indigestaque moles—at the foot of the table. It appeared that the parties to whom the task had been entrusted had *not* taken an accurate measurement of the lower door leading into the House of Commons, which was too narrow for the admission of this *mens papiri*. It was necessary in consequence to take



THE TIGHT SHOE.

No one knows where the shoe pinches but he who wears it.—*Proverb.*

it to pieces, and the *disjecta membra* were carried into the House piecemeal."

Mr. Duncombe moved that the petitioners be heard at the bar by counsel, but after some discussion this was negatived by 287 against 49.

JUNE 7.

LORD ASHLEY obtained leave to bring in a Bill for restricting the employment of Women and Children in mines, collieries and factories. A Special Commission had been appointed to inquire into this subject, and Lord

Ashley, making use of the shocking revelations thus brought to light, presented a powerful and pathetic picture of the sufferings and demoralization incidental to a system of labour in favour of which nothing reasonable could be advanced.

JUNE 30.

THE measures which were passed in the first full Session of the new Conservative Ministry up to the end of June, 1842, were (says the Political Summary prefixed to *Punch's* third volume)—

The Repeal of the Corn Law and substitution of the Sliding Scale.

The Imposition of the Income Tax.

The New Tariff, and

Lord Ashley's Bill for restraining the employment of Women and Children in Mines and Collieries.

Lord F. Egerton endeavoured to bring in a Bill to legalize marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister, but leave was refused, and this often-attempted often frustrated amendment of our English law failed, as it has since so many times failed, to commend itself to the majority of our legislators.

JULY 3.

HIS attempt upon the life of the young Queen was made by a deformed and probably insane youth named Bean, who presented a pistol at Her Majesty as she was going from Buckingham Palace to the Chapel-Royal, St. James's. The pistol missed fire, however.

The would-be assassin escaped for the time, and in the search for him a number of hunchbacked people were arrested on suspicion.

JULY 12.

SIR ROBERT PEELE, in consequence of this attack, brought in a Bill for the Protection

of the Royal Person, whereby the crimes of intending to hurt or alarm the Queen were to subject the offender to seven years' transportation or imprisonment with corporal chastisement. This Bill—received with universal satisfaction—rapidly passed through all its stages, and speedily became law.



A POLITICAL PARALLEL.

"The Demasies were said to be condemned to fill with water a vessel full of holes, so that the water ran out as soon as poured in—their labour was, therefore, ignoble."

AUG. 12.

PARLIAMENT was prorogued by the Queen in person. The close of the Session had been preceded by a vehement discussion between Lord Palmerston, who in a review of the Session sharply assailed the home and foreign policy of the Government, and Sir Robert Peel, who undertook their defence. Mr. Cobden rebuked both speakers for lending themselves to party quarrels, to the neglect of the distress of the country which would haunt them in their retirement.

(See Cartoon, "A Political Parallel.")

The country indeed was in a troubled condition. The Corn Law compromise of the Government had given no satisfaction, and meetings against it were held in many parts of the country. Mr. Bright told the people that they themselves had the power to compel a settlement. A body of Anti-Corn-Law Delegates, 144 in number, obtained an interview with Sir Robert Peel, who refused to give them promise of immediate relief. Mr. Villiers' motion that the House should resolve itself into a committee to consider the laws relating to the importation of corn, had been lost on a division by 117 to

231 (July 17th). At Sheffield it was reported that 10,000 people were suffering extreme distress, furnaces were idle, poor rates though high failed to produce adequate returns. Shopkeepers and operatives were anxious and excited, the military in some cases having to be called out. Strikes and disturbances of a serious character occurred in the manufacturing districts; mobs attacked mills, forced entry into work-houses, and paraded the streets demanding "a fair day's wage for a fair day's work." The Government had to take special measures to deal with these outbreaks, the result of prevalent dis-

tress and general dissatisfaction. It was felt that their parliamentary action had been inadequate to the crisis, and that their sympathy with the distressed condition of the people was imperfect and unfruitful.

AUG. 26.

THE war with China was brought to a successful close by Sir Hugh Gough and Sir W. Parker, and a Treaty of Peace was concluded with the Emperor on August 26 by Sir H. Pottinger. Its chief stipulations were payment by the Chinese within three years of 21,000,000 dollars, the opening of the ports of Canton, Amoy, Foo-chow-foo, Ningpo, and Shanghai to British merchants, and the cession to England of the Island of Hong-Kong.

Early in the succeeding year (March 3) the first instalment of the Indemnity, amounting to one million pounds sterling, was delivered at our Mint in five waggons, each drawn by four horses, and escorted by a detachment of the 6th Regiment ("Annals of Our Time"). "The war," said Mr. Punch, "bequeathed by the Whigs to Sir Robert Peel, returns to the Minister a very handsome profit on the ball and powder expended in this great moral lesson on the uneducated Chinese."

"Rejoice, great Mistress of the Sea,
The Afghans and Chinese are
whisked;
All hail, tremendous fall in tea;
Welcome, ye dollars nicely
sickled.
Hail, Britannia—thy kettle boil
away,
Sing, Row, row, row!—toil—
toil, toil di day!"

(See *Cuttings*, "The Presentation of the Chinese Ambassador.")

AUG. 29.

ON this date the Queen and Prince Albert started for their first visit to Scotland. Their stay on this occasion was short, and the



THE PRESENTATION OF THE CHINESE AMBASSADOR.

Queen, in expressing her regret at its brevity, warmly acknowledged the enthusiasm of her reception by her Scottish subjects. She returned to London on the 16th September.

SEPT. 30.

HEARGUS O'CONNOR, a leader of the Chartists, was arrested on the charge of exciting to

sedition in Manchester and other places during the disturbances in August, of which some account has already been given (August 12).

DEC. 6.

THE American President, in his Message to Congress, referred to difficulties which had arisen between the United States and certain

European Powers as to the right of search in connexion with the slave trade. One of these Powers was England.

Lord Ashburton had been appointed (January 18) to proceed on an extraordinary special mission to the United States, relative to certain disputes which had arisen between England and America with respect to the north-west boundary of the two countries and the "Right of Search" for slaves, and the extradition of criminals. He succeeded in making a Treaty which was ratified by the two Governments, and was regarded pretty generally as an amicable and mutually satisfactory settlement of the points at issue. It was signed at Washington by Lord Ashburton on the part of the British Government, and Mr. Webster on that of America, on August 9th. The terms of the Treaty were however by some considered unfavourable to this country, and Lord Palmerston subsequently called it a "capitulation." This point of view seems to find expression in *Mr. Punch's* cut.

(See Cartoon, "Fair Rosamond; or, the Ashburton Treaty.")

One remarkable feature in American history this year, says *Mr. Punch* in his *Summary*, was the deliberate repudiation by several States of their public liabilities; they urging as a plea for non-payment that the bonds were not transferable and could be only recoverable by the original holders!

the truth being that many States, especially that of Pennsylvania, were bankrupt. The shock given to American credit was very serious.

DEC. 31.

THE year closed with unfavourable omens. The revenue tables for the quarter closing to-day (says Irving's "Annals of Our Time") "exhibit an alarming decrease of £40,562.



FAIR ROSAMOND; OR, THE ASHBURTON TREATY.

There was also a decrease over the whole year of £824,275 in the Customs, £1,173,614 in the Excise, £218,346 in the Stamps, and £209,319 in the Taxes. The requirements of the new Income Tax Schedules excited much impatience, which found angry voice at public meetings. In a number of *Punch* for this month appeared a poem entitled "The Song of the Tulip," suggested by the announcement that a tulip bulb, called the "Citadel of Antwerp," had

lately been sold for £650. This seemed to indicate that wealth abounded almost to superfluity in some quarters. Nevertheless distress was general, and riotous assemblies were of almost daily occurrence. The Anti-Corn-Law League was increasingly active, and had resolved to raise a fund of £50,000 for furthering their cause. The menacing state of affairs in Afghanistan threw additional gloom over the last days of the year 1842.

+ 1843 +

THE year opened gloomily with a declining revenue and widespread public distress. A reduction of two millions and a half per annum in Excise, nearly as much in Customs, and a falling off in Stamps and Taxes, promised ill for national prosperity. Mr. Punch represented the young Queen as Young Mother Hubbard going to the Cupboard, the National Exchequer, and finding it bare of provision for her "poor dog," John Bull.

(See Cartoons, "Royal Nursery Rhymes.")

JAN. 9.

"THE present year is and shall be the great Repeal year," said Daniel O'Connell in a letter read at the Weekly Repeal Meeting, held at Dublin on this date. Mr. Punch's view of the prospect was indicated in a Cartoon entitled "The Repeal Farce," representing O'Connell as the old woman who has killed the goose "Union" with the knife of Repeal, in search of the golden secret of National Prosperity.

FEB. 2.

PARLIAMENT was opened by Commission. The Queen's Speech referred with satisfaction to the termination of the wars with China and with Afghanistan, and, with less complacency but the usual official hopefulness, to diminished revenue and popular distress. Mr. Punch summarized the Royal Speech in the following verses:—

PEACE WITH CHINA.

Our foes in China, Pot's drab'd in all quarters,
They'd ne'er so fine a whacking from the Tartars;
And, Sirs, they must (How proud I am to say it)
Down with the fiat, and tax our tea to pay it.
Sing Friese and Congo, Green Hyson and Gunpowder;
And let your cheer be, huz! huz! huz! Shout louder,
boys, and louder.

GLORY IN INDIA.

Ans—"King Death."

We've gather'd fresh wreaths of glory
On the ramparts of far Calcut;
And though every leaf be gory,
We'll rejoice in our own mimic.
"Hurrah! hurrah!"

PEACE AND PLENTY.

Ans—"God Save the King!"

He who Elijah fol,
Still doth his bounty shed,
Swiften our noon.
Heed not the selfish few,
Who e'er one theme pursue,
Claiming what is your due!—
God, change the poor!

REVENUE AND SUPPLIES.

Ans—"For no Money?"

We've no money! so, you see,
Some must quickly furnish'd be,
If you beg or borrow.
Tis in vain for you to say,
'People won't their taxes pay!'
What's the use of lawyers, pray?
So summons them to-morrow!



ROYAL NURSERY RHYMES.

Young Mother Hubbard she went to the cupboard
To give her poor dog a bone;

But when she got there the cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had none.

FEB. 13.

On this day commenced (on a motion of Lord Howick's) for a Committee of the whole House to consider the reference in the Queen's Speech to the depression in trade, a long and warmly conducted debate, in which Mr. Cobden, the great Free Trade champion, took a leading part. Advocating the principles of the Anti-Corn-Law League, he asked Sir Robert Peel what he meant to do "with capital melting away, pauperism rapidly increasing, and foreign trade declining." He declared that he should hold Sir Robert Peel "individually responsible" for the distress of the country, an expression which greatly excited the House and moved Sir Robert Peel to warm retort and indignant repudiation. Lord Howick's motion was ultimately lost by 306 to 191 votes, but the feeling in the country in favour of the abolition of the Corn Duties was daily growing in strength, and the League, with the powerful and eloquent aid of the two friends—Richard Cobden and John Bright—was working its way towards an early, though as yet scarcely anticipated, triumph.

(See Caricature, "A Pleasant Position.")

MARCH 9.

Mr. VERNON SMITH moved in the House of Commons a vote of censure on Lord Ellenborough's Proclamation, as seeming to countenance idolatry in India. On a division the motion was negatived by 242 to 157 votes. Mr. (afterwards Lord) Macaulay, Mr. Haume, Sir George Grey, and Lords Palmerston and Russell spoke in favour of Lord Stanley, Sir Robert Peel, and others against it.

The Campaign in Afghanistan, which had been marked by such disastrous incidents as the retreat of the British Army from Cabul, when of 4,500 fighting men and 12,000 followers only

one man, Dr. Brydson, reached Jellalabad alive; the surrender of Ghuznee to the Ghilziez, and the death in the hands of Akbar Khan of Major-General Elphinstone, the commander of the British forces in Afghanistan, had been brought to a triumphant close by the efforts of Generals Pollock, Nott, and Sale. During its course the much talked of sandal-wood

gates of the Temple of Somnauth, originally "taken from India by one conqueror," had been "restored to it by another," being removed from the tomb of Sultan Mahmood at the village of Roza, by the British. They had in 1025 been taken by Mahmood of Ghuznee from an ancient temple at Guzerat. Subsequently, in a Proclamation issued to the Princes, chiefs and



A PLEASANT POSITION.

Sketched in the House of Commons, Friday, February 17th, 1848.

people of India by the Governor-General, Lord Ellenborough, the latter said:—"My brothers and my friends, our victorious army bears the gates of the Temple of Soumauth in triumph from Afghanistan, and the despoiled tomb of Sultan Mahmood looks upon the ruins of Ghumnee. The insult of 800 years is at last avenged."

This and other passages in the Proclamation were thought to pay too much deference to what Lord John Russell called "a gross and idolatrous worship" and so compromise the dignity of a Christian Government. The document indeed was received in this country with a chorus of combined ridicule and condemnation, though Lord Stanley thought it only resolved itself into "a question of taste."

MARCH 21.

ROBERT SOUTHEY, Poet Laureate, died at Keswick, aged 69.

William Wordsworth was gazetted Poet Laureate to Her Majesty on 6th April.

MARCH 25.

On this date took place the ceremonial opening of the Thames Tunnel. This subway under the river between Wapping and Rotherhithe had first been opened to the public on the 1st August of the preceding year, on which occasion, we are informed, ("Annals of Our Time,") about 500 persons passed through it.

APRIL 25.

THE QUEEN, at five minutes past four on this morning, was safely delivered of a daughter, the Princess Alice Maud Mary.

Her Majesty's steam yacht, the *Victoria and Albert*, was launched at Pembroke Dockyard on the same day, the occasion being one of great ceremony and much popular enthusiasm.

MAY 8.

THE Annual Budget showed a deficiency of £750,000 in Customs, and £1,200,000 in Excise, against which was to be placed £2,580,000 uncollected Income Tax.

(See Cartoon, "After the Originals in the Queen's Collection.")

MAY 18.

On this day, after what has been called the "Ten Years' Conflict," a disruption took place in the Church of Scotland. At the meeting of the General Assembly, Dr. Welsh, the retiring Moderator, announced that "in consequence of certain proceedings affecting our



AFTER THE ORIGINALS IN THE QUEEN'S COLLECTION.

(A Travesty of QUENTIN MATHEU'S well-known Picture of "The Two Monks.")

rights and privileges, proceedings which have been sanctioned by Her Majesty's Government, and by the Legislature of the country," the seceders had resolved upon "separating in an orderly way from the Establishment." This originated the Free Church of Scotland.

JUNE 10.

On this day occurred great disturbances at Carmarthen, caused by the violent proceedings of "Rebecca and her Daughters." The singularly named Rebecca Riots at this time greatly agitated Wales. The agitation was an

outbreak on the part of the people in opposition to what they felt to be the grievance of the Turnpike System, by which they were subjected to increasingly numerous toll-bars and burdensome tolls. They applied in a grotesque fashion the following passage from Genesis:—"And



REBECCA AND HER DAUGHTERS.

Toll-taker . . . SIR R. P.-L.

Irish Rebecca . . . D.—O'—L.

Rebecca's Daughters by MEMBERS of the REPEAL ASS.—K.

they blessed Rebekah, and said unto her . . . let thy seed possess the gate of those which hate them." In pursuance of the curiously twisted meaning of this passage they called themselves Rebecas, and "Rebecca and her daughters" dressing themselves in female garb made nocturnal attacks upon the turnpike gates. These attacks led to sanguinary conflicts with the police and soldiers, and were not suppressed without much difficulty. A commission of in-

quiry into the alleged grievances of the farmers and labourers was appointed, and measures were taken to allay them.

At this time the National Repeal Association in Dublin was in full activity, and *Mr. Punch* illustrated the efforts of O'Connell and his followers in favour of Repeal by a common incident in the proceedings of the Rebecas, O'Connell as Rebecca, supported by members of the Repeal Association in semi-female dis-

guise, is making a violent attack on the Union Toll Gate.

(See Cartoon, "Rebecca and her Daughters.")

JULY 3.

THE exhibition of Cartoons with a view to the decoration of the new Houses of Parliament was opened in Westminster. There were 140 subjects, and three prizes of £300, three of £200, and three of £100, were awarded to

the most successful competitors.

AUG. 4.

LORD BROUGHAM, in the House of Lords, called attention to an article in the *Examiner*, which he held to be libellous as charging him with insinuating that Mr. Cobden had recommended private assassination, and as implying that he (Lord Brougham) was subservient to the Tories from hope of official preferment at their hands.

The political vagaries and mental versatility of Lord Brougham made him at this time a favourite subject with the caricaturists, and Mr. Punch, in particular, made him for some years a constant butt. A cartoon entitled "A Scene in Westminster Circus," so cleverly hit off the characteristics of this extraordinary man that it became exceedingly popular, and was modelled in plaster of Paris and sold by the image-men. A later cartoon, "The Image-Seller," made effective use of this latter fact, representing the versatile and irrepressible Peer as vending images of himself in all sorts of guises.

(See Cartoon, "A Scene in Westminster Circus.")

AUG. 7.

MR. JOHN BRIGHT (who on the 25th July had been returned for Durham City) made his first speech in the House in support of Mr. Ewart's resolution in favour of the reduction of duties on the raw materials of manufacture and food stuffs. He said that he would be glad to see Sir Robert Peel disconnect himself from a party with which he did not agree, bear in mind the source from which he had sprung, and be, not only what he was termed, the Queen's Minister, but the People's Minister also. In this his first oration the great tribune struck the very key-note of his policy as a public man—solicitude for and confidence in the people.



A SCENE IN WESTMINSTER CIRCUS.

CAUTION TO THE RING (sq.).—"Now, Mr. WELLINGTON, is there anything I can row for to fetch—for to come—for to go—for to carry—for to bring—for to take?" &c. &c. &c.

AUG. 9.

IN the debate on the third reading of the Arms (Ireland) Bill, Mr. Disraeli made some striking and significant remarks on the Government's Irish policy. "Ireland," he said, "had arrived at the state which required a great man to have recourse to great remedial measures. You must

re-organise the Government, and not the Government alone, but the whole social state of Ireland. No merely temporary measures of relief or of coercion would be of any avail. If he were to use a harsh term he should call the Arms Bill, as applied to the present state of Ireland, contemptible; but the opposition to it had also been contemptible. Some measures there were

which to introduce was disgraceful and to oppose degrading. He believed that a time would come when a party would be formed in this country on the principle of justice to Ireland—not by quailing before agitations, but by “really putting an end to that misery which long misgovernment had produced.”

Not the only occasion on which Mr. Disraeli displayed, in speech at least, a breadth of mind and statesmanlike sagacity in advance of the time, and in striking contrast to the shortsighted and prejudiced views of many of his political contemporaries. Had Ireland been dealt with in the spirit of this speech, many a painful page in the history of the Victorian Era might have remained unwritten.

AUG. 15.

A GREAT Repeal Demonstration was held at Tarabill, attended, it is said, by above a million people. O’Connell, addressing this vast multitude, said: “I believe I am now in a position to announce that in twelve months more you won’t be without hearing an hurrah for the Parliament on College Green.” This confident hope was not destined to fulfilment.

AUG. 24.

PARLIAMENT was progressed by the Queen in person. In the Queen’s Speech, Her Majesty declared her firm intention to “maintain inviolate that great bond of connection between the two countries,”—the Legislative Union.

SEPT. 2.

THE QUEEN and Prince Albert, on their visit to France, arrived at Treport, where they were received by the King and Queen of the French. Mr. Punch ridiculed what he called “the absurd reports of the French Press that Her Majesty had come over to France for the



PRINCE ALBERT THE BRITISH FARMER.

“Prince Albert has turned his attention to the promotion of agriculture, and if you have seen, as most probably you have, an account of the sale of Prince Albert’s Stock, and the prices they fetched, I have not the slightest doubt you will give one cheer more to PRINCE ALBERT AS A BRITISH FARMER.”—Sir Robert Peel’s Speech at Tamworth, October 2, 1848.

purpose of getting Louis Philippe to sign a Treaty of Commerce.”

OCT. 14.

IN consequence of his action in connection with recent great Repeal meetings in Ireland, O’Connell was charged with conspiracy and misdeemeanour. On the 23rd October,

when presiding at the opening by the Repeal Association of Conciliation Hall, Dublin, O’Connell said, “I wish that the first sentence which I have to utter in this Conciliation Hall, formed now as it is into an assembly, shall be this truth—that there is but one way to obtain the Repeal of the Union, and that is by strictly peaceable means. My second sentence, and

the only one I shall utter before I hand in the money, is that the Repeal is certain." The Grand Jury brought in a true bill against the great agitator, and it was arranged that the trial of him and the other parties implicated should commence on the 15th of the following January. Again, on the 23rd November, O'Connell issued a warning to the Irish people against violence. "Every man," he said, "who is guilty of the slightest breach of the peace is an enemy of mine and of Ireland. This is my advice: No Ribandism! No Billy Smiths! No bonfires! Peace, quiet, and tranquillity; and within twelve months the Repeal of the Union will be at hand."

(See Cartoon, "The Irish Frankenstein.")

It was to "Punch's Triumphant Procession," a seasonable budget of prose and verse published at the Christmas season of this year, that Thomas Hood contributed his immortal "Song of the Shirt," from which the following passages are quotations:

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A Woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—

Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
She sang the "Song of the Shirt!"

"Work! work! work!
While the cock is crying sleep!
And work—work—work,
Till the stars shine through the roof!

It's O! to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul
To save,
If this is Christian work!

"Work—work—work
Till the brain begins to swim;
Work—work—work
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream!



THE IRISH FRANKENSTEIN.

"O! Men, with Sisters dear!
O! Men! with Mothers and Wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch—stitch—stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A Shroud as well as a Shirt.

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A Woman sat in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,
Would that its tone could reach the Rich
She sang this "Song of the Shirt!"

+ 1844 +

"AT the commencement of the year 1844," says *Punch's* Political Summary, prefixed to his 6th Volume, "the country was generally thriving and peaceful, and the improvement of trade, combined with an increasing revenue, reanimated the spirits of the community, whose patience had been sorely tried by want of employment, and its consequent depression."

The state of Ireland, however, and of commerce still caused considerable anxiety, and the two great Repeal agitations, that conducted by O'Connell and by the friends of the Anti-Corn-Law League, still agitated and from time to time convulsed the country.

JAN. 6.

Mr. PUNCH, in his sheet of "Twelfth Night Characters," graphically celebrated and caricatured some of the conspicuous personages, great and little, wise and foolish, of the hour.

"Daniel O'Diddle" is of course O'Connell.

"Mrs. Tittle-Tattle Vaux;" Lord Brougham.

"Yankee-Do!" signifies America, and refers to the recent repudiation by several States of their public liabilities, which had given a great shock to American credit.

"Apollo Peripatetic" is Mons. Jullien, a very popular conductor of Promenade and other Concerts.

"Spinning Jenny Ceres;" Mr. Cobden.

"Mother Goose of Lincoln" is Colonel Sibthorpe, the eccentric Member for that place.

JAN. 15.

THE trial of Daniel O'Connell and eight others, charged with conspiracy and misdemeanour, in connection with the recent Repeal agitation in Ireland, commenced in



DANIEL O'DIDDLE.

My countrymen—that they may pay the rent,
Till I see upon potatoes are content,
And I prefer to vegetable peas;
For when I feed on them, I live on Green.



MRS. TITTLE TATTLE VAUX.

They say I'm often out a little,
When I indulge in harmless prattle,
The truth, if spoken to a little,
Would put an end to half my tattle.



YANKEE DOO.

To lengthen life, a hint we get
Drover from the United States;
Ta said that even "Nature's data
America regulates.



ΦΑΙΒΟΣ ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝ

APOLLO PERIPATETIC.

I'll go from Covent Garden, do not doubt,
When there appears a wondrous troupe.
Some managers have humbug, great turn it out—
And any manager may turn out me.



SPINNING JENNY CERES.

In spite of Puff's vast tongues of corn,
As Ceres I must reign;
Lend me your ears, and I'll be sworn
My teeth shall bring you grain.



MOTHER GOOSE OF LINCOLN.

Though goose-like habits I display,
The eggs "Sib's" genius would lay
Are such as would be fitted best
To help a mare to fill her nest.

Dublin. The Right Hon. R. L. Shell, the great Irish orator, made an eloquent and impassioned appeal in defence of John O'Connell, son of the Great Liberator. A singular incident occurred at the trial. The Attorney-General, affronted at something said in the address of Mr. Fitzgibbon, counsel for one of the traversers, challenged him during the adjourn-

ment. Mr. Fitzgibbon made known the fact in open Court, and a mutual friend of the two parties having, with the sanction of the Court, mediated between them, the Attorney-General withdrew the note, and the matter was settled. The affair called attention anew to the still lingering practice of duelling, which *Punch* had already frequently and pungently ridiculed.

FEB. 5.

MR. GLADSTONE, the "rising hope" of the Tory party, who had lately been appointed President of the Board of Trade (*vide* Earl of Ripon) with a seat in the Cabinet, "obtained the appointment of a select committee to con-

sider the standing orders relating to Railways, with a view to new provisions in future Railway Bills for the improvement of the railway system" (Irving's "Annals of Our Time").

This is the first conspicuous mention of a Statesman who was destined to play so impor-

tant part in the History of the Times of Queen Victoria, and in the pages of *Mr. Punch*.

FEB. 8.

LORD ASHLEY moved an address to the Crown praying that Her Majesty would be



THE IRISH TOM THUMB.

(SLIGHTLY ALTERED FROM THE DESIGN OF GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.)

KING ARTHUR. . . . SIR R. PEEL.

TOM THUMB (as now). MR. ATTORNEY SMITH.

NOODLE (his original Character). SIR J. GRAHAM.

DOLLARILLA (by desire). . . . LORD BROCKHAM.

GLINDALCA (with the Song of "Who fears to speak of 'ph'").

MR. O'CONNELL.

"graciously pleased to take into her consideration the situation and treatment of the Amceers of Scinde; and that she will direct their immediate restoration to liberty, and the enjoyment of their estates, or make such provision for their future maintenance as may be considered a just equivalent." Serious charges were made concerning the conduct of the Scinde war and the alleged harsh treatment of the Amceers, but the House rejected the motion by 202 to 68, and motions for the thanks of Parliament to the gallant and generous Sir Charles Napier, the

hero of Scinde, were brought forward in both Houses.

FEB. 12.

THIS was the twenty-fifth day of the trial of O'Connell and the other traversers. O'Connell was found guilty on all the eleven counts relating to conspiracy, and each of the others on one or more counts. Appeal was made however on behalf of the prisoners, and sentence was deferred.

(See *Caricoll*, "The Irish Tom Thumb.")

FEB. 13.

ON the motion of Lord John Russell for a Committee of Inquiry commenced an earnest and important debate on the condition of Ireland. The Ministry was attacked on this as Ministries on so many subsequent occasions have been attacked, for attempting suppression of disaffection and disorder without granting redress of wrongs, for illegal tampering with jury lists to secure conviction, and for arbitrary dismissal of magistrates. It was in this debate

that Macaulay, after describing Ireland as the "one vulnerable spot near to the heart" of the otherwise almost invulnerable England, said, "I trust that the number and respectability of those in whose company I shall go into the lobby, will be such as to convince the Roman Catholics of Ireland that they need not yet relinquish all hope

of obtaining relief from the wisdom and justice of an Imperial Parliament." Mr. Disraeli, in the same debate, said, referring to Ireland, "the duty of an English Minister was to effect by policy all those changes which a revolution would effect by force." The motion of Lord John Russell was rejected by a majority of 99, after a

debate lasting nine nights. O'Connell came from Ireland to join in the discussion. At this date, as for so many years after, the Irish question was regarded as an eternal and insoluble problem.

(See Cartoon, "The Modern Sisypheus.")



THE MODERN SISYPHUS.

"Sisypheus is said to be doomed for ever to roll to the top of a great mountain a stone, which continually falls down again."

SISYPHEUS . . . SIR R. P—L.

THE STONE . . . D. O'C—L.

THE FOLLOWS . . . LORD J. R—L, S—L, &c.

APRIL 25.

It may be noted as a sign of the times and an indication of the gradual change in public opinion respecting that conventional unchristian "Code of Honour" which *Punch* had again and again denounced, that under this date the following entry appears in Irving's "Annals of our Time":—"Amended articles against duelling issued from the War Office. They declare that it is suitable to the character of honourable men to apologise and offer redress for wrong or insult

committed, and equally so for the party aggrieved to accept frankly and cordially explanation and apologies for the same."

APRIL 26.

SIR ROBERT PEELE, in answer to Mr. Macaulay, said that the Court of Directors of the East India Company had exercised the power which the law gave them to recall Lord Ellenborough, Governor-General of India. He was replaced by Sir H. Hardinge. This gave satis-

faction to those who had attacked Lord Ellenborough on account of his much discussed "Proclamation."

JUNE 6.

THE Royal Assent was given to Sir James Graham's Bill for Restrictions on Labour in Factories. Lord Ashley's amendment, proposing to limit the hours of labour to ten daily, had however been rejected. Lord Brougham, to the surprise of the public, was found opposing

this Bill; and, indeed, about this time generally supported the Government. He was consequently the object of much opprobrium, it being asserted that he was trimming with an eye to the woollack. In *Punch's* pages, as usual, he was the butt of plentiful satire, both with pen and pencil.

(See *Cartoon*, "The Polka.")

The Polka was the terpsichorean rage of the time. *Mr. Punch*, in a parody of Byron's "Maid of Athens," entitled "Pretty Polka," represents the Sentimental Young Lady at the close of the season 1844, singing:—

PRETTY POLKA.

DARLING Polka! ere we part
Hear th' outpourings of my heart!

Since the season now is o'er,
Wretched I can Polka no more,
Hear my vow before I go,
Polka *poi ois dyeré*!

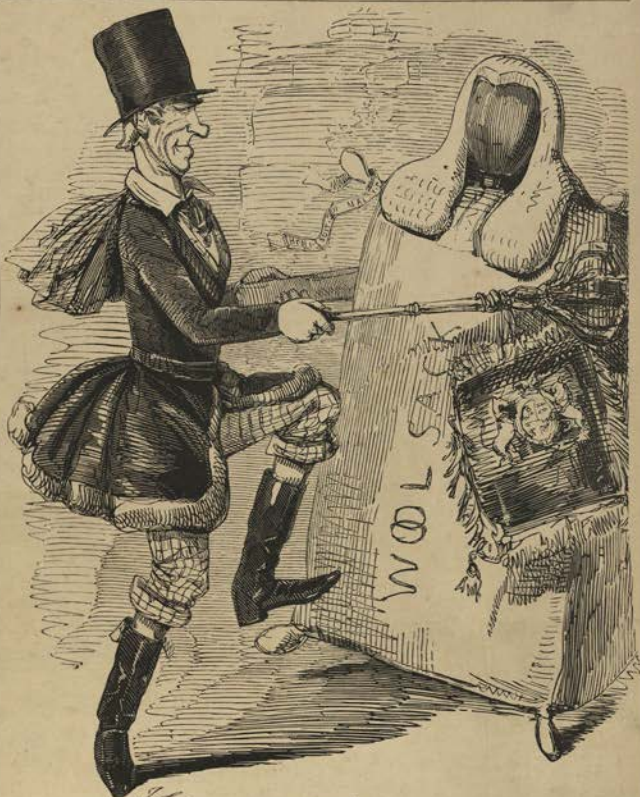
By those steps so unconfined,
By that neat kick-up behind,
Condon's hops, and Michael's
slide,
Backward, forward, or aside,
By the alternate heel and toe,
Polka *poi ois dyeré*!

By the waltz's giddy round,
By the gallop's maddest bound,
By the obsolete quadrille,
Polka mine! "I love thee still,"
Compared with thee each dance
is slow,
Polka *poi ois dyeré*!

Happy season! thou art gone,
I, alas! must Polka alone!
Though the country now I roll
to,
Almuck's holds my heart and
soul too.
Can I cease to love thee? No!!
Polka *poi ois dyeré*!

At this time Anti-Slavery Meetings were numerous, and the phrase "Am I not a Man and a Brother?" the appeal of a shackled negro

in a popular picture of the time, was much on the lips of platform orators. The phrase afforded *Mr. Punch* the title for a Cartoon directed against Lord Brougham, whose anti-slavery ardour political exigencies were suspected to have temporarily abated. Lord Brougham was to have presided at a meeting at Exeter Hall, but excused himself on account of



THE POLKA.

(A NEW DANCE, INTRODUCING THE OLD DOUBLE SHUFFLE.)

Privy Council duties. *Punch* represented the typical chained negro making the usual appeal to the noble lord, who was turning away derisively.

In the following verses *Mr. Punch* indicated his opinion that there was slavery needing sympathy somewhat nearer home:

THE WHITE SLAVE.

On't weary goes the scrubbing-brush upon the dingy floor,
And surely weary are the hands that scrub for evermore;
It's scrub, scrub, scrub, from Monday morn, right on to
Friday night,

Scrub, scrub, as soon as daylight breaks—scrub, scrub, by
candle-light.
I'm sick to death of cleaning with its everlasting rust—
I'm sure my life's no good to me, 'cept on my Sunday out.

Ah! folks may talk of factory
girls, and what they have
to do,

And make a dreadful fuss about
the scoundrel-mistress too—
And bring in bills to Parliament,
and talk a lot of stuff—
They'd better let them all alone
—I'm sure they're well
enough.

If they have extra work to do,
don't they get extra pay?
But here, my mistress thinks
there is no extra to the day.
She rings me up at five o'clock,
and often three or four,

And keeps me scrubbing till I
drop asleep upon the floor.
The factory engines and their
din can't be so bad, I'm clear,
As mistresses' screaming, scolding
voice for ever in my ear.

Those mines must be a Paradise
down under the ground,
With nothing in the world but
coals, or dirty stones all
round!—

There's not a bit of scrubbing
there, no chests nor tables
bright—

For dirt can't be distinguished in
the dingy candle-light,
And nobody would think of
cleaning, even if it were.

Oh dear!—be when there might
to do, I wish I could be
there!

If gentlemen would look at home
who talk of factory work,
They'd see their household ser-
vants slave worse than the
meanest Turk.

They'd better mend their own
conscience, and lighten ser-
vants' cares.

Than lay down laws for other
men about their own affairs.
And while they talk of needle-
work, and mending-makers too,
Calling the nation's eyes to look
at what these women do.

Bidding young ladies calculate
the cost of each new dress,
By weary hands, and worn-out
eyes, and so on—I condemn
I wish when such sit down at
home, in nicely furnished
rooms,

They'd count the cost of clean-
liness in work, instead of
brooms—
And recollect that where they
lounge, so pleasantly at ease,
"White Slaves" have toiled and
moiled for hours, sometimes
upon their knees.

I wish I were the scrubbing-
brush itself, I do declare,
For then I might scrub all my
life, and never know not care.
But now I am so weary, that I can't enjoy my bed:
I go to sleep the very instant I lay down my head,
And as to lying there at home—why, I'd defy the lark
To wake before my mistress rings: I wish that bell—hush—
—bark!—

I hear her voice upon the stairs, she's coming up this way,
My goodness! if she comes in here, whatever will she say?
I'm sure I shan't get this room cleaned before the clock
strikes two, [shall I do?
And she expects it done by twelve—she's here!—What



"BROTHER, BROTHER, WE'RE BOTH IN THE WRONG."

JUNE 7.

THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS of Russia was at this time on a visit to the Queen, being the guest of Her Majesty at Buckingham Palace. It was during this visit that after conversation with the Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, and others, the Emperor became consenting party to a "Memorandum" relating to the

integrity of the Ottoman Empire, and the common interest of England and Russia in its maintenance. This Memorandum was not made public at the time, but more of it was to be heard in after years.

Mr. Punch in his Cartoon for this week drew a parallel between the Czar's difficulty in Poland and the Queen's in Ireland, and suggested that

faults of policy and miscarriages of justice were at the bottom of the evil in both cases.

[See *Cartoon*, p. 28, "Brother, brother, we're both in the Wrong".]

JULY 1.

THE great "Running Rein" case heard in the Court of Exchequer. A horse bearing that name had won the Derby, but it appeared upon investigation that it was not "Running Rein" at all, but an older horse, originally called "Maccabeus," passed off as the one entered for the Epsom race. The case created a great scandal, and Mr. Baron Alderson in directing the jury made some remarks, on which Mr. Punch felt called upon to comment somewhat adversely.

JULY 2.

MR. DUNCOMBE moved for a Select Committee to inquire into the department of the Post Office usually called the Secret or Inner Office. This arose from the fact that the Government had been charged with opening private correspondence for what they alleged to be State purposes. Sir James Graham, who was Home Secretary at the time, said that by the Act of 1837, Secretaries of State were permitted to empower the Post Office authorities to open letters, and he admitted that he had given a warrant to open the letters of a person whom he refused to name, but who was understood to be Joseph Mazzini, the Italian patriot. The matter gave rise to much excitement both within

the House and amongst the outside public, for although the Ministry justified the practice on the plea of State exigencies, the espionage involved was distasteful to the country. Mr. Punch gave expression to the popular view in his cartoon "Paul Pry at the Post Office," and elsewhere. A Secret Committee was appointed to conduct the inquiry, but a Bill subsequently

introduced by Lord Radnor for the abolition of the practice never got beyond a second reading.

(See *Cartoon*, "Paul Pry at the Post Office.")

AUG. 6.

THE QUEEN, who was staying at Windsor Castle, was at ten minutes to eight on this morning safely delivered of a son, Prince Alfred

Ernest Albert. Mr. Punch, in honour of the event, issued the following Proclamation:—

"Punch has it in command to announce, that, in celebration of the birth of the Infant Duke of York, Roast Beef and Plum Pudding will be distributed on Sunday next to the inmates of every Foot Law Union throughout the kingdom."

"*Vivent Regina et Princeps!*"



PAUL PRY AT THE POST OFFICE.

SEPT. 4.

THE judgment of the House of Lords on the Writ of Error in the case of O'Connell and others. The Queen being in favour of O'Connell, he and the other prisoners were released.

OCT. 6.

LOUIS PHILIPPE, the King of the French, on this day landed at Portsmouth on a visit to Queen Victoria.

OCT. 28.

THE New Royal Exchange was opened by the Queen with great ceremonial. The City Authorities, headed by the Lord-Mayor, Mr. Magnay, joined the procession at Temple Bar. After the opening ceremony the Queen expressed her intention to "confer the dignity of a baronet" on Mr. Magnay. Adjournment was then made to a banquet spread for over 1,300 guests. It is recorded that the Queen "joined with vivacity" in the toast to the City of London.

(See *Cartoon*, "The Grasshopper Feast.")

In the guise of a parody of the "Butterfly's Ball," Mr. Punch thus described the festivities:—

THE GRASSHOPPERS' FEAST.

(A PROPHECIC VISION OF MONDAY, THE 28TH.)

FRAY come, call your cubs, and away, one and all,
THE QUEEN BUTTERFLY opens the GRASSHOPPERS' HALL;
The trumpet civic has summoned the crew,
And Her Majesty can't be kept waiting for you."
So spake Mr. Punch, and no sooner had said,
Than his merry Contributors after him sped!

And on the smooth pavement, the kerb-stone beside,
Beneath a tall lamp-post, the storm that defied,
Saw the Children of Rank and the Tenants of Place
Repair with their presence the gala to grace
Of the Grasshopper princes of portly renown,
Good leguemen and true to the BUTTERFLY'S crown.
And there were the Grasshoppers standing in files,
Their jolly round faces all beaming with smiles;
City Marshals, Remembrance, Chamberlain big,
And the Chaplain with gown, and Recorder in wig;

And there, with his mace, stood the Mace-bearer stout,
And the bold Lumber Troopers, rigg'd famously out,
The windows were crowded, the balconies crammed,
Poor ladies were jostled, fat gentlemen jam'd;
And the banners, drums, trumpeting, cannon, and cheer,
Felt came the QUEEN BUTTERFLY, fairer ne'er flew,
On a moss-rose to breakfast of nectar and dew;
Her Majesty looked so remarkably well,
That she seem'd to be fresh from her chrysalis shell.

The Grasshoppers' Chief, with his courtial speech,
Helped her up the Hall steps with a reverence at each;
And with equal profusion of smiles and of bows,
The next in command did the like by her spouse.
Her spouse, the MOTH CONSORT, renown'd for his HAT,
(Though we're happy to say he didn't wear that);
Then the Ministers came, and the Lordings that sport,
Gay creatures of air, in the BUTTERFLY'S Court,
And there came the gallant old CHANTICLEER, who
Won the maids that came off upon famed Waterloo;



THE GRASSHOPPERS' FEAST.

QUEEN BUTTERFLY RECEIVED BY LORD GRASSHOPPER.—MONDAY, OCTOBER THE 28TH, 1844.

And there was the GOOSE, waiting
 For Lord of the Treasury's rich
 golden eggs;
 And there crept the SNAKE, all
 so cunning and sly,
 The Paper-Law Champion—
 the Post-Office Spy;
 And there came the WASP on
 his versatile wing,
 Who assails friend and foe-man
 alike with his sting.
 THE WAVE OF THE NORTH,
 with perpetual hum,
 Whom nothing can ever per-
 suade to be dumb;
 Then a crowd of strange
 creatures, of every size,
 Of all kinds of shapes, and of all
 sorts of eyes;
 Such Locusts were there upon
 persons that gorge;
 Fair birds with fine feathers?
 But, Thistle, and George;
 Chipping things of the Earth
 that wind up the back-stairs,
 And Spiders that spread in the
 Law Courts their webs,
 Great Owls of the Bench with
 significant looks,
 Parliamentary Jack-daws and
 clerical hawks,
 DUCK FALCON was there and
 LORD TURKOVICK too,
 In orders and ribbons, green,
 yellow, and blue.
 The LOBBYER his brother the
 SEA-CLEAR brought there,
 Who promised for once not to
 swaggle nor waver;
 The POLITICAL RAT had crept
 out of his hole,
 And walked in by the side of
 RED TARTER, the Mole;
 And GEORGE the old Toot, fat,
 toady and big,
 Came crawling before CATER-
 PILLAR, the Whig.
 So thus they all entered, the great
 and the small,
 And the BUTTERFLY open'd the
 Grasshoppers' Hall.
 She wailed then prosperity,
 health, and success;
 And the Grasshoppers thanked
 her; they couldn't do less.
 If they clipp'd the Queen's
 English a little; what then?
 Your Grasshoppers ne'er talk
 exactly like men;
 If they "put their foot in it," as
 some people say,
 Why isn't that always the Grass-
 hoppers' way?
 If they longingly managed or
 awkwardly spoke,
 The mistake only tended to
 lighten the joke.
 The BUTTERFLY fluttered her
 pinions with glee;

The GOOSE cackled blithely the payment to see;
 The WATERLOO COCK crowed aloud with delight;
 And the SNAKE his'd his pleasure as well as he might;
 The GRASSHOPPERS' chirrup was noisy as gay,
 And the WASP, for once, buzzed in a good-humour'd way.
 A SNAKE, one SIX PENCE, was said to advance
 And offer to end the affair with a dance,
 But the WORM was such that he pull'd in his head;
 "And now," said the QUEEN, "we'll adjourn to the
 'spread'."

DAN SERENADING LORD JOHNNY.

WAKE, Johnny! wake, and again combining,

Soon into power we'll steal;

Where we first hatch'd our plots designing,

Our compact we'll re-seal.

Dost thou not feel thy heart inclining

A little to "Repeal?"

My Lord John! my Lord John! my Lord John!

One look, though a wink, sly and funny,

Try it on, try it on, try it on,

The "Repeal Cap" will fit ye, my honey:

Arrah faith!



DAN SERENADING LORD JOHNNY.



Too long have we, asunder working,

Our separate plans pursued,

Coercion all my efforts "burking";

Thy own, poor Whig, pooh-pooh'd;

Come Johnny, come, no longer shirking,

Consult our mutual good.

My Lord John! my Lord John! my Lord John!

Let the *Chronicle* throw out a feeler;

Try it on, try it on, try it on,

You'll oust Peel if you'll be a Repealer:

Arrah faith!

Nov. 16.

"DANIEL," said *Mr. Punch*, in his number bearing this date, "has suffered three months' unjust imprisonment; albeit the prison was no worse to him than the rich cheese which a mouse once selected for his hermitage,—still the captivity was unjust."

(See *Cut*, "Dan Serenading Lord Johnny.")

O'Connell, however, had been released. At the close of the session the Opposition had reviewed the proceedings against him. Mr. Stiel condemned the illegality of the course pursued by the Government, "and begged of the Ministers not to wait until the lawyer picked the lock of the Richmond Penitentiary, but to adopt a more wise and generous policy, and unbar at once

O'Connell's prison door." Lord John Russell said that "the Government had lately shown symptoms of paying more regard to the feelings of the Irish people, and they could give no better proof of enlarged views than the liberation of Mr. O'Connell, who had won by great services the gratitude and confidence of his countrymen, and who at 69 years of age was approaching the close of his political career."

Sir Robert Peel defended the course pursued with O'Connell, but on the 4th September the decision of the House of Lords was pronounced, reversing the judgment against Mr. O'Connell and his co-defendant.

DEC. 14.

PARLIAMENT had been prorogued (on September 9th by Commission) until February. On the 9th August, however, no public Bills remaining to be disposed of, Sir Robert Peel had moved the adjournment until September 5. The session therefore had not been fertile in legislation, the chief measure being Sir Robert Peel's great measure for Regulating the Bank of England (introduced on 6th May and passing both Houses during the session). The New Bank Charter and Banking Regulations, shaped with great skill, and introduced in a statement of remarkable power and lucidity, was regarded as the second great financial achievement of Sir Robert Peel's life.

Apart from this, little had been done. Mr. Punch indicates his view of the position and prospects of legislation in the following squib:—

PEEL'S PROMENADE CONCERTS.

The public is respectfully informed, that the Theatre Royal, St. Stephen's, will open for a series of

PROMENADE CONCERTS.

early in February next. The instruments will comprise the usual amount of wind and brass, while the music selected will embrace a variety of different papers, mixing

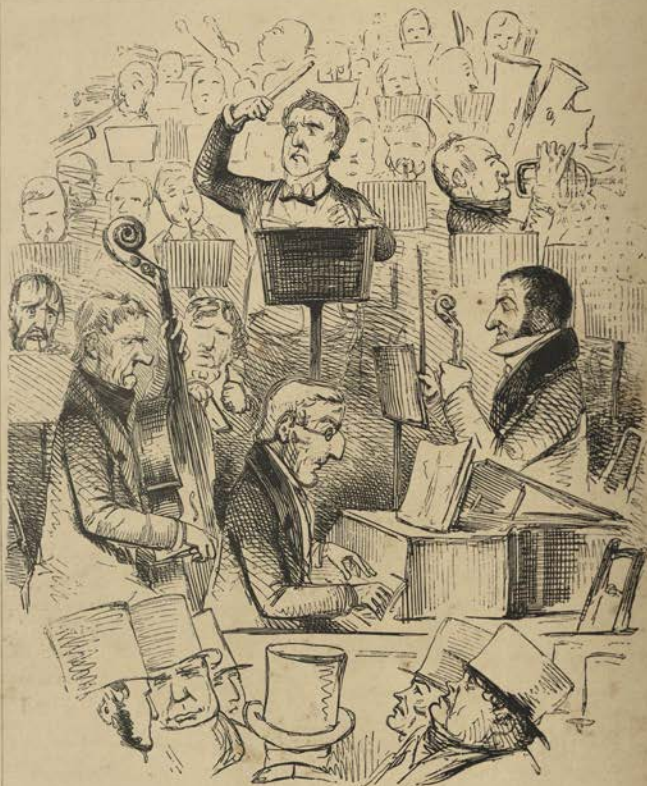
numerous extraordinary changes of notes and a curious collection of measures.

Among the solo performers will be Lord Loughborough, whose eccentric performances on one string, introducing the grand theme of his treatment by the Whigs, will be repeated occasionally throughout the season.

Sir James Graham will preside at the big drum, or *grasso colui*, and will introduce the well-known letter dust, which is peculiarly adapted for the big drum, being one of the grossest cases that ever happened.

Sir Robert Peel will have the honour to attempt a concerted pence with Mons. Guizot; and an engagement will be entered to Mr. Ferrand to act as second or third fiddle, introducing some of his celebrated feats with the long-bow, in the use of which he is quite unrivalled. Further particulars will be announced in future bills, which will be brought for the purpose of being read as soon as possible.

(See Cartoon, "Peel's Promenade Concerts, or the Power of Sound.")



PEEL'S PROMENADE CONCERTS;

OR, "THE POWER OF SOUND."

+ 1845 +

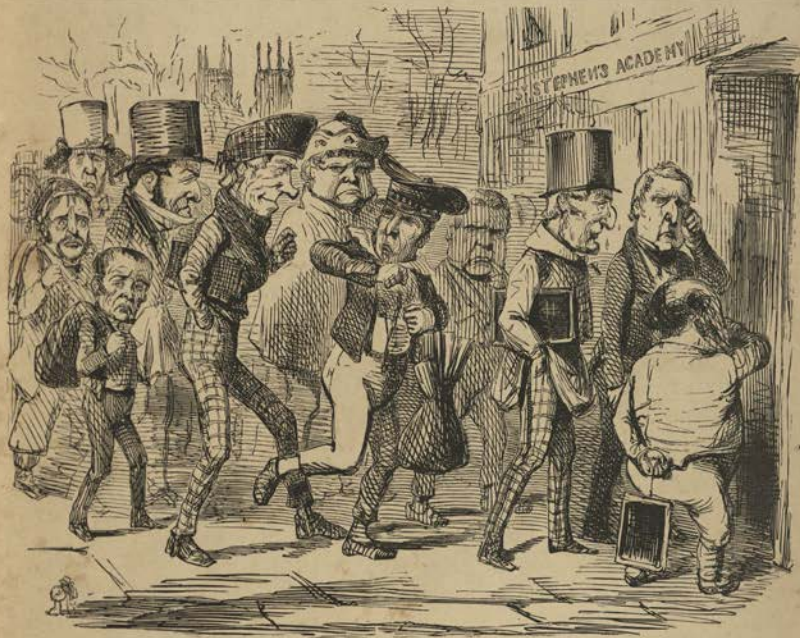
"**T**HE year" (says *Mr. Punch's* Introduction) "began very auspiciously. The harvest had been good, although agriculturists still complained loudly, and trade was generally prosperous. The Revenue had

improved, and the great increase of Railway undertakings gave evidence of the monetary condition of the people."

JAN. 28.

MR. GLADSTONE, who held the office of President of the Board of Trade in Sir

Robert Peel's Administration, resigned on the ground that the contemplated Irish Education policy of the Government would probably be inconsistent with his own "detailed and deliberate" opinions advanced in a book which he had written some years before, "on the subject of the relation of a Christian State, in its alliance with a Christian Church." Mr.



BLACK MONDAY;
OR, THE OPENING OF ST. STEPHEN'S ACADEMY.

FEB. 4.

Gladstone, whilst admitting that such theories as he had advocated "were not to be regarded alike under all circumstances as immutable and unalterable," expressed his strong conviction, "speaking under ordinary circumstances and as a general rule, that those who had borne solemn testimony on great constitutional questions ought not to be parties to proposing a material departure from them."

PARLIAMENT was opened by the Queen in person. The Royal Speech, among other points, recommended that a favourable consideration should be given to "the policy of improving and extending the opportunities for Academical Education in Ireland." It was in view of this that Mr. Gladstone had resigned,

and in the course of the debate on the Address he made the personal explanation of his reasons from which some passages have been given above. This year was destined to witness considerable public and parliamentary excitement on the subject of what became known as "The Maynooth Grant," and other questions relating to Irish education.

(See Cartoon, "Black Monday.")

FEB. 14.

SIR ROBERT PEEL introduced his Budget. He proposed to continue the Income Tax—which at its introduction was announced as a temporary expedient—for a further term of three years.

FEB. 19.

MS. DUNCOMBE moved for the appointment of another Select Committee to inquire into the opening of his own letters in 1842. On this occasion Mr. Benjamin Disraeli made one of his numerous bitter attacks on Sir Robert Peel, attacks by which he hoped to attract attention and gain prominence and power. The brilliant and bitter-tongued young novelist and politician was the leading light of what was called the "Young England Party."

On October 3 in the preceding year the *soirée* of the Manchester Athenæum had been presided over by Mr. Disraeli, and attended by Lord John Manners and the Hon. G. Smythe, also members of the "Young England Party." A few days later they had appeared at a festival at Bingley, Yorkshire, in celebration of the allotment of ground for gardens to operatives ("Annals of Our Time," p. 162). Notwithstanding all this, notwithstanding also Disraeli's clever speeches in the House, his vivacious and vindictive attacks on Sir Robert Peel, and other political and social demonstrations on the part of the astute and ambitious young adventurer, Mr. Disraeli had hitherto not succeeded in securing practical patronage or promotion at the hands of either party. Sir Robert, replying to Disraeli's taunting attack on this occasion, said "he believed Mr. Disraeli's calmness to be simulated, and his bitterness entirely sincere." Give me, he cried—

"Give me the sword, erect, and manly foe,
Firm I can meet, perhaps return the blow;
But of all plagues which Heaven in wrath can send,
Save me, oh, save me from the cauld friend."



PEEL'S BANE AND ANTIDOTE.

SIR ROBERT (top). "Come, JONNIE, be a good boy, take it like a Man, and I'll give you a bit of Sugar."

In a debate a few days later Disraeli charged Sir R. Peel with having caught the Whigs bathing and run off with their clothes. He had turned the shrew of Liberalism with her own tactics, and was the political Petruchio who had outbid them all.

FEB. 26.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL's amendment on one of the Budget resolutions, attacking the dis-

tinction drawn "between free-labour and slave-labour sugar, as illusory and detrimental to revenue," was rejected by a majority of 94 in a House of 378.

SIR Robert Peel proposed to reduce the duties upon sugar to the extent of £1,300,000, and to retain the Income Tax, but for three years only! More than 40 years have since passed away, but not the Income Tax.

(See Cartoon, "Peel's Bane and Antidote.")

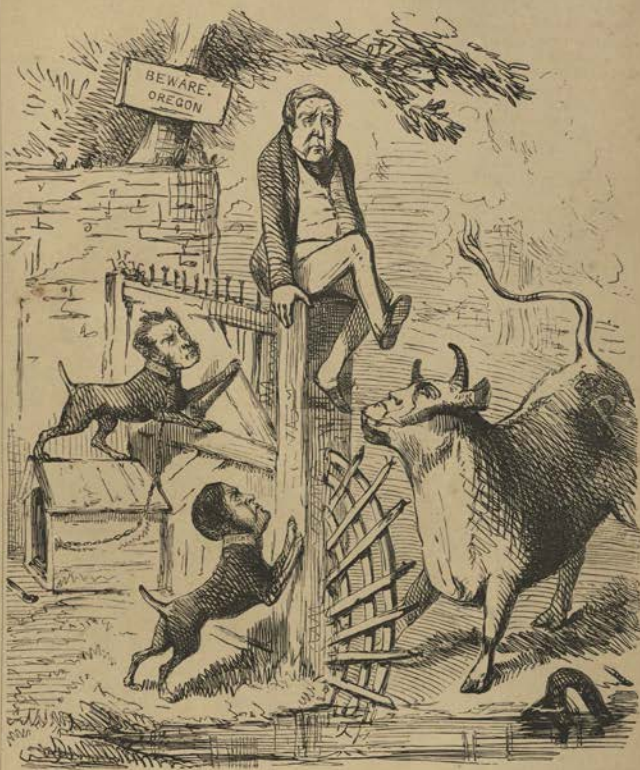
MARCH 17.

Mr. Miles had brought forward a resolution pledging the House to a relief of the agricultural interest. It was rejected by 213 to 78 votes. Mr. Disraeli again spoke; his speech was full of personal taunts, but not without some suggestiveness. He said he considered that Protection was not a principle but an expedient. Free Trade, he said, is the question of the age and the country. Sooner or later the House must come to this test, "Will you have Protection, or will you have, not exactly Free Trade, but a free importation of corn?" Protection, he said, "appears to be in about the same state that Protestantism was in 1828. For my part, if we are to have Free Trade, I, who honour genius, prefer that both measures should be proposed by the hon. member for Stockport (Mr. Cobden) rather than by one (Sir R. Peel) who by skilful Parliamentary manoeuvres has tampered with the generous confidence of a great people and a great party . . . For me there remains this at least—the opportunity of expressing thus publicly my belief that a Conservative Government is an organized hypocrisy."

(See Cartoon, "The Premier's Fix.")

APRIL 3.

SIR ROBERT PEELE introduced his Bill for improving the condition of the Roman Catholic College of Maynooth. The "Maynooth Grant," as it was popularly called, aroused strong feeling in the country. The Protestantism of England, especially among the Dissenters, was up in arms against the endowment of Catholicism, and "repudiation of the claims of the Protestants of Ireland to ascendancy." Sir Robert Peel pointed out that there were three courses open to the Government:—



THE PREMIER'S FIX.

FREE TRADE.

AND

AGRICULTURE.

- 1st. To continue the existing system and grant without alteration.
- 2nd. To discontinue the vote altogether, and repudiate all connection with Maynooth.
- 3rd. To liberally adopt, improve, and extend the institution provided for the education of Roman Catholic priests.

He recommended the third course. "We do not think," he said, "that there is any violation of conscientious scruples in our proposition. We believe that it is perfectly compatible to hold steadfast the profession of our faith without wavering, and at the same time to improve the education and elevate the character of those who, do what you will, must be the spiritual

guides and religious instructors of millions of your fellow countrymen." These views, sound and statesmanlike as they may now seem to the unprejudiced and tolerant, were by no means acceptable to all at that time. The debate occupied three nights in the Lords and six in the Commons. Public meetings were held to oppose the Maynooth Grant, petitions were presented against it. Mr. Disraeli opposed it in a speech full of violent personalities against the Premier. Mr. Macanlay defended it in a speech characterised by picturesque eloquence and liberal sentiment. He pointed out the inconsistency of those who supported the existing small grant, but objected to the proposed addition—who were quite willing to subsidize what they considered error, provided only it was subsidized in a mean and shabby manner.

On the 10th the division on the second reading took place, when the majority for the Ministers was 147, the votes being 323 for, and 176 against.

The Bill excited great opposition in the country, especially amongst the Dissenters. It was opposed at every stage, though ultimately carried, and it exposed Sir Robert Peel to considerable opprobrium.

(See Cartoon, "The Man wot Plays several Instruments at Once.")

The following lines give Mr. Punch's reading of Peel's position and purpose:—

PEEL'S FATHETIC
APPEAL TO
DANIEL O'CONNELL.

I give thee, Daniel, all I can,
Though poor the offering be,
The Maynooth grant is all. My Dan,
That I can yield to thee:
I might give up the Irish Church,
But if I did, what then?
My friends would leave me in the lurch,
I mean, my party men.

Perhaps 'tis just, perhaps 'tis fit
That I should more concede;
But then the House won't suffer it.
They won't, they won't indeed.
Believe me, I say conscience pinch
Much more than works can tell.
To grant thee thus a single inch?
And thou wouldst take an ell!
&c. &c. &c.



THE MAN WOT PLAYS SEVERAL INSTRUMENTS AT ONCE.

MAY 8.

A FREE Trade Bazaar was opened at Covent Garden Theatre, the whole area of the pit and stage being boarded over and transformed into a "Norman Gothic Hall," filled with the products of manufacturing industry ("Annals of Our Time"). About 100,000 people visited the Bazaar during the seventeen days it was

open, and £15,246 were added to the funds of the League. The stalls were attended to by 400 ladies, the wives and daughters of Free-traders.

MAY 21.

THE QUEEN, who had received a loyal address from the Corporation of Dublin, in her reply made use of these words:—"Whenever I may be enabled to receive in Ireland the promised welcome, I shall rely with confidence on the loyalty and affection of my faithful subjects."

Her Majesty did not visit Ireland until some time thereafter, but *Mr. Punch* suggested in pictorial form the probable result of her appearance there.

(See Cartoon, "The Demon of Discord.")

JUNE 23.

A GREAT Naval Review was held at Spithead, at which the Queen and Prince Albert were present. It was considered to be the greatest naval demonstration since 1815.

JUNE 28.

MR. ROEBUCK—said *Punch* in the opening paragraph of his 9th Volume—has at least done one good thing. He has caused a great fall in the price of "duelling pistols." This referred to Mr. Roebuck's courageous refusal to accept the challenge of Mr. Somers, the "gunpowder member for Sligo," who had taken fire offence at some remarks made by Mr. Roebuck in the course of debate. *Punch*, ever hostile to the ridiculous practice of duelling, applauded "Tearem," as he was called, for declining to become "another victim to the stupidity of gentlemanlike satisfaction." "The last few days," continued *Mr. Punch*, "have done mortal harm to the principle of 'gentlemanlike satisfaction.' Potentates have in their time caused 'Ultima ratio regum' to be inserted on their murderous

cannon. The last argument of kings! In like manner public opinion is fast tracing on the duelling pistol—*Ultima ratio stultorum!* The last argument of fools."

A notable sign of the advance of the spirit of combined Christianity and common sense under the joint rule of Her Most Gracious Majesty Victoria, and her chief counsellor *Mr. Punch!*

AUG. 2.

THE Session we are about to close has been rendered unusually laborious by the rapid development of private enterprise in extending the Railway communications in the kingdom." Thus ran the opening paragraph in the Queen's Speech on the prorogation



THE DEMON OF DISCORD,
VANISHING AT THE APPEARANCE IN IRELAND OF THE GOOD GENIUS, VICTORIA.

of Parliament, 1845. The year was indeed signalled by the earlier signs of that outbreak of feverish speculation which was known as the "Railway Mania." Mr. Punch of course gave it due attention. His pages for this year teemed with sketches and skits *à propos* of Railway matters.

Under date August 2nd, "Annals of Our

Time" says:—"Such is the desperate eagerness for gambling in shares in Leeds, that the police have to be employed to keep the streets clear leading to the Stock Exchange. The chairman of a meeting of stockbrokers, called for the purpose, referred to the alarming spirit of reckless speculation going on, and warned

them of the disastrous consequences. It was said to be not an uncommon thing for 100,000 railway shares to be sold in one day in Leeds."

(See Cartoon, "The Railway Juggernaut of 1845.")



THE RAILWAY JUGGERNAUT OF 1845.

AUG. 9.

PARLIAMENT was prorogued by the Queen in person. On this occasion, says *Punch's* chronicle, the Duke of Argyll carrying the Crown, and going backwards, slipped down two stairs—fell—and down with a crash went the Crown of England! Several of the diamonds were knocked out of the Crown, but it was not seriously damaged. Mr. *Punch* hoped that "for the sake of all parties, those who shall henceforth convey the Crown will be allowed to go forwards. Then certain we are the Crown will lose no one of its

jewels. The olden bigotry may lose the back step; but the spirit of our day cries—Forwards!"

AUG. 11.

EARLY indications were observed of the Potato Disease, of which so much was hereafter to be heard. R. Parker, a potato-dealer, wrote on this date to Sir James Graham, giving a dismal account of the depredations the disease had committed in the neighbourhood of Dover. "This" (says "Annals of Our Time") "was amongst the first communications made

to Government regarding the appearance of the potato disease in the country."

AUG. 26.

THIS was the anniversary of the Birthday of the Prince Consort, and the Queen and himself being at the time on a visit to Coburg, it was celebrated by a rustic festival at the Palace of Rosenau. The Royal party left Rosenau on the 3rd September, and returned homeward by way of Antwerp, where they were received by the King of the Belgians, and Eu, where they

were received by the King and Queen of the French ("Annals of Our Time").

The Prince had taken part in a grand *batue* of stags at Coburg, shooting, as *Mr. Punch's* "Jeams" put it—

"Some forty Ed of sleek and hunterd deer."

"Jeams" pleasantly suggests:—

Suppose, instead of this pore Gorming sport

This Saxt wensien which he shoot and lugges,

Our Print should take a turn in

Capit Court,

And make a maseyker of Eng-lish Stages.

Pore Staggs of Hengland! were the Viscount at you,

Wint avoe he would make, & what a trimenjus latta!

NOV. 1.

DURING the recess the Anti-Corn-Law League had been exceedingly active, and was manifestly growing in power daily. This fact and the prevailing distress and dissatisfaction, were evidently greatly impressing the mind of Sir Robert Peel. On this date a Cabinet Memorandum written by him contains the following significant passages:—"The calling of Parliament at an unusual period, on any matter connected with the scarcity of food, is a most important step. It compels an immediate decision on three questions: Shall we maintain unaltered? Shall we modify? Shall we suspend the operation of the Corn Laws? The first vote we propose—a vote of credit for instance for £100,000 to be placed at the disposal of the Lord Lieutenant for the supply of food—opens the whole question. Can we vote public money for the sustenance of any considerable portion of the people on account of actual or apprehended scarcity, and maintain in full operation the existing restrictions on the free import of grain? I am bound to say my impression is that we cannot."

(See cartoon, "The Political Robin" driven by the severity of the times to seek for grain.")



THE POLITICAL "ROBIN" DRIVEN BY THE SEVERITY OF THE TIMES TO SEEK FOR GRAIN.

NOV. 25.

Her a Cabinet Council held on this day Sir Robert Peel stated that the instructions proposed to be issued to the Irish Famine Commissioners were inconsistent with a determination to maintain the present Corn Laws. The Duke of Wellington in a Memorandum dated 30th

November, said that though he considered the continuance of the Corn Laws essential to the agriculture of the country in its existing state, yet he considered a good government for the country more important than Corn Laws or any other consideration. He declared his intention of supporting Sir Robert Peel, and advised the Cabinet to do likewise.

Mr. Punch summed up the situation in the following lines—

A NEW SENNACHERIB.

SIR ROBERT came down on the
Corn-laws so bold,
And his backers felt savage, and
sore, and sold;
But the Premier of votes had a
majority,
Amounting, in all, to about
ninety-three.

As sheep follow the wether,
submissive and meek,
That host at the heels of their
leader were seen;
As sheep scatter wide when you
have them alone,
That host, says the *Times*, are
now broke and c'erthrown.

For the Iron Duke set his fate
on the card,
And nailed, for the Corn-laws,
his flag to the mast;
And the Cabinet's hopes felt a
sensible chill,
When they thought of the Duke,
and his potent "I will."

And there sat the Premier, his
head on one side;
His arguments pool-pocked, his
statements denied;
And tho' he tried hard, he had
need of his nerve,
A decent composure of face to
preserve.

And there sat grim Grahame, so
nervous and pale,
With his hat on his head, and
his mouth to his nail;
And their measures were done
for, their plans overthrown.
And Peel had to leave his own
trumpet unsound.

And Conservative Gentry are loath
in their wall,
That the country is ruined if
Peel should turn tail;
And repeal of the Corn-laws, we
soon shall recede,
Has been won, not by Peel, but
a certain small lord.

(See *Carlson*, "Opening the
Gate.")

DEC. 5.

SIR ROBERT PEEL finding himself opposed by Lord Stanley, the Duke of Buccleuch and others, and thinking it doubtful "whether he could conduct the proposal (for repeal of the Corn Laws) to a successful issue," tendered his resignation to the Queen.

DEC. 11.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL was summoned by the Queen to undertake the formation of a



OPENING THE GATE; OR, "COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE."

Ministry. Lord John Russell however found it impossible to form an Administration, and Peel decided upon the resumption of office. The Duke of Buccleuch, though reluctantly, decided, upon public grounds, on supporting the passing of a measure for the final settlement of the Corn Laws. The League was of course triumphant at the position of affairs, and resolved upon

raising a quarter of a million for the promotion of their principles in the present emergency. On the other hand the anger of the Protectionists and the Orangemen against Peel grew daily in intensity and in violence of expression. It was in the midst of this agitating crisis that the year 1845 came to an end.

+ 1846 +

JAN. 2.

IN consequence of the resignation of Sir Robert Peel at the close of 1845, Lord John Russell had been empowered to form a Ministry, but owing chiefly to Lord Grey declining to join him, he had been unable to do so.

(See *Carlton*, "I'm afraid you're not strong enough for the place, John.")

Sir Robert Peel resumed office, with Mr. Gladstone as Colonial Secretary in place of Lord Stanley, who had withdrawn.

Mr. Gladstone had been member for Newark, but he did not offer himself for re-election, and although holding a position in the Cabinet, he was without a seat in Parliament during the whole of this Session. The Duke of Newcastle was all-powerful in Newark, and Mr. Gladstone's adhesion to Sir Robert Peel's Corn Law Repeal policy had alienated his support.

JAN. 22.

PARLIAMENT was opened by the Queen in person. The Royal Speech, and the personal explanations of Sir Robert Peel and Lord John Russell, plainly foreshadowed the coming doom of the Corn Laws. "I will not," said Sir Robert Peel, "withhold the homage which is due to truth, by denying that my opinions on the subject of Protection have undergone a change. Whether holding a private station or a public one, I will assert the privilege of yielding to the force of argument and conviction, and acting upon the results of enlarged experience."

The price of bread at the moment in London was 9d. to 10d. per four-pound loaf. Wheat averaged 55s. 7d. per quarter.

JAN. 27.

PEELE, in a speech explaining the commercial policy of the Government, proposed a

total Repeal of the Corn Laws at the end of three years.

JAN. 30.

MR. CORBEN, in a letter to the tenant farmers of the United Kingdom, urged them to advocate an immediate repeal in place of having it postponed for three years.



"I'M AFRAID YOU'RE NOT STRONG ENOUGH FOR THE PLACE, JOHN."

FEB. 27.

SIR ROBERT PEELE'S Free Trade Resolutions, after a fierce debate extending over twelve nights, were carried by a majority of 337 to 240. *Mr. Punch*, in a parody of Cowper's celebrated "John Gilpin," humorously summarized the recent history of the Corn Law Agitation:

THE NEW JOHN GILPIN.

SHOWING HOW FEEL WENT
FURTHER THAN HE IN-
TERDEED, AND CAME SAFE
HOME AGAIN.

SIR ROBERT WAS A Minister
Of credit and renown;
And eke, by virtue of his place,
Advisor to the Crown.

Now Richard Cobden said to him
"Protected Corn has been
There 'thrice ten tedious years,
since eight,
Ten hundred and fifteen.

"Yet landlords and eke tenants
say
Of profits they desist;
Despite Protection, growing corn
Is a losing affair.

"There's Mr. Bright, and
there's myself,
And Mr. Fox—make three;
We've raised a League, and you
must ride
As Ben says) after us."

Said Peel, "Your doctrines I
admit,
But I am only one;
Still, if the Duke will stick to me,
I'll try what can be done.

"I am a Premier stout and bold,
As all my party know;
And my good friends in Man-
chester
Will lend their horse to go."

Now see him in his new Tariff,
On Free Trade—noble steed!
Full slowly taking strides off,
With caution and good head.

Then came the blight, and fears
arose
We'd not have food to eat,
Free Trade, from walking, 'gan
to trot,
Which shook Peel in his seat.

"Fairly and softly," Peel be-
came,
But Peel he cried in vain;
The trust became a gallop soon,
And Free Trade flew again.

Free Trade, who by a Tory lord
Had ne'er been cross'd before,
What thing upon his back had
got

Did wonder more and more,
Away went Robert—neck or
sought
That Radical and Whig;
He little thought when he began
His bill would be so big.

The *Post* did bark, the *Herald* scream'd,
Out spoke the farmers all,
And every Duke cried out "For shame!"
As loud as he could lawl.

Still, as Division-day drew near
"Twas wonderful to view
How overboard the men in place
Threw old cautious three.



THE MINISTERIAL CRISIS.

SNOWMAN. "On your right you will perceive a Prime Minister bolishing of himself. And over your left is another Prime Minister bolishing of the Corn-Laws."

MARTIN FIDUS BULL. "But which is the Prime Minister?"

SNOWMAN. "Whichever you please, my little dear. You pay your money, and you takes your choice."

The county members in the House,
Thus seeing Robert fly,
With Lord John Russell in his rear,
Set up a hue and cry:

"Stop thief! Stop thief! a highwayman!"
Not one of them was mute,
And Ben D'Irrell and Colquhoun
Did join in the pursuit.

The race is run, the race is won
With credit and renown;
Nor did Free Trade draw breath until
The Corn Laws he ran down.

Now let us sing Long live the League,
And Cobden, long live he;
And when Peel next doth ride Free Trade,
May Punch his Laureate be.

(See Cartoon, "The Ministerial Crisis.")

APRIL 19.

THE American House of Representatives passed a Bill providing for the occupation of the Oregon territory, respecting which a dispute between the United States and England had long been pending.

A little later (June 12) President Polk accepted the convention submitted by Mr. Pakenham on behalf of the British Government settling the Boundary question, and the dispute was amicably adjusted.

(See Cartoon, "What! you young Yankee-noodle.")

The following lines show Mr. Punch's view of the situation:—

A WASHINGTON WAR-CRY.

RAISE high the shout of warfare!
E'en now proud England
covers,

As Washington upon her head
Scorn and saliva showers.
Soon the great Columbian Eagle
O'er ocean wide shall soar:
With cock-tail and mint-julep,
He's already half seas o'er.

Arise, arouse for Oregon!—
Prate not to us of right!
Some of the Pilgrim fathers,
We take our stand on *Might*.
The favoured race of Freedom
Are not the men to flinch
From the spread of sacred slavery
And the blessed law of Lynch.

'Tis not in down-trod England
As in this happy land,
Where each man wops his nigger,
And none may hold his hand;
Not as in out-worn Europe,
Opinion here is free,
And no man dares to contradict
The sovereign mob's decree!

Democracy wants elbow-room
To put its branches forth:
Our South is cramped by Mexico,
By Canada our North.

Spirited, pioneers of Progress,
Visit us from shore to shore,
With unanswerable arguments
And mounted rifle corps.

APRIL 27.

THE Irish Question was again to the front. O'Connell had introduced, but withdrawn again, a motion for a Commission to inquire into the disease and famine prevailing in Ireland. Earl Grey had moved for an inquiry



"WHAT! YOU YOUNG YANKEE-NOODLE, STRIKE YOUR OWN FATHER!"

into the best means of redressing Irish grievances, but this had been negated by 61 votes to 17. The Government for their part had fallen back upon the old nostrum of force, and had introduced a Coercion Bill, which was vehemently opposed by the Irish members. There were famine riots in many towns in Ireland. The accounts from some

of these towns were appalling and pitiable. In Clonmel the mob broke into all the bakers' shops and seized all the food they could find. Carrick-on-Suir "looked as if it had been sacked by an army." A boat proceeding from Limerick to Clare (says "Annals of Our Time"), was attacked by a body of starving peasants, and plundered of her cargo of corn and Indian

four. Sir Robert Peel, in the adjourned debate on the Irish Coercion Bill, on this date said, "My own impression is that though much may be done by good legislation, by which the foundation at least of social improvement may be laid, yet the immediate practical improvement of Ireland will be most efficaciously promoted by a combination of the landlords, resident and absentee, to follow the example of Lord George Hill, to improve their own property and to increase its productiveness, while at the same time they conciliate the affections and goodwill of those who stand towards them in the relation of tenants."

This appeal, like almost all others addressed to the landlords of Ireland, was productive of little practical result. Coercion always found plentiful advocacy, real practical Conciliation very little.

JUNE 25.

ON the 25th of June the third reading of the Corn Importation Bill was carried in the House of Lords without a division. The Royal assent was given next day by Commission.

(See Cartoon, "Carrying the Corn; or, The Free-Trade Harvest-Home.")

On the 26th the Peel Ministry fell. After a debate extending over six sittings, they were defeated on the second reading of the Irish Coercion Bill by 292 to 219 votes. Cobden and Doller, in opposing the Bill in debate, gave Peel every praise for his conduct and ability in connection with Corn Law Reform, which they called one of the most magnificent commercial reforms ever carried in any country. "The majority" (says "Annals of Our Time") "presented a combination of Members opposed to the measure on its merits, but not to the Premier; of those who formerly advocated such a Bill, but whose way to office would now be opened up by its defeat; and of those who would risk any con-

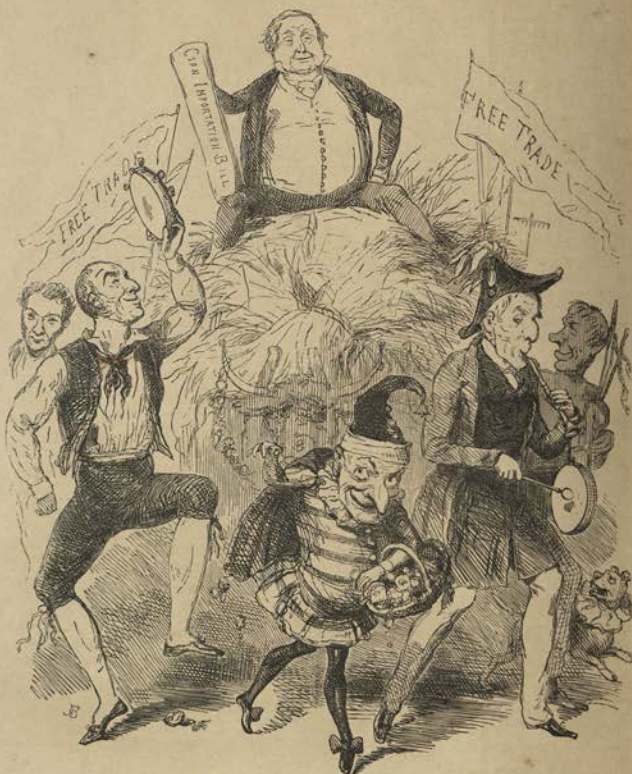
sequence in resisting their defeat on the Corn Laws."

JUNE 27.

ON this day Sir Robert Peel tendered his resignation to the Queen. Lord John Russell received commands to form a Ministry.

JUNE 29.

SIR ROBERT PEEL announced to the House of Commons his resignation. In the course of his address he referred to the motives of his recent change of opinion and of policy on the Corn Law Question. The name, he said, which ought to be associated with the success of the Corn Law Reform Measures was not his own



CARRYING THE CORN; OR, THE FREE-TRADE HARVEST-HOME

nor that of Lord John Russell, but that of "a man who acting, I believe, from pure and disinterested motives, has advocated that cause with untiring energy, and by appeals to reason, enforced by an eloquence the more to be desired because it is unaffected and unadorned—the name which ought to be, and which will be, associated with the success of these measures, is the name of Richard Cobden." He concluded his speech—his last speech, so it chanced, as Prime Minister of England, with a powerful and pathetic passage, which as a personal vindication and an appeal to the deliberate judgment of his countrymen, will long be remembered in the House of Commons, and will not soon disappear from the pages of the English historian.

"Sir, I shall now close the address which it has been my duty to make, thanking the House sincerely for the favour with which it has listened to this my last address in my official capacity. Within a few hours, probably, that power which I have held for a period of five years will be surrendered into the hands of another; I say it without repining, and without complaint—with a more lively recollection of the support and confidence which I have received than of the opposition which, during a recent period, I have encountered. I shall, I fear, leave office with a name severely censured by many honourable men who, on public principle, deeply regret the severance of party lines—who deeply regret that severance, not from any interested or personal motives, but because they believe fidelity to party, the existence of a great party, and the maintenance of a great party, to be powerful instruments of good government. I shall surrender power, severely censured, I fear, by many honourable men, who, from no interested motives, have adhered to the principles of Protection, because they looked upon them as important to the welfare and interests of the country. I shall leave a name execrated, I know, by every monopolist—(loud cheers and laughter)—who, professing honourable opinions, would maintain Protection for his own individual benefit. But it may be that I shall be sometimes remembered with expressions of good-will, in those places which are the abodes of men whose lot it is to labour and earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brow; in such places, perhaps, my

MANAGER PEEL TAKING HIS FAREWELL BENEFIT.



name may be remembered with expressions of good-will, when they who inhabit them recruit their exhausted strength with abundant and unalloyed fool, the sweeter because no longer leavened with a sense of injustice."

(See Cartoon, "Manager Peel taking his Farewell Benefit.")

Mr. Punch, in some "Thoughts on his Return from the House of Commons on Monday even-

ing, June 29," thus genially sped the departing Premier:—

"He is gone, dear friends. We saw him drive down to the House, rolling in his gold coach like King Pippin, but his heart must have been cheered by the roar of thousands of voices which said, 'God bless him!' Did he catch sight of Punch up a lamp-post, yelling, 'Bravo,

Peel! Peel for ever! fit to crack his lungs? Dear old Peel! We have had many a tiff—but he is gone, and the Whigs are in."

Mr. Punch further illustrated the situation in

PUNCH'S NURSERY RHYMES.

SIR ROBIN.

A very well-earned dig
At Protectionist and Whig.
(Suited to Politicians of all Parties.)

From Robin Premier's
Carlow Bill did fall,
By the country party's head,
And the Irish party's tail.



Here sits Sir Robin,
Sad and sord;
His fate this rhyme
Will soon unfold.

This is Robin Premier,
So proud and cold, but good,
Who carried through the Bill for
Giving us cheap food.

Who floor'd Sir Robin?
"I," said Ben Dixey,
"With my speeches so fiery;
And I floor'd Sir Robin."



Here is Ben Dixey,
With his speeches so fiery.

Who'll take his place?
"I," said Lord John,
"That is, I'll try it on;
I'd fain take his place."

Here is Lord John,
Trying it on.



Who'll give Peel a good word?
"I," said Cobden, outright,
"For he's fought a brave fight;
I'll give Peel a good word."

Here's Cobden and Bright,
Bidding Robin good-night.



Who'll bid Robin farewell?
"I," said John Bull,
"With a heart sad and full,
I'll bid Robin farewell."

Thus honest men fell
To sighing and sobbing.
For they felt 'twas not well
Thus to oust poor Sir Robin.



CORDEN, THE FREE TRADE PROSPERO.

A SCENE FROM "THE TEMPEST." ADAPTED TO 1846.

"But this rough magic
I here abjure;

I'll break my staff,
Bury it fathoms in the earth.

And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,
I'll drown my — newspapers." [Solemn music.]

JULY 2.

THE "Anti-Corn Law League" was formally dissolved.

(See Cartoon, p. 46, "Golden, the Free-Trade Prosperity.")

JULY 13.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL, in a few days after Sir Robert's Peel's resignation, succeeded in forming a new Ministry, in which were included Earl Grey (at the Colonial Office), Lord Palmerston (Foreign Office), and Mr. C. Wood (Chancellor of the Exchequer). Most of Lord Russell's colleagues were re-elected without opposition, and on the 13th July the new Ministers took the oaths and their seats. On the 16th July Lord John explained the principles on which his Cabinet had been formed, and the policy he intended to follow. He admitted that his Cabinet was not united on all conceivable questions, but said that on the question of Free Trade there was but one opinion. On the 20th, he introduced a Sugar Duties Bill, a measure providing for the temporary continuance of the Sugar Duties in a modified form. This measure was the subject of prolonged debate during the session.

(See Cartoon, "Political Economy; or, Lord John in Peel's Clothes.")



POLITICAL ECONOMY: OR, LORD JOHN IN PEELE'S CLOTHES.

TAN QUINN (sq.)—"Well! It is not the best fit in the world, but we'll see how he gets on."

The Government Sugar Duties Bill was opposed both in the Lords and the Commons on avowed anti-slavery grounds, but this plea was in some cases at least suspected to be a cover for prejudice in favour of Protection. Sir Robert Peel approved of the measure as giving the greatest encouragement to free-labour production. (The Bill ultimately passed both Houses, in the Lords by 28 to 10, in the Commons by 265 to 135.)

AUG. 7.

SEVERAL cases of flogging in the Army—in one instance resulting in the death of a private, had recently occurred, and the subject was brought before the House. Dr. Bowring introduced a motion for its abolition, which was lost by 90 votes to 37. The Duke of Welling-

ton, whilst announcing that he had limited the maximum number of lashes to be received under sentence of Court-martial to fifty, declared it "impossible to carry on the discipline of the British Army without some punishment of that description which the individual shall feel." Public opinion however was pretty generally in favour of its discontinuance.

AUG. 17.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL introduced a measure for the relief and employment of the Irish poor. It empowered the Lord Lieutenant to take steps for starting public works, on which the poor should be employed, the expense to be defrayed by advances from the Treasury, repayable in ten years, at 3½ per cent. interest. He also proposed a grant of £50,000 for the relief of poor districts, where repayment was impossible. The proposal was agreed to both by the Lords and the Commons.

AUG. 27.

AT this time there was a split in the Repeal Association, the Young Ireland Party going with Smith O'Brien and physical force, the other party to O'Connell, who always advocated moral force. One of the former party, a Mr. Meagher, "indignantly repudiated the idea that the sword should not be resorted to in extreme cases." He was nicknamed "Meagher of the Sword." Smith O'Brien's party left the hall. O'Connell at the next meeting begged all true Repealers not to be led away by the physical force fanatics, but to give the present Government a fair trial.

AUG. 28.

PARLIAMENT was pro-rogued by Commission. The Royal Speech expressed "Her Majesty's confident hope that the free admission of the produce of foreign countries into the home market would increase the comforts and better the condition of the great body of the people."

AUG. 31.

MR. PUNCH wrote, "It is gratifying to know that not only is Her Majesty a capital



EVERY INCH A SAILOR.

PRINCE OF WALES.—"Here, Jack! Here's something to drink Mama's health!"

sailor, but her son, the little Duke of Cornwall, is every inch—that is, every one of his 28 inches of height—a sailor. The young scion of Royalty, during the recent cruise, skipped about the deck as jollily as the skipper himself, and ordered extra allowances of grog to the men, with the true spirit of British seamanship. Her Majesty had evidently no idea of the extent to

which the little Tar—or Tartlet—would enter into his new profession, for on rigging him out for the voyage, she had only provided him with one pair of white trousers, and one white waistcoat. These, of course, were very soon soiled by the activity of the Royal reefer.

(See Cartoon, "Every Inch a Sailor.")

Despite these early nautical propensities, as is now known, the Prince of Wales became "Every inch a Soldier" in due course, and did *not* "follow the sea."

SEPT. 1.

M. GIZOR informed Lord Normanby that the marriage of the Queen of Spain with the Duke of Cadiz was settled, and that at the same time her sister was to obtain leave to marry the Duke de Montpensier. Against this latter marriage England delivered a formal protest, founded upon the Treaty of Utrecht, by which the French branch of the Bourbons renounced all claim to the throne of Spain, and secondly upon a specific agreement concluded between the French and English Ministers. The marriage of the Infanta Louisa Maria with the Duke of Montpensier nevertheless took place on the 10th October. Much indignation was excited by this dynastic intrigue.

SEPT. 29.

WATT's colossal equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington, of which *Mr. Punch* had made such fun, was drawn in triumph to the site of the arch at Hyde Park Corner, and was elevated to its place the next day.

DEC. 5.

THE year closed amidst a terrible state of things in Ireland. From Skibbereen, says "Annals of Our Time," "the news is: Hunger, nakedness, sickness and mortality almost equal to the ravages of an epidemic disease, are the prevailing features of the dwellings of the poor. Fever affects hundreds of them, and dysentery, produced by cold and want of nutritious food, is equally common. The workhouse contains 900 paupers; the fever hospital, built to accommodate 40 patients, contains 161. The number of deaths

What is to be done with Ireland John.

I'm sure I don't know.



"WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS," &c.

(After GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.)

which took place in the infirmary during the month of November was 87." And this in spite of the grants and other measures of relief devised by the Government. To aggravate matters, in the midst of this horrible starvation, a universal mania seized the people for the purchase of firearms. Statesmen seemed to be at their wit's end, helpless and hopeless in the face of so dire a difficulty.

(See Cartoon, "Where Ignorance is Bliss.")

Punch, who desired to show both sides of the question, commented severely upon the frenzied desire for arming themselves which seemed to have seized upon the Irish peasantry. At Drogheda Fair, it is stated, two cart-loads of firearms were disposed of amid great excitement.

+ 1847 +

"THE YEAR 1847" (said *Mr. Punch's* Introduction to Vol. XII.) "began gloomily enough, and required all the firmness and energy of the Government to bring domestic matters to a successful issue. The reaction consequent upon the unhealthy state of affairs in 1845, tended to check confidence in commercial circles, and to compel retrenchment of expenditure among all classes of the community." The almost complete failure of the potato and oat crops of the preceding year added to the numerous difficulties with which the Government had to deal.

(See Cartoon, "The Boy-of-all-Work.")

JAN. 19.

PARLIAMENT was opened by the Queen in person. The Royal Speech referred in grave terms to the distressful state of Ireland, and directed the earnest consideration of Parliament to further measures about to be laid before the House with a view to its amelioration. On the 25th Lord John Russell introduced these measures. They included the withdrawal of the Labour Rate Act of the previous session, which the landlords had worked badly, immediate employment for above 450,000 persons, the despatch of large supplies of food, loans for the purchase of seeds for tenants on the security of the next harvest, and for the reclamation of waste lands, an extension of the Poor Law, and other measures of relief. "The amount of Irish relief" (says *Mr. Punch's* Introduction to Volume XII.) "amounted in one way and another to about £7,000,000."

The task before Government was a heavy one, as was indicated in *Mr. Punch's* lines entitled:



THE BOY-OF-ALL-WORK.

JOHN.—"Here's a precious lot of dirty boots I've got to clean! I never was in such a house."

PROSPECTS OF THE SESSION.

A SONG FOR LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

With one thing and another, what anxiety and bother,

What perplexity and trouble, and confusion I am in;

I seem all hurry-scurry, in a flurry, and a worry;

Now the session Parliamentary's going to begin.

The work of Legislation will be such a complication,

That how shall I unravel it I'm puzzled how to think;

We shall be so very busy, the idea makes me dizzy,
And from the undertaking I am half inclined to shrink.

There's the Sanatory question for discussion and digestion,
There's the Smoke-prevention measure—there's the Duty upon Tea;
I've to settle Church Preferment, and to regulate Interment,

FEB. 6.

THE beneficial use of ether in surgical operations had recently been discovered by Doctors Jackson and Martin in America. John Ware, writing from Boston, U.S. on 29th December, 1846, had described it as "a mode of rendering patients insensible to the pain of surgical operations, by the inhalation of the vapour of the strongest sulphuric ether. They are thrown into a state nearly resembling that of complete intoxication from ardent spirits, or of narcotism from opium. During it the patient is insensible to pain." Mr. Punch made his own humorous application of the subject by representing a henpecked husband rendering himself insensible to the infliction of a scolding wife by the inhalation of a bladder of ether.

Lord Palmerston, who held the post of Foreign Secretary, was not very popular at this time. His treatment of foreign affairs was not admired, more particularly his dealing with the question known as "The Spanish Marriages." The nature of that dynastic intrigue has already been described (September 1st, 1846). "Almost immediately on their (the Russell Government) coming into office," says Mr. Justin McCarthy in his "Short History of Our Own Times," "the project of the Spanish Marriages, concocted between King Louis Philippe and his Minister, M. Guizot, disturbed for a time, and very seriously, the good understanding between England and France. In an evil hour for themselves and their fame, Louis Philippe and his Minister believed that they could obtain a virtual ownership of Spain by an ingenious marriage scheme." Two paragraphs in the Queen's Speech had run as follows:—

"The marriage of the Infanta Luisa Fernanda of Spain to the Duke of Montpensier has



LORD PALMERSTON'S UNPOPULAR EXHIBITION.

given rise to a correspondence between my Government and those of France and Spain."

"The extinction of the free State of Cracow has appeared to me so manifest a violation of the Treaty of Vienna, that I have commanded that a protest against that act should be delivered to the Courts of Vienna, Petersburg, and Berlin, which were parties to it."

(See Cartoon, "Lord Palmerston's Unpopular Exhibition.")

FEB. 22.

THE Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. C. Wood, introduced his Budget. There was a surplus of two millions in excess of what had been anticipated by Mr. Goulburn, in consequence of the unexpected increase of revenue

during the past year. In addition to this the Chancellor of the Exchequer proposed a loan of eight millions to meet the extraordinary demands upon the Government in Ireland.

MARCH 20.

SMITHFIELD Cattle Market was at this time persistently attacked by *Punch* and other sanitary reformers as a monstrous metropolitan

nuisance, as inconvenient in situation and insalubrious in effect. It had been defended by a Mr. Deputy Bedford in these words:—

"He believed it to be the opinion of all who were acquainted with the subject that Smithfield was the most eligible of all situations for a market, from its central position, and the vast variety of its approaches, and SALUBRITY OF CLIMATE."

Punch ridiculed these preposterous pretences,

and proposed to deal with "The Smithfield Savages," as Penn had done with the Indians, by a vigorous but equitable and salutary treaty.

(See *Cartoon, "Punch and the Smithfield Savages."*)

APRIL 15.

THE New Houses of Parliament (the first stone of which had been laid on 27th April, 1840), were used for the first time by the



PUNCH AND THE SMITHFIELD SAVAGES.

(Suggested by PUNCH'S Treaty with the Indians.)

Peers. Mr. *Punch* records that although the new House of Lords was admitted to be a beautiful building, its acoustic qualities were imperfect, and he represents Lord Brougham as singing:—

Oh, the old House at home might be shabby and small,
And the new House is stately, and splendid and tall,
But better I loved the old faded moreen,
Than the new silks and satins, and purple and shewn;
For tho' that old House where I liked I could walk,
And in that old House I could hear myself talk;
And though springy and soft the new Woolstack may be,
Oh, dearer by far the Old Woolstack to me!

APRIL 19.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL explained to the House his plan for the State education of the people. A public Education Grant of £1,000,000 was to be asked for, from the benefit of which Roman Catholics were, for the time, to be excluded, their case being left to be separately dealt with. Lord John "thought that the proposal for making the education given by the State

purely secular was opposed to the opinion of Parliament."

These proposals gave rise to much discussion.

MAY 4.

THE great Swedish singer, Jenny Lind, appeared for the first time in England at Her Majesty's Theatre, as Alice in "Robert le Diable." Jenny Lind was a prodigious favourite with Mr. *Punch*, and he celebrated her debut becomingly.

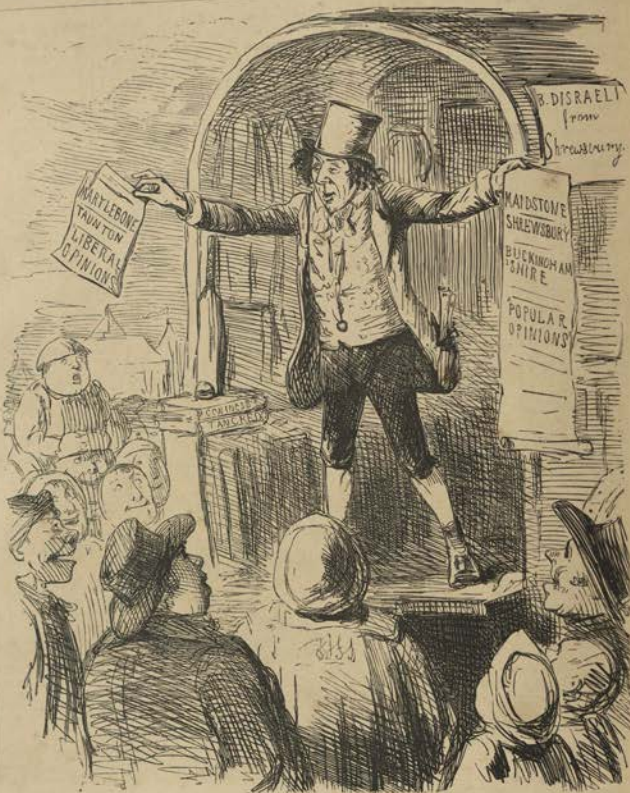
MAY 15.

THE great Irish leader, Daniel O'Connell, died at Genoa, on his way to Rome, which he was passionately desirous to reach before his death. He was 72 years of age. The death of the eloquent champion of Hibernian independence was a sore blow to the Irish people at large, and in particular to the Repeal Association of which he had been the founder, and for so long the leading spirit.

JUNE 22.

MR. DISRAELI had, in view of the coming Dissolution become a candidate for the representation of Buckingham, and in his election address and his speeches to the electors had indulged in many fanciful historical disquisitions, many high-flown sentiments, and many imposing promises. "Amid the universal crash of parties," said he, "I advance to claim your confidence with none of the commonplaces of faction. I am not the organ of any section or the nominee of any individual. All that I aspire to is to serve you as becomes the representative of a great, undivided and historic county, that has achieved vast results for our popular liberty, our parliamentary reputation, and our national greatness." He delighted the farmers of Amersham by telling them that Buckinghamshire had given us the British Constitution in the 17th century, and created the British Empire in the 18th. "The Parliamentary Constitution," he said, "was born in the bosom of the Chiltern Hills, as to this day our parliamentary career is terminated among its Huddreds." "And in our own time, faithful to its character and its mission, amid a great parliamentary revolution, Buckingham called a new political class into existence, and enfranchised you and the farmers of England by the Chandos Clause."

(See Caricature, "The Political Cheap Jack.")



THE POLITICAL CHEAP JACK.

"Now, then, my Bucks—let me have the pleasure of making you a few presents—an assortment of valuable pledges, warranted never to brook," &c. &c.

JULY 23.

THE QUEEN in person prorogued Parliament preparatory to its dissolution. The elections to the New Parliament immediately commenced.

Mr. Punch described the situation in a parody of a scene from "Macbeth," entitled—

THE ELECTIONEERING CAULDRON.

DRAMATIS PERSONA.

1st WICK.	BRISTOL.
2nd WICK.	BERKSHIRE.
3rd WICK.	CALIFORNIA.
Macbeth.	LORD J—& R—&—L.

1st Wick. Seven years Sir Robert Peel hath done.
2nd Wick. Three and four Lord John hath talked.
3rd Wick. The country cries, " 'Tis time, 'tis time!"

1st *Whig*. Round about the
cauldron go,
In the seeds of discord throw:
Health of Towns and Educa-
tion,
Free-Law, Railway legisla-
tion,
Whigs, who shirking work
begin,
Courtling all and winning none,
Into such a mess have got;
Bolt ye fast t' the charnel
pot.

All. Double, double, toil and
trouble,
Member spout, and agents
bubble.

2nd *Whig*. Mr. Mengler's war-
like glow,
Lord Mounseley's charity,
Earl of Roden's toleration,
John of Tamm's information,
Smith O'Brien's patriot zeal,
Esopence of Thomas Steele,
Framment ascendants' ruth,
Esopence's wisdom, placemen's
truth:
Pinto light, and Mortgage-
men,
Deep distrust, and mutual
hate,
Ancient springs of Ireland's
trouble,
Like soap of Soyer—bail and
bubble.

All. Double, double, toil and
trouble,
Member spout, and agents
bubble.

3rd *Whig*. Right views v.
greater gains,
Sabbath bills v. Sunday trains,
Law of Marriage and Yachts,
Fucks of grouse 'gainst heads
of 'a'd,
The kindly mercies of Kirk
Session,
Squabbles of Free Church
profession,
Roe-shies landlords' sense of
duty,
Glasgow bullies' sense of
beauty,
Hopes of Whig or Tory places,
Newtorned coats and double
faces—

Last, but in which both young
and old run,
Four hushers into the cau-
dron.

All. Double, double, toil and
trouble,
Member spout and agents
bubble.

*(Now as they dance round the
Cauldron.)*

Russell half, Bentinck blue,
And Peel neutral grey,
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
For mingle you may.

2nd *Whig*.

In the name of all the "Hums,"
Something Whiggish this way comes!
Open locks, whoever knocks!

Enter MARGENT.

How now, you cruel, black, and midnight hags,
How is't to go?

All. That we don't choose to say.



DOMBEY AND SON.

"Mr. Dombey was in a difficulty. He would have liked to give him (the boy) some explanation involving the terms circulating medium, currency, depreciation of currency, paper, bullion, rates of exchange, value of precious metals in the market, and so forth."

THE elections were, on the whole, favourable to the Whigs, and Lord John Russell and his Cabinet retained office. Sir Robert Peel, though he did not regain power, was considered to regard Lord John Russell's commercial policy with at least a qualified approval. In his address to the electors of Tamworth he had said, "It is

my firm persuasion that the course sanctioned by the present Parliament with reference to our financial and commercial policy, has tended to fortify the established institutions of the country, and to inspire confidence in the equity and benevolence of the Legislature."

(See Cartoon, "Dombey and Son.")

AUG. 5.

THE remains of Daniel O'Connell were this day buried in Glasnevin Cemetery. It was estimated that 50,000 persons witnessed the interment of "Ireland's Liberator," as he was affectionately, if not with strict accuracy, called by his enthusiastic compatriots.

AUG. 11.

THE QUEEN and Prince Albert with their children started on this day in the *Victoria and Albert* for an excursion to the Highlands of Scotland. They made a stay of four weeks, paying a visit to the Duke of Argyll at Inverary, and visiting Staffa amongst

other places. "It was the first time," wrote Her Majesty, "that the British Standard, with a Queen of Great Britain and her husband and children, had ever entered Fingal's Cave; and the men gave three cheers, which sounded very impressive there."



CONSOLATION FOR THE MILLION.—THE LOAF AND THE POTATO.

SEPT. 11.

AMONGST the many troubles of the year some relief was experienced from the fact that corn was plentiful, and the potato comparatively free from disease. As Her Majesty's Speech on the re-opening of Parliament a little later put it, "The abundant harvest with which this country has been blessed, has alleviated the evils which always accompany a want of employment in the manufacturing districts."

Mr. Punch signalled this fact in a cheery

Cartoon representing a big cheap loaf and a sound smiling potato exchanging congratulations. Mr. Punch, in a subsequent note, however, admitted that, with regard to the potato at least, "the wish was father to the thought."

(See Cartoon, "Consolation for the Million—The Loaf and the Potato.")

OCT. 9.

THE commercial difficulties under which the country had been labouring since the early

part of the year, now culminated in a veritable panic. The Royal Bank of Liverpool, and other important banks, broke, and many commercial houses failed. The pressure in the money market during this week had not been paralleled since the monetary crisis of 1825. "The Bank of England had made advances at the rate of nearly £300,000 a day, until the Directors were compelled to announce that unless a large amount of these advances were returned, the dividends would not be paid. The Government, therefore, on the 25th of October issued a letter,

authorizing the Directors to relax the conditions of the Bank Charter."—*Punch's Introduction to Vol. 13.*

(See Cartoon, "The Effects of Tight Lacing on the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street.")

On the 23rd October there was a long conference, lasting, it was reported, until midnight, between Sir Robert Peel and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, at the residence of the former, on the subject of the commercial panic. Mr. *Punch* humorously illustrated the effects of the panic in a Cartoon entitled "Barter"—a Probable Effect of Peel's Measure, and consequent Scarcity of Coin, and in an article entitled "The Effects of the Pressure."

THE EFFECTS OF THE PRESSURE.

It seems to be an established fact that nobody has got any money, and therefore, if the business of the country is to go on (which we humbly suppose it is), we see no alternative but resorting to an exchange of commodities, since transactions for cash have become almost impossible. Though a man may be without gold in his purse, he has probably a gold watch in his pocket; and those who are without silver coin may be possessed of silver spoons. We think it exceedingly likely that a system of barter will shortly be established to prevent that stagnation in business which must otherwise ensue from the limited quantity of cash that is just now available. We wish a few enterprising tradesmen would lead the way in the great plan we have hinted at, by advertising their intention somewhat in the following fashion:—In consequence of the tightness of money, the proprietors of the Household Mart of Elegance and Magnificence des Modes du Moment, have resolved on reducing all their articles from a price in cash to a price in commodities. A gentlemanly wrap-rascal, lined throughout with best blanketing, and hitherto charged one pound, will be supplied for three silver dessert spoons, and can be made to measure for three table-spoons. Trowsers from a plated candle-stick upwards, and Fancy Vests beginning at a silver pencil-case. Or we may see something like the following:—It has been said that money is the root of all evil; and, there being now no money, it is to be presumed that everything is good. Inspired with this supposition, Messrs. Screw and Doo have determined on offering their first-rate stock of linen-drawery to the public, without the intervention



THE EFFECTS OF TIGHT LACING ON THE OLD LADY OF THREADNEEDLE STREET.

of money, by receiving the value of their various elegant novelties in kind. They have some exquisite shawls, which S. and D. are enabled to offer at a leg of mutton each; and there are several scolded smocks that may be had at the surprisingly moderate rate of a mutton-chop per yard. Gloves of the best town-make can be put in at a quarter loaf the pair; and hats may be procured at all prices, from a bush of soap to a turban.

We are perfectly aware that the system of labour exchange was tried some few years ago by Robert Owen,

the philanthropist, and a few other Sons of Harmony, who, if they were legitimate Sons of Harmony, behaved very ill to their parent, for they literally kicked poor Harmony out of doors. The labour exchange, in those days, being got up by a few people landed together in brotherly love, turned out a most quarrelsome business, and the police had to be called in every five minutes to preserve that peace which it was the aim of the sainted brothers to promote.

&c., &c.

OCT. 23.

A CARTOON, published in *Punch* on this date, and sharply satirizing Louis Philippe, was the cause of the journal being excluded from France for some time.

(See *Cartoon, "The Napoleon of Peace."*)

NOV. 12.

ON this date Professor Simpson, of Edinburgh, described certain successful experiments performed in the Royal Infirmary of Edinburgh, with his new anæsthetic agent, chloroform. This was without doubt one of the most beneficial discoveries of Her Majesty's reign.

NOV. 18.

CONTRARY to general expectation, the new Parliament was summoned for an Autumn session, to consider the "distress prevailing among the commercial classes," and the terrible condition of affairs in Ireland. The accounts from the latter country were indeed of an alarming character. Misery was rife, and crime equally so; starvation on one hand, and assassination and outrage on the other, presented a pitiable spectacle of a people misunderstood, misgoverned, and both by real enemies and pretended friends most miserably misled. Sir George Grey, in moving (on the 29th November) for a Bill to invest the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland with extraordinary powers, presented to Parliament a picture of the state of Ireland which though more than a "thrice-told tale" with respect to that unhappy country, horrified the House and prevented more than a partial and qualified opposition to the proposed measure, which ultimately passed by 233 votes against 30.

As regards the other urgent question of the moment, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, on the 30th November, moved for the appointment of a Select Committee "to inquire into the causes

of the recent commercial distress, and as to the extent to which it was affected by the law regulating the issue of bank-notes payable on demand."

After some debate this proposal was assented to. The condition of parties and of public questions at the time of this unseasonable summoning of Parliament, is well summarized in a ballad published by *Mr. Punch* and entitled

"The Mustering of the Hobbies," from which some passages may be given.

THE MUSTERING OF THE HOBBIES.

A LAY OF MODERN BABELION.

Ho! Bellow, be stirring;
Ho! Goset, don't your shorts;
Ho! Garney, point your pencil;
Ho! Punch, leave meener sports;



THE NAPOLEON OF PEACE.

He! ye morning papers,
Know your reporting oars;
Ho! Telegraphs, and ho! Tapers,
The game is up once more!
The pheasant, in the copse-wood,
May peck his wheat in peace;
The cooey, in the turnips,
May wax in safe increase;
The hare may brave the grey-
hound,
The rabbit mock the hall;
For Parliament has summoned
The great guns and the small.

From cosy Tamworth mansion,
Sir Peel rides snug and sly;
His hobby's bone and bottom
The week's debate will try;
Out of bankruptcy by Ballion—
No easy steed to sit—
Sore doth he strain against the
reins,
And champ upon the bit.

Black looks are bending on him,
Stern scowls at every hand,
Where 'neath Protection's banner
Is ranged a motley band.
In the flanks of "Native In-
dustry"
Lord George the rowel seals,
His hack to fret to a carter,
But in a stumble ends.

There on "Middle Ages" rideth
Lord John in antique seat;
There dark Disraeli shaketh
His pointed lance at Peel;
There on the British Donkey,
In the British Lion's skin,
Half errand-knight, half mount-
ebank,
Pale Stothorpe dashes in.

Bold Bright his livery registers,
Spurs in fits and starts along,
By Cobden gravely guiding
His war-horse stern and
strong;
And bent on bearing all the
world,
Majestic Muntz doth pass,
On his hobby's head of Beam-
mangers,
By Paper out of Brass.

Quick! stand aside—for bold
they ride,
These gallants, four abreast—
Fierce Feargus upon "Five
Points,"
Displays his Chartist crest;
With debonair Sir Duncombe,
And Fox the fluent, nigh,
And the Thompson of Tower
Hamlets,
With speech all cut and dry!

Now rail your hats, brave riders,
Lout down to saddle-ho;
The Ministers, the Ministers,
Russell, Palmerston, and Co.!

Their hobbies sorely weighted,

Yet gory hacks, I trow;

Some lent to ride, some borrowed,

Some picked up—luck knows how.

Hark! bounding on your rearmost—

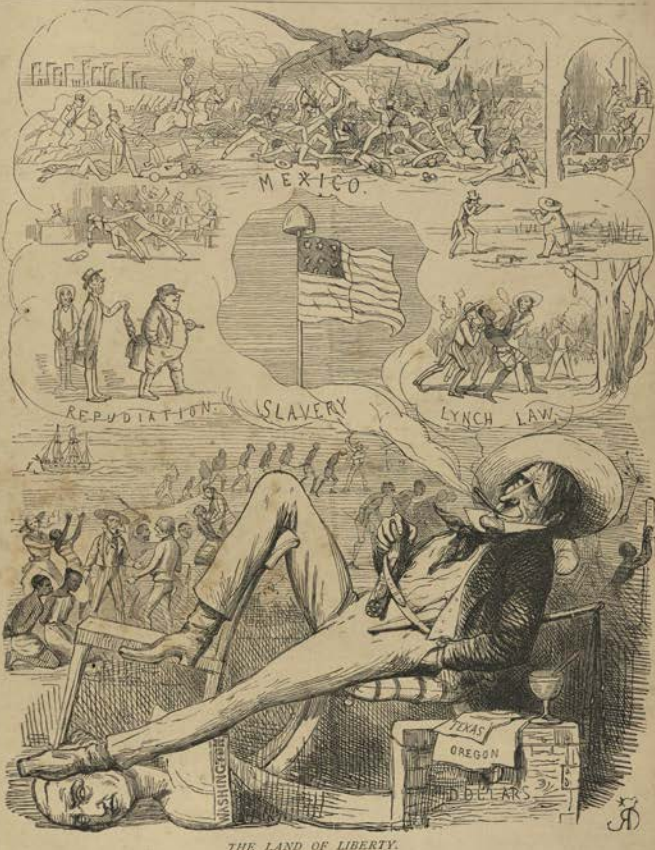
'Tis the wild Irish cry!

Young Ireland and Old Ireland,

At saddle as they fly!

Each on his hobby bearing

His pack of Saxon wrong.



THE LAND OF LIBERTY.

With piteous lack of reason,
And piteous wealth of tongue.

Why pause upon the soldiers,

Now that the chiefs are sold?

Good speed to all, this Season,

Recruits or veterans old.

May Whigs, &c. once, be strong of heart,

The Spirit strong of lungs!

May the thinkers speak their thoughts out,

And the talkers hold their tongues!

DEC. 4.

It is the number bearing this date was published
a Cartoon entitled "The Land of Liberty,"
satirizing the unsatisfactory state of things,
socially, politically, and financially, then existing
in the Great Republic.

(See Cartoon, "The Land of Liberty.")

DEC. 17.

BARON ROTHSCHILD having been elected Member for the City—there being no law against the election of a Jew—a question was raised as regards the oath to be taken, the prescribed form concluding with "on the true faith of a Christian." His admission to the House was violently opposed by some. Lord John Russell moved a resolution in favour of the admission of Jews into Parliament. He argued most ably in favour of his resolution, and was well supported by Mr. Disraeli, though Sir R. Inglis, Mr. Newdegate, Lord Ashley, and others of the narrower and more fanatical sort, were horrified at the proposed innovation. Mr. Disraeli, always the loyal champion of the race he was proud to belong to, claimed for the religion of the Jew the best sanction of conduct and security for public morality except that found in the faith of a Christian. Lord John Russell's resolution affirming the expediency of removing the disabilities of Jews to sit in Parliament was carried by 253 to 186. On the 20th a Bill founded on the resolution was introduced and read a first time. Further progress with the measure was arrested by the House then adjourning until February.

(See Cartoon, "The New Boy.")

Punch, who had no sympathy with anti-Hebrew bigotry, struck at the furious opponents of Lord John Russell's measure, in the person of Sir Robert Inglis, one of the hottest of them, in the following pithy and pungent epistle:—

JEWISH ABILITIES AND DISABILITIES.

TO SIR ROBERT INGLIS.

"SIR,—Hath not a Jew brains? hath not a Jew faculties, conception, memory, imagination, judgment, reason? ruled by the same laws, liable to the same punishments, open to the same action, entitled to the same remedy, vindicated or acquitted by the same judge and jury as a Christian is? If you tax us, do we not

pay? if you rate us, do we not cash up? if you hang us, do we not die? and if we obey your government, shall we have no hand in it? If we are like you in the rest, we ought to resemble you in that.

"I am, Sir Robert, Your obedient servant,
"A Jew."

DEC. 28.

HED-EL-KADER, the great Algerian leader, after a long and gallant struggle with his

French foes, gave himself up to General Lamotière on condition that he should be taken to Alexandria, or St. Jean d'Acre. No sooner had he surrendered, however, than this stipulation was perfidiously violated by the French, who sent him to France, where he was detained prisoner, first at Toulon, and afterwards in the Chateau d'Amboise.



THE NEW BOY.

HEAR MASTER. "Here's a New Boy, Johnny Russell. Now you see that nobody bullies him."

1848+

THIS year of revolution and throne-shaking opened in England with a "scare" concerning our national defences. That somewhat blustering personage, the Prince de Joinville, had written a pamphlet, which gave rise to much discussion concerning the practicability of an "Invasion of England." The Duke of Wellington being consulted, penned a letter to Sir John Burgoyne on "Our National Defences," in which he took an unfavourable view of their existing condition, saying, that "excepting immediately under the fire of Dover Castle, there is not a spot on the coast on which infantry might not be thrown on shore at any time of the tide with any wind and in any weather." This letter being published in the *Morning Chronicle*, of course served to increase the excitement. Mr. Punch, however, pooh-poohed the whole business, including what he called "the Duke's gunpowder letter," and the result justified him, the "Invasion Scare" subsiding as quickly as it had arisen.

(See Cartoon, "A Silly Trick.")

Punch further ridiculed the scare in some verses (see next page) entitled "Ye Foraye of ye Frenche," and in the following account of

LONDON TAKEN BY THE FRENCH.

"Head Quarters, Buckingham Palace, London.

[Date not fixed.]

MONSEIGNEUR,—I have the honour to communicate the intelligence of the landing of the army under my command on the coast of Dover, with the subordination of the capital of England. I write this in the palace of the Gauleis, where the tricolor waves triumphantly above the standard of our natural enemy.

"Our troops embarking at Boulogne, at Calais, and at Dunkirk, first mid-way in the Channel. The wind falling, the transports were towed by the *Comte de Paris*, the *Citadon Fils*, *Le Clavier*, and other steamers. At daybreak we came to anchor; and at 7 P.M. landed the troops—with horses and artillery—from the jolly-boats. The guns from Dover Castle kept an unsteady, dropping

fire during the disembarkation: at length a handful of the Algerine Immortals—irritated by the pertinacity of the enemy—scaled the chalk-cliffs, and in five minutes by the watch—spiked the cannon. Immediately the tricolor floated from the Castle of César.

"On the capture of the Castle, the Mayor and Corporation of Dover brought the key of the town to the beach, and supplicated for favourable terms of capitulation. These I have thought fit to grant; thus leaving the friendliest disposition in our rear.

"At nine o'clock the Directors of the Railway appeared with first-class tickets for the whole of the army; having, moreover, under the direction of our Commissariat, provided the necessary means of transit for luggage and artillery.

"Our army arrived at eleven o'clock in London, very fresh and in the highest spirits. We formed at the station, and marched over London Bridge. Here we saw the Pool of the Thames—all the shipping had already hoisted the tricolor—which, remembering the glory of our

[Continued on page 62.]



A SILLY TRICK.

JOHN BELL. "Come, come, you Foolish Fellow; you don't suppose I'm to be frightened by such a Tawdry as that!"

Ye Sorape of ye Srenche.

FROM THE VERIDICAL AND RIGHTE PLEASANTE CHRONICLE OF MAITRE PUNCHE.

OUR HARRY-EUX
TAPESTRY.

To CHARLES BARRY, Esq., R.A.

SIR,—Allow me to offer you a contribution to the decoration of the House of Lords. It is a series of designs for Tapestry, commemorating the invasion which is to come off shortly. The designs are my own. The tapestry will be worked by the fair hands of July and our daughter. It will be strictly in character with the building, "trans-ance and intensely old." It is also, like the building, a copy, in general character, if not in detail. My original is the well-known Bayeux Tapestry, which commemorates the first French invasion of these islands, under William the Conqueror. &c., &c.,
Your servant and admirer,
PUNCE.

GREATE-BRYTNE.

THIS IS YE PRYNCE DE JOINVILLE.



HERE YE FRENCH ARE SEENE CROSSING YE BRITYSHE CHANNELE.

I TROW 'twere sore to tell
What sorrows there befelle,
When from Boulogne, Cherbourg, Havre,
With musquet armed and sabre,

Ye hordes of Gallic cocke,
Defying rolle and rocke,
Across y^e Channele sailing
With retching and with railing,

On Allion y^e perfidious
Came down with onslaughte
kideous,
Up to all by lande or water,
From pick-and-loose unto
manslaughter.
Nevils were y^e tongue of
Homer
To sing of Svez and Gomer,
Of Belle Poole and Gomer
JEN,
And wank more thereto:
Of sailing ships and steamers,
Gallic cockes upon their
streamers,
That against y^e raft/it un-
tered,
Got up their steamers and
blasted,

YE BRITYSHE COASTE

BAYTHINGMACHINES.

PRYNCE DE JOINVILLE.

YE LORDE WARDEN OF YE

CINQUE-PORTES



HERE THE FRENCH ARE SEENE LANDYNGE. LOOKE OVTE

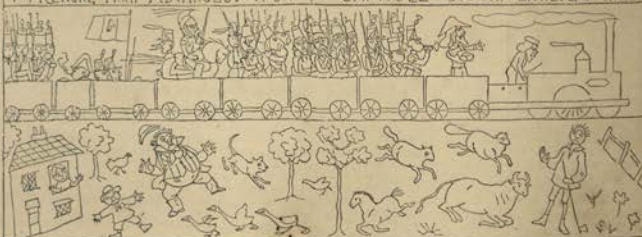
And took on board battalions
"Des Français des plus vaillans;"
Not felle on becke and porter,
As y^e baser Engliche sort are,

But on veg'tables and on veale,
And headed by brave Joinville;
Then they floated forth ferocious,
But their valour proved precocious;

For as they gottie in motion,
Righte boist'rous waxed y^e ocean,
Which, calme as first they started,
Grew more rough when they departed;

'Twas clearely a deception
Of Allion's alle, Neptune,
Who, anxious for y^e British,
Sent of Neroides y^e most skittish,
To raise an awful shudde
Of wild waves and brecken
windle;
Nor were Allion's chaffe cliffs
paler
Than eache will-be-nill-he sailor
Of that bolde and brilliant bande,
When he hove in sight of lande,
And lande hove in sight of him,
Thro' the fogge, see dense and
dim,

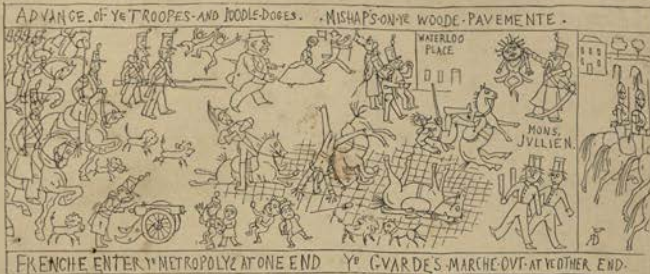
YE FRENCH ARMY ADVANCES VPON YE CAPITOLE BYE AN EARLYE TRaine



YR VSTICS AND DOMESTICK ANIMALES DO EXPRESSE ASTONISHMENTE.

Ye Sorape of ye Srenche. —(continued.)

That wrappes London all y^e
year,
As in French bookes doth
appear,
Twas in valise y^e Prince he
season'd,
To sea - sickness being
season'd;
Y^e more he cheer'd his crew,
Y^e sicker still they grew;
Till, pale enough to frighten
Y^e inhabitants of Brighton,
They landed safe in Shore-
ham,
And y^e people fleebie before
him!



PART II.

YE FRENCH GOE UP TO LONDON.

Then at y^e railwaie station
Y^e Prince made proclamation,
That each engineer or stoker
Should instanter be broke, or

Blow uppe, who took occasion
Of y^e gallantie French invasion,
For refusing too shule
By Bradshaw his Railwaie Guide.

An express was in y^e yards,
By which y^e brave vanguard
Got commande at once to
runne down
For a *couple-mains* on
"London";
While a corporal's gusnet
did chaffe,
Thro' y^e electric telegraph,



Y^e capital, announcing
"That y^e French threats were all bounding;"
"That y^e mister was a hum,"
And they'd never dare to come."

Then straight y^e armie started;
Jolliville, ye lion-hearted,
Standing over y^e false stoker,
Armed with an engine poker,

Routie at once to kill him
If he tried to unmake or spill 'em.
And as y^e armie pass'd,
Y^e sheepe and cows, aglaste,

Stared over y^e embankmente,
As wondering whatte each ranke
meant;
And y^e rusticks, in amazement,
Looked on from cottage case-
mente,
Or pased at spade and plough,
With a "Daug it, whatt's appo
now?"
Such was y^e consternation
Caused by y^e French invasion,
Till they reached, with exulta-
tion,
Y^e London Bridge, its station.



[Continued from page 61.]
national nation, I have hence-
forth caused to be called the
British Punch.

"At the end of the *Rue du
Roi de Guillaume*—in English,
King William Street—the Lord
Mayor and Aldermen of London
presented themselves. His Lord-
ship begged that the capital
might be spared on the payment
of fifty millions sterling. To
this—the money being ready—I
thought fit to accede. (A ball
is to be given to the conquering
army at the Mansion House, by
the wives and daughters of the
merchants and bankers.) His
Lordship then uttered a pan-
egyric of London, and distributed
billetts to the army according to
the choice of the officers.

"As we approached Lombard
Street, we learned that the
Guards, commanded by the Earl
of Essex, had left London,
by the Windsor Road.

"The army halted to take a
good look at the Bank of Eng-
land; then, much refreshed,
pushed on through Chancery.

"The tricolor was hung out
from all the churches, and
women, with tricolor cap-
ribbons, were seen at every
window. The whole march
from the station to headquarters,
was an ovation.

"Arriving in Fleet Street,
the whole army drew up before
No. 55, known to Europe as
the Office of *Punch*. (Wishing
to save an unnecessary effusion
of blood, we summoned *Punch*
to capitulate. Whilst, however,
we held him in parley at the
first floor, the plotters entered
the building by a back entrance.
The army called for the head of
Punch; but I have thought it
necessary to delay the gift. Our
great enemy—the enemy of
France—is now in chains in the
Tower. It is my intention—
abolishing for ever the gallows
as unworthy of the civilization
of the age—to gallows *Punch* on
Tower Hill.

"The army proceeded down
the Strand, and I have fixed my
head-quarters at Buckingham
Palace, whereupon may now be
read, in letters of gold, *Et en
parle Français*.

"I trust that Her Majesty,
Prince Albert, and the Royal
Family of England will ever
retain the liveliest recollections
of the generosity, the chivalry,
and liberality of the invading
army of—"

"The troops have been received with proper respect
by the enemy, who is at last brought to the conviction of
the immeasurable superiority of our arms.

"It was my intention to quarter the 95th Ethiopian
Chasseurs in the National Gallery; but—it is a touching
proof of the taste of the French horse—the animal could
not be induced to enter the building.

"The statue of the chieftain Nelson has been dis-
placed from a column, which will be surmounted by the
effigy of our own old hero, Jean du Bart.



WELLINGTON STIRRING UP THE BRITISH LION.

"I have further caused the marble statue of Napoleon
—for many years shamefully concealed in the wine-cellar
of the Duke of Wellington—to be elevated to the arch
opposite Apsley House, which is to be henceforward
known as Austenlitz Lodge. The statue of the Duke of
Wellington is already in the melting-pot, and will serve
to reinforce our artillery.

"Twenty thousand Frenchmen domiciled in London—
namely, valets, drawing-masters, cooks, and soldiers—
appeared in the streets in the uniform of National Guards.

"I have thought it necessary to send Mons. Jullien—a
French subject—to the Tower, until I shall receive further
orders from the Government.

"Madame Cécile (another French subject) I have
permitted to set at the Adelphi on *parade*.

"In a few days, I shall be enabled to send you an
inventory of the wealth of London; which, until the con-
clusion of the Opera season, I propose to make our head-
quarters." &c., &c.

"By *BUGAUD*.
To the Minister of Foreign Affairs."

FEB. 3.

THE House, which had adjourned on the 20th of the previous December, resumed its sittings on this day as arranged.

FEB. 7.

THE second reading of the Government Bill for the removal of Jewish disabilities was carried in the Commons by 277 votes against 204. (The third reading was carried by 234 to 173. In the House of Lords it was thrown out on second reading by a majority of 35.)

(See Cartoon, "The Last Appeal.")

FEB. 18.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL introduced his Budget. He proposed to continue the Income Tax, that tax which, always announced as temporary, promised to be eternal, for a further period of three years at the increased rate of 5 per cent. So strong an opposition however encountered this proposal that ultimately the Government had to announce its withdrawal.

THE POLITICAL BAROMETER.

THE Whigs by their Budget were only inclin'd To hit on a project for raising the wind; But they little expected by rapid degrees The wind would be raised to a regular breeze. And had they persisted, we venture to say, A storm was approaching to sweep them away.

FEB. 22.

ON this day a great Reform demonstration was held in Paris, in spite of Government prohibitions.

The rule of Louis Philippe and of his Ministers, especially M. Guizot, had long been hated at home and ridiculed abroad. Mr. Punch had for many months made a special butt of the pear-shaped figure he identified with Louis Philippe, whose action in the question of the Spanish Marriages had moved him to disgust and to many satirical outpour-

ings. The Hôtel Guizot was attacked, and the revolutionary vision of barricades again greeted the eyes of the Parisians. In the Chambers it was proposed to impeach M. Guizot. For the moment this proposal failed, but a day or two later, when the National Guard in great numbers had joined the reformers, and the dismissal of the Ministers was generally demanded,

M. Guizot resigned, and the King called upon M. Thiers to form a new Ministry. By midnight on the 23rd, says "Annals of Our Time," the city might be said to be entirely in the hands of the people. They charged the late Government with usurping the public power and openly violating the charter. On the 24th the crisis calmed. Louis Philippe, seeing



THE LAST APPEAL. (AGAINST JEWISH DISABILITIES.)

BEING A SCENE LIBRELY TAKEN WITH MR. FRANK STONES PICTURE.

THE PART OF THE SPEECH By a Gentleman of the Hebrew Congregation.
THE TREASURER By Sir Robert Harle Inglis.

no alternative between civil war and abdication, resolved on the latter course. "I have always been a pacific King; I will abdicate," he said. He and the Queen left for St. Cloud, and later, on the 2nd March, embarked on board the *Express* steamer at Havre, and under the name of Mr. and Mrs. Smith Bed to England.

(See Cartoon, "Put Out.")

At Mr. Punch satirically sang—

THE DO-PEEP OF THE BOURBONS.

LOUIS PHILIPPE
Has lost his sheep,
And never again will find 'em;
The people of France
Have made an advance,
And left their King behind 'em.

A provisional Government was formed, but the majority of the Deputies soon resolved upon the proclamation of a Republic. This was opposed in some quarters, but on the 25th there was a Revolution in the streets of Paris, and on the 26th the Republic was officially proclaimed, and on the 27th inaugurated at the base of the Column of July. Thus was accomplished the French Revolution of 1848.

This was called "the year of Revolutions." All the crowned heads of Europe felt more or less the influence of revolutionary doctrines in their dominions. Even England, as will be seen, was not entirely free from the democratic ferment, though here revolt assumed rather a ludicrous than a terrifying form. Here, as *Punch* showed in many humorous cuts and sketches, the mob never really gained the upper hand, and fraternization, as in Paris, between it and the appointed guardians of law and order, was out of the question. There were, however, riots of a semi-revolutionary character, in various parts of the country, Chartist meetings of a violent kind, and a disorderly gathering in Trafalgar Square, summoned by an individual named Cochrane, in opposition to the Income



PUT OUT!

Tax, humorously described by *Punch* as "The Trafalgar Square Revolution."

"I say, old feller," says a stone-throwing Cochrane, addressing a sentry, "of course you'll fraternize with us, and come and break some vinders?" "Of course I *won't*," responds the indignant soldier, "but I'll punch your head if you don't move off."

In Berlin, Munich, Milan, Modena, Kiel, and other places on the Continent, there were violent revolutionary outbreaks, which made the crowned heads of Europe tremble for their future.

(See Cartoon, "Gentlemen! make your Game while the Ball is Rolling.")

MARCH 6.

THIS was the date of the riot in Trafalgar Square. An open air meeting having been held there on the subject of the Income Tax, the mob became violent, pulled down the hoarding round Nelson Column, and did some mischief, but were checked and dispersed by the police.

On the same day there occurred riot and loss of life at Glasgow.

A *propos* of the strong opposition to the increased Income Tax, an opposition to which the Government had ultimately to yield, *Punch* had the following significant parody of the Laughing Chorus in "Der Freischütz":—

THE POLITICAL LAUGHING CHORUS.

TO BE SUNG AT ALL CABINET COUNCILS.

(AIR.—"The Laughing Chorus" in *Der Freischütz*.)

LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

Why, good people of the nation,
Call so loud for fair taxation?
Don't you wish—ye billions free—
You may get it?—Ha ha he!
Ho ho ho ho, he ha he!



"GENTLEMEN! MAKE YOUR GAME WHILE THE BALL IS ROLLING."

Chorus of MINISTERS and their Majority.

Ho ho ho ho, ha ha ha he!
Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha!
Ho ho ha ha!
Ho ho ha ha!

Ho ho ho ho, ha ha ha he!
Just alike—for all bent-burnings—
We'll tax interest, rent, and earnings.
You may grumble—what care we?
Not a button! Ha ha he!
Chorus—Ho ho! &c.

Incomes, well we know, are various,
Some are certain—some precarious;
Fully we admit the plea,
Here's our answer—Ha ha he!
Chorus—Ho ho! &c.

Profit dies with money-makers,
Income lives with funds and acres;
Plain although that truth may be,
We'll ignore it! Ha ha he!
Chorus—Ho ho! &c.

Tradesmen, lawyers, and physicians,
We've considered your petitions;

That your case is hard, we see.
Granted. Very. Ha ha he!
Chorus—Ho ho! &c.

Taxes we, in equal measure,
Did it suit our will and pleasure,
Might adjust quite easily.
It don't suit us. Ha ha he!
Chorus—Ho ho! &c.

We, of lands and funds possessors,
Of ourselves our own assessors,
Tax ourselves in just degree?
Very likely! Ha ha he!
Chorus—Ho ho! &c.

All your vain exasperation
At our partial legislation,
Serves but to excite our gloom.
We decide you! He ha ha he!
Chorus—Ho ho! &c.

MARCH 13.

MR. HUME'S amendment, proposing to limit the Income Tax to one year, was negatived by a majority of 225. It was felt however that Lord John Russell, despite his dexterity, had a difficult task to deal with in pushing his unpopular Budget.

(See Caricature, "Le Petit Diable.")

On this date also a Chartist Demonstration took place on Kennington Common. Danger was apprehended, but a heavy rain helped to disperse the mob.

Mr. Punch thus facetiously described the fiasco:—

THE KENNINGTON COMMON REVOLUTION.

EVERY one recollects the memorable Monday after the Battle of Trafalgar Square, when the Cochrans were to make another demonstration at Kennington Common, and to have indulged in their love of (small) change, by picking pockets of loose silver, or anything else they could lay their hands upon. Thanks to the determination of the special constables, who had shown their intention to stand no nonsense, order reigned throughout the metropolis; and the elements indulged in a short rain, but a merry one, for the purpose of cooling down superfluous ardour, and removing superfluous dirt among the ranks of the would-be revolutionists. The whole affair cannot better be described, than by a paraphrase of "Alexander's Feast," and, who so well suited as an imitator of Dryden, to chronicle the achievements of the mob, who were rendered, well-worn (pardon us) on the day to which we allude?—

TWAS on the Common of
famous Kennington,

Reynolds told Reynolds' son,

Aloft in magic state,

Upon a wretched stage—

The drying-box he flung,

The idle till-rail stood around,

Some of their brows—for recent fractures—bowed

(So their sad mischief should be crowned).

The Chartist, Williams, by his side,

With every his position croul,

As if for chairmanship he sighed.



"LE PETIT DIABLE."

JOHN RUSSELL GOING THROUGH HIS CELEBRATED PERFORMANCE AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE, ST. STEPHEN'S.

Precious, precious pair!

None but the brave,

None but the brave

Deserve the chair!

Young Reynolds, placed on high,

Produces half a quire

Of correspondence, which, without desire,

He reads, in notes that reach the sky,

And shouts of "Hear!" inspire.

Note one—bid Sir George Grey,

Before a certain day,

Leave Ministerial sway,

And send the reins of power straight from his hand,

To Mister Reynolds, somewhere in the Strand;

When he, of the said reins possessed,

Would guide the State himself, in style the very best.

The listening crowd admire the lofty sound;

"A plucky chap this here!" they shout around.

And dais of mud against the van rebound.

With lengthened ears,
Young Reynolds hears,
And thinks, with joy,
"Yes, I'm the boy
That means to shake the
spheres!"

Praise of the French he next in
glowing accents sang—

French Freedom—very fair, but
very young,
But a poor baker's cart
there comes;

With their fingers and their
thumbs,
The mob, to their disgrace,
(Blush, every honest face!)
Would fain have stole the bread
—the crusts, the crumbs!

Freedom, very, very young,
Surely never did ordain
Making bakers' carts a
treasure,
Robbing their contents at
pleasure—

Pleasure to the owners'
pain.

In sheer disgust, the very
rain,

Resolved such conduct to
restrain,

Came down as if to say—"You
shan't do that again."

Young Reynolds saw the
vast supplies

Of rain pour down before
his eyes.

While he the Government
defied,

Away he saw the Meeting
glide.

He chose a wilder strain
To bring them back again.

He spoke of France, so
great and good;

Of Louis-Philippe's fate,
Fall'n, fall'n, fall'n, fall'n

From his high estate,
And flying with his blood.

Deserted at his utmost need
By those who on corruption
feed,

From his own realm in fear
he flies,

To England turns his anxious
eyes.

Still, in the rain, young Reynolds
boldly sate,

Until there linger'd scarce a soul;
The wet had clear'd the ground
below,

And down the van he gently stole,
Thinking—he had better go.



NOT SO VERY UNREASONABLE!!! EH?

John. "My Mistress says she hopes you won't call a Meeting of her Creditors; but if you will leave your Bill, in the usual way, it shall be properly attended to."

APRIL 10.

ANOTHER great Chartist
Demonstration was

on this day held on Ken-
nington Common. The Chartists had prepared
a monster petition in favour of their "points,"
bearing, it was said, some five million signatures,
for presentation to the House of Commons.
The action of the Chartists caused considerable
public excitement, a quarter of a million of the
inhabitants of London enrolled themselves as
special constables, and the Duke of Wellington

took control of the arrangements for the military
defence of the metropolis. The loudly heralded
meeting on the Common, however, proved more
farfetched than heroic, more ludicrous than danger-
ous. Some 25,000 persons mustered there, but
the leaders were divided among themselves, and
the orators squabbled for precedence. The pro-
cession to the House of Commons to present

the monster petition was abandoned, and
O'Connor undertook to present the petition in
the usual way, which was done. It turned out
to have less than 2 million signatures, many
names being frequently repeated, and some
purely imaginary, such as Prince Albert, Colonel
Sibthorpe, &c.

(See Caricature, "Not so Very Unreasonable!!! Eh?")

APRIL 12.

ON this day it is recorded a resolution was proposed in the Chartist Convention (which had commenced its sittings in London on the 4th inst.), recommending the working classes not to deal with any of the shopkeepers who had acted as Special Constables on the day of the

great demonstration. This seems like an early foreshadowing of the now notorious practice of "Boycotting."

APRIL 29.

A fight took place at Limerick between the Old and the Young Irelanders, the advo-

cates respectively of moral and of physical force. It was recorded in *Punch* by Thackeray's celebrated ballad, "The Battle of Limerick."

A *soirée* had been given by the Sarsfield Club in honour of O'Brien, Mitchel, and Meagher, leading advocates of "the sword," who were present.



QUEEN CANUTE REPROVING HER COURTIERS.

"Then we summoned to our board
Young Meagher of the Sword,
'Tis he will sheathe that battle-axe in Saxons gore;
And Mitchel of Bellist
We bade to our request,
To distribute a dish of coffee on the Shannon shore."

says "The Battle of Limerick."

The party of war whilst thus peacefully engaged were attacked by a detachment of the peace party (the "moral force O'Connellites"), and grievously mauled, their meeting-place being completely wrecked.

The police fortunately appeared, stayed the fight, separated the combatants, and enabled the patriots to resume the peaceful *soirée* which had been so unexpectedly turned into a real "tea-fight."

JUNE 1.

Great excitement reigned in California at this time, in consequence of the recent discovery of gold on the Sacramento river. San Francisco was reported as nearly deserted, almost everybody being off to the gold diggings.

JUNE 20.

ON this date Mr. Hume, in the Commons, made a motion in favour of improvement in the representation of the people by the adoption of household suffrage, triennial parliaments, vote by ballot, and equal electoral districts, all points advocated by that now broken and baffled band, the Chartists. Lord John Russell opposed the motion, on the ground that there was no spontaneous public demand for such things. He, the great reformer, declared that what the people were entitled to was not the franchise

but the best possible government and legislation. Lord John, indeed, was considerably ridiculed at this period, by *Punch* among others, for his obvious lukewarmness in the cause of reform, and the general inactivity of his Ministry and party. *Punch* represented him as the "Sluggard," and as the "Sleeping Beauty." In another cartoon the Queen was shewn *à la Canute* reproving her courtiers, Lord John being prominent among them, for claiming to arrest the tide of progress and reform.

(See Cartoons, "Queen Canute reproving her Courtiers.")

JUNE 24.

IN his Number bearing this date, *Mr. Punch* cast ridicule upon the baffled fuglemen of public disorder. A great Chartist Demonstration had been arranged for the 12th June, but in consequence of police precautions and magisterial vigilance it proved a perfect failure. "It ended," said the *Times*, "not in smoke but in ruin. There was nothing, absolutely nothing, anywhere, that could be called an assemblage, except by the merest courtesy."

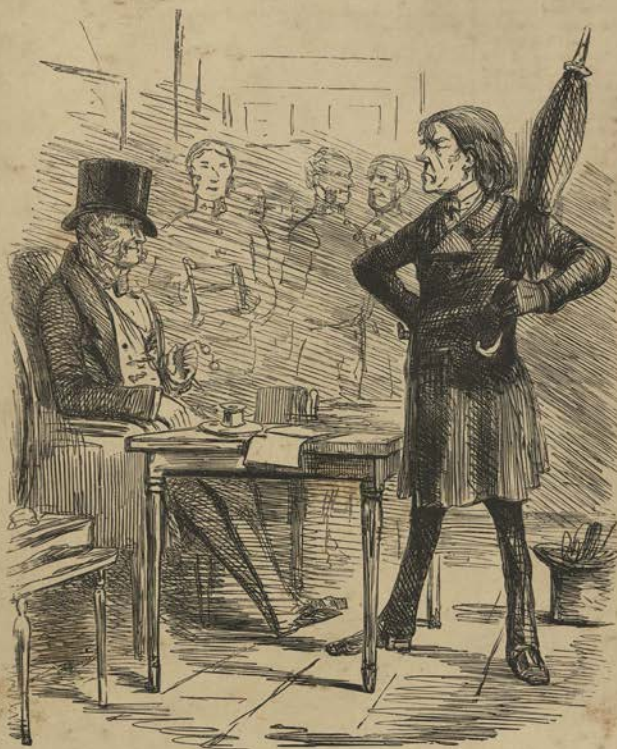
(See Cartoons, "A Great Demonstration.")

JULY 29.

THE French Revolution and other revolutionary movements on the Continent had unquestionably stimulated the spirit of revolt, both in England, as exemplified in the abortive Chartist rising, and in Ireland, where the Physical Force party were making violent efforts to stimulate the people to insurrection. Various districts had been proclaimed by the Government, and rewards offered for the apprehension of the ringleaders of revolt, Smith O'Brien, T. T. Meagher, J. B. Dillon, Michael Doheny, Thomas D'Arcy McGee and others. On the 27th July, a bogus despatch from Liverpool, which was published by the *Times* in ignorance

of its origin, announced that the whole of the south of Ireland was in rebellion, and that the soldiers were siding with the people. This was untrue, and had been put into circulation by the rebels to further their own aims. On the 29th, Smith O'Brien's followers assembled at Widow Cormack's house, Bog of Boulagh, Ballingarry, where they were encountered and dispersed by

a small band of constabulary. The ex-King of Munster, as Smith O'Brien was called, heroically hid himself amongst the cabbages in Widow Cormack's garden, and having fled, was on the 31st August arrested at Thurles by Hulme, a railway guard. Meagher and others were also arrested. Thus ignominiously ended the Cabbage Garden Revolution.



A GREAT DEMONSTRATION.

MISS-ORATOR. "Tell me, Miss! Is it the intention of your grand mothers at all hazards to prevent our Demonstration?"

MISS-ORATOR (blushes). "Yes, Sir."

MISS-ORATOR. "Then know, Oh Myrmidon of the brutal Whigs, that I shall go home to my lot, and advise my comrades to do the same!"

By Aborneth's, marchot with
Catin's phiz;
Two ill-famed pictures; and
upon his shelves
A beggarly account of coloured
bottles—
Green, blue, and red, label'd
with Latin names,
Hass; Senne Comp.; Symp;
Papav; Mist; Camph.;
Were thinly stationed to make
up a show,
Noting this sententious, in myself
I said—
As if we need an Officer of
Health,
To toll upon the lowest salary,
This object is the very man for
us.
Oh, this man, thought I, did but
foretell my doom!
And this same hungry wretch
must be our drudge;
As I remember, this should be
the shop;
Being dinner time, the pauper's
at his craft.
What lun! Apothecary!

ENTER APOTHECARY.

Apoth. Who calls so soft?
All. Come hither, Sir. I use
those art hard up;
Hob. There are fifty and a
hundred pounds
Per annum for thy wages. Let
us have
Thy service to explore the sinks
and sewers
Of our foul city and its liberties,
That it may be discharged of
pestilence
As quickly as the wretch, Jack
Robinson,
Do hurry from the fastest talker's
mouth.
Apoth. Such pay is very small;
and the employ
Is death to many a man who
works at it.
All. Art thou so lean, so full
of emptiness,
And carest for life? Whiterous
is in thy face,
A wife is starving in thine anxi-
ous eyes,
Upon thy back hangs a large
family:
Physic is not thy friend, nor
Physic's trade;
Physic affords no fees to make
thee rich.
Then be not poor, but outfit—
and take this.
Apoth. My poverty, but not
my skill, consents.
All. We pay thy poverty, and
not thy skill.

(See Caricature, "The Alderman and the Apothecary.")



THE ALDERMAN AND THE APOTHECARY.

OCT. 22.

TOWARDS 400 of the Parisian National Guards, in uniforms and wearing sidearms, came to London on a friendly visit; 300 more came next day. They were received by the

Lord Mayor, and went the rounds of the usual London lions.

NOV. 27.

LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, a candidate, with Lamartine and Cavaignac, for the Presidency of the Republic, wrote as follows:—"I am not an ambitious man, who at one time

dreams of empire and war, and at another of the application of subversive theories. Educated in free countries in the school of misfortune, I shall ever remain faithful to the duties which your votes and the will of the Assembly may impose upon me. If I were named President, I would not shrink from any danger or from any sacrifice to defend society, now so audaciously

attacked. I would devote myself entirely, without any concealed view, to the consolidation of a Republic, wise by its laws, honest by its intentions, great and powerful by its acts. I should consider it a point of honour to leave to my successor at the conclusion of four years, a consolidated government, liberty, and a real progress accomplished."

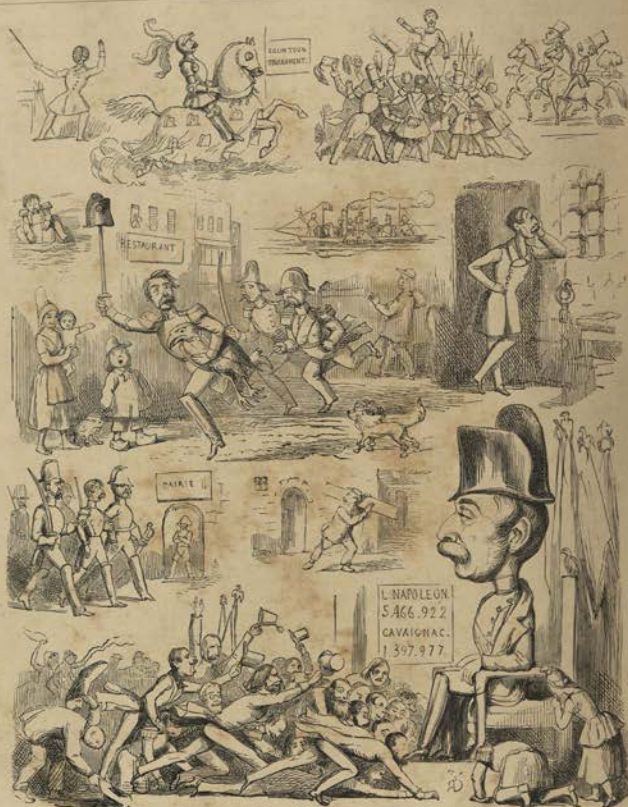
On the 20th of December he was proclaimed President, the votes (taken as the Assembly had previously decided by a *plébiscite*) were 5,534,580 for him, General Cavaignac, who was next, receiving 1,448,302.

(See Cartoon, "The President's Progress.")

DEC. 2.

On this day the Emperor of Austria abdicated in favour of his nephew Francis Joseph. On the 25th of the preceding September, the Hungarian War of Independence had commenced. On the 6th October there had been an insurrection in Vienna, when the War Minister, Count Latour, had been killed, and the soldiers, refusing to march against the Hungarians, had joined the insurgents. The Emperor had fled from his capital. He was felt to be unequal to coping with the difficulties and dangers of the situation. "The pressure of events, and the immediate want of a comprehensive reformation of our form of government—which we in the month of March endeavoured to meet and provide—have convinced us that more careful powers are needed to complete this grand work." So said the retiring Emperor. His successor, in his first proclamation, issued on the 5th December, "expressed his conviction of the necessity of free institutions, and his determination to reform the monarchy on the basis of true liberty, and the equal rights of the people."

Significant words coming from such lips.



THE PRESIDENT'S PROGRESS:
OR, THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF PRINCE LOUIS-NAPOLEON.

The spirit of popular liberty was indeed abroad among the nations when a Hapsburg was reduced to such an avowal.

The Sea-serpent was reported to have been seen once again on the 6th August by the officers and crew of H.M.S. *Dadalus*, on their passage home from the East Indies.

Professor Owen, after considering the account and sketch submitted to him, came to the conclusion that the creature seen was probably "a large seal floated down on an iceberg, and seeking for shelter. He did not think any such creature as the sea-serpent existed in nature."

Mr. Punch applied this apparition to the pre-

valence of the revolutionary spirit in Europe, which specially marked the year 1848, and caused so much disaster and dread to the various crowned representatives of "l'ancien régime."

(See Caricature, "The Great Sea Serpent of 1848.")

MORE LAST WORDS.

Who killed the sea-serpent?

"I," said Professor Owen,
In Zoology so knowing;
"And I killed the sea-serpent!"

Who won't say "die" to the serpent

"I," said Captain McQuinn,
"I stick to what I say;
And I won't say 'die' to the serpent."

Why couldn't it be a serpent?

"Cause Owen's never seen one.
Has there, therefore, never been one?
Why couldn't it be a serpent?"

What was't if not a serpent?

We know it wasn't a seal,
And 'twas too big for an eel,
And it certainly *was* a serpent.



THE GREAT SEA SERPENT OF 1848.

There's six of us saw the serpent,
With a mine upon its back;
And a tail and not a neck;
And we'll all swear to the serpent.

DEC. 9.

THE Railway Monopoliſts, even ſo early as this, developed ſuch deſpotic and unprincipled tendencies, as drew down upon them the well-deſerved attacks of *Mr. Punch*. Railways were extending in every direction. On the 1ſt November in this year a line had been opened from Reading to Baſingſtoke, connecting the Great Western with the South Western. But the directors thought more of fat dividends than of the public convenience.

Mr. Punch, in the following parody of a ſcene

in "Macbeth," ſharply ſatirized the aſtute and grasping "Railway Witches" of 1848—

MAC-BULL AND THE RAILWAY WITCHES.

SCENE—Near a Tunnel at midnight. In the middle a boiler with the ſteam up. *Shrieks of the Railway whistle at intervals.*

Enter the THREE WITCHES. (*Great Western, South Western, and North Western.*)

1st Witch. Thrice the ſhareholder hath ruet!
2nd Witch. Thrice! and once director whined!
3rd Witch. Huſon cries—Coalmine! Coalmine!
1st Witch. Round about the boiler go,
In new plans and projects throw;
Shares, that ere deſerture loan,
At a hundred ſixty were done,
And now for fifty may be got—
Bolt thou fiſt in the charmed pot.

All. Bubble, bubble, without trouble,
Fares increaſe, and profits double!
2nd Witch. Wits of ſhareholder quippe;
Bain o' director wide awake;
Eye of Jew, and tongue of ſtag,
Fees and bribe from Comol's bag;
Guarantees of ſew per cent;
Profits that to pay them went;
And all the reſt that cauſed our trouble—
Fiſh'em in to boil and bubble.
All. Bubble, bubble, without trouble,
Shares ſend up, and profits double!
3rd Witch. Heavier fares and fewer trains;
Public loſs and Railway gains;
Third-claſs trucks, like Noah's ark,
Sea, den and ucleen, damp and dark;
No more dry tickets up and down,
For people who live out of town;
A Private Act that guarantees
Our power to treat folk as we pleaſe;
Stokers cheap, and ſmaſhes plenty;

Forty per cent. instead of twenty;
 For sole bye-law our high pleasure;
 Engines at low price and high pressure,
 (No matter though they smash and scald one.)
 Add to the ingredients of our cushion.
All. Bulbule, bulbule, without trouble,
 Fares increase and profits double!
and With. Join three directors' heads and hands,
 And the amalgamation stands!
3rd With. Now for picking up our cruella!—
 Something stupid this way comes!
 Open strong box, to buy our stocks!

Enter MAC-BULL.

Mac. How now, you secret, sharp, and downright stage!

Who is 't you 'd de?

All. To us 'tis quite the same!

(See *Cartoon*, "Mac-Bull and the Railway Witches.")

DEC. 31.

It had been a troublesome year, a year of shaken thrones and rioting peoples. Yet its perturbations were undoubtedly pregnant of good; its very riots and revolts full of the promise of enlarged liberties, political advance, and social amelioration. *Mr. Punch*, as it came to an end, thus poetically pointed its moral.

JOHN BULL KICKS THE OLD YEAR OUT,

AND THE OLD YEAR READS HIM A MORAL.

Now get you out, and join the rest
 Of all bad years gone by,
 And don't believe a soul will grieve
 When with the past you lie.
 A sadder year, a surrier year,
 I never look to know;
 In blood more rife, in sack and strife,
 In war, and want, and woe.

All o'er the earth, with mocking mirth,
 You dashed old thrones about;
 Made monarchs run from pike and gun,
 Put Ministers to rout.
 A desperate year, a drunken year,
 With wine of madness strong—
 You scattered words more sharp than swords,
 And firebrands of the tongue.



MAC-BULL AND THE RAILWAY WITCHES.

THE YEAR ANSWERS.

Fierce is the fire through whose red ire
 Nations must pass—nor quail;
 But truth's a gem, dark fire consumes—
 'Tis counterfeits that fail.
 What toil secures, that most endures—
 Worthless, what's easy gained;
 'Tis mighty shocks that rive the rocks,
 With gems and treasure veined.

Old Order's dead—but in its stead
 New Order's begun—
 The ruddy night where sinks my light
 Bespeaks to-morrow's sun;
 Then ease my head upon my bed,
 And close my glazing eye;
 My evil day will pass away,
 My good will never die.

+ 1849 +

THE year succeeding that year of Revolution, 1848, opened stormily though with prospects slightly improved. In France the Republic was established, and Prince Louis Napoleon installed as President for four years.

(See Cartoon, "Young France's New Toy.")

In Austria the Emperor had in the previous year had to quit his capital, and take up his residence at Innsbruck in the Tyrol, in consequence of the disturbed state of Vienna. There had been insurrection in Prague. Hungary had rebelled against Austria and entered on a War of Independence, the great patriot Louis Kossuth having been invested with full dictatorial powers; the Piedmontese had revolted against Austria, and the Poles against Prussia. There had been a sanguinary insurrection in Naples. War had been declared by Austria against the Croats. The Sicilians had thrown off the yoke of King Ferdinand of Naples, who had caused Messina to be bombarded, leading to a scene of cruelty so great that the English and French Admirals on the station had interfered to prevent further bloodshed. In October an insurrection in Vienna led to the murder of the War Minister, Count Latour, and the flight of the Emperor. Finally the Pope, on the 24th November, had fled from Rome and taken refuge under protection of the King of Naples at Gaeta. The Emperor of

Austria, in December, under the pressure of events, had abdicated in favour of his nephew Francis Joseph, who in his first proclamation had, as already stated, expressed his conviction of the necessity of free institutions. On the 5th December the King of Prussia had dissolved the National Assembly and proclaimed a new Constitution, guaranteeing personal freedom,

liberty of religious worship, the general education of the people, freedom of the press, and the popular election of two Legislative Chambers. On the 1st January in the new year, the Pope, from Gaeta, threatened the Roman insurgents with excommunication. On the 5th, Pesth surrendered to the Austrian forces under Prince Windischgrätz, and Kossuth and

the greater part of the Magyar troops retired to Debreczin.

Such was the troubled state of Continental politics at the opening of 1849. At home the question of Ireland and of popular disaffection still gave cause for apprehension, though the Queen's Speech referred to the revival of commerce and the encouraging improvement in the



YOUNG FRANCE'S NEW TOY.

condition of the manufacturing districts. It also declared Her Majesty's satisfaction that "both in the north and in the south of Europe the contending parties have consented to a suspension of arms for the purpose of negotiating terms of peace, and referred to the interference of the British and French Admirals in Sicily, and the subsequent proposal by England and France for a permanent settlement of affairs in that country. The Speech also alluded to the outbreak of a rebellion in the Punjab, and to the proposed reform of the Navigation Laws.

At the opening of the year there was great excitement among the adventurers owing to the recent discovery of gold in California, already referred to in previous year.

(See Cartoon, "A Regular Gold Dustman.")

JAN. 8.

THE Roman Assembly formally deposed the Pope from his position as Sovereign of the Papal States.

JAN. 31.

THE final abolition of the Corn Laws took place on this date, the event being celebrated at Manchester by a Banquet. The festivities were kept up till daylight, "so as to welcome in with rejoicing the first day of Free Trade" ("Annals of Our Time").

THE DIRGE OF THE CORN LAW.

(On January 1, 1849, aged 34.)

Protestant Landlord.

BRITISH Farmers, wail and weep,
Woe to all who sow and reap;
Shatter'd is the plough,
Cease your toil on hill and dale,
Break the sickle, burn the flail.

Farmer.

What's the matter now?

Prot. Smite the beam, bang the head,
For Protection's decay;
All is o'er—the Corn Law's dead—



A REGULAR GOLD DUSTMAN.

"Hullo! Where are you off to now?"

"Oh! I ain't a going to ship here, looking for Teapoom in Clinders. I'm off to Kallifornier, over there 's heaps o' Gold Dust to be had for the Swoopin'."

Farm. And a happy release!

Prot. We have lost it at last!

It is gone, it is past!

Farm. Let it rest in peace!

Prot. The death-bell toll.

Farm. Sing fol-de-rol-lol.

Prot. Bleat, ye sheep, ye heifers, low!

Cry aloud, ye heaves and swine!

Farm. Nay, good folks, but wherefore so?

Why should you tempt us to repine?

And our flocks and herds exhort

Thus, in melancholy sort,

To bellow, grunt, and whine?

Prot. Both yourselves and your live stock—

The land's united interest—

Will suffer in the common shock.

Farm. Our own affairs we know the best.

Prot. Think of corn's tremendous fall.

Farm. That is no ground for discontent;

As Providence is, so must be Rent;

That is all.
Prot. Oh dear! oh dear!
Farm. There, never fear.
 Exemption from fiscal pillage
 Outpostage and tillage;
 Only give us a fair field,
 And we'll take care to
 make it yield.
Prot. Ah! but what is to be
 done?

Farmer.
 The Mill Tax taken off, for one;
 And then you'll have no cause
 to be
 Of falling rents afraid;
 Freedom to let Free Husbandry,
 And never mind Free Trade.
 This is the way to speed the
 plough,
 Together with the loom;
 So come, no longer grieve now
 About Protection's tomb.

FEB. 1.

PARLIAMENT was this day opened by the Queen in person. The Queen's Speech referred, amongst other matters, to the probable modification of the Navigation Laws, where they should be found to "fetter trade and industry." It also said, "The present aspect of affairs has enabled me to make large reductions in the estimates of last year." This was regarded by the public as the most welcome item in a rather optimistic Royal Speech.

(See *Cartoon*, "A Signer from 'The Haunted Man.'")

FEB. 3.

THE sweet-voiced and generous-hearted prima-donna, Jenny Lind, had been singing this winter on behalf of charities. "The Nightingale that Sings in the Winter" was the title of an ode which Mr. Punch dedicated to one who was always a prime favourite of his.

(See "Jenny Lind," p. 81.)

In the following lines also be paid a tribute to her charms of voice and of character.

THE SONG OF THE SIRENS.

Wise old Homer has sung, in his *Odyssey*,
 How that Ulysses sailed safe by an isle,
 Where his sharp eyes could full many a body see,
 Plans that the Sirens had managed to wile;
 Perks in sweet singing their melody flinging,
 Conscienceless bringing in shoals to their lair,
 Sat the weird Sirens, with lays like Lord Byron's,
 Pleasant but dangerous, filling the air.



A SCENE FROM "THE HAUNTED MAN."

TRISTEY & CO. (Mr. John Bull). "Johnny, my child, take care of her, for she's the brightest gem that ever sparkled on your early brow; take care of her, or never look your mother in the face again."

Old virtuos, quite *à la* with opera,

Proof to the Grins and Linds of that day,
 Steaming that road, would call "Back her" and "Stop
 her," or

Take builders over, when brims wouldn't stop,
 Ne'er, 'c'n is the Flank, was known so galeatic.

A run, not for sovereigns, but notes, which is rare,
 Till this Siren rush, Sir, would put to the blush, Sir,
 A Jenny Lind crush, Sir, as poets declare.

But crafty Ulysses, as knowing what bliss is

To hear these sweet Mines, invented a way
 Of enjoying the concert—like one of the wrong sort,
 Who, anxious to hear, are reluctant to pay;

To seal his crew's hearing, he wove every cut in,
 And made them close ears in and venture a stare,

While, travellers to take in, the Sirens were
 shaking,

And calcares making that ravished the air.

Calling "Avast!" Sir, but
 lashed to the mast, Sir,
 In Limbo so fast, Sir, Ulysses
 was laid,
 While the crew warivanted, as I
 have related,
 The more that he pined, the
 less they obey'd.
 So from massacre free, oh he
 heart such a trio,
Allegro! (On *lelo*) delicious
 and rare;
 And he called o'er the sea-flats, a
 sharp! "You must *de flats!*"
 Till they knew that in three
 flats 'twas singing they were!

From History banished, the
 Sirens long vanished,
 From woman turn mannish,
 as foreigners known;
 As the practice quite daily is, of
 Italian alias,
 With singers who fall as pro-
 ductions home-grown.
 In Peru now, now Borneo, now
 in California,
 Masking in their concerts in
 thousands rapidly;
 Once bodies they sit all, how
 with they whistle,
 Their music's from animal, and
 gold is their share!

Crowding promiscuous to San
 Francisco is
 From Winshor to Wacoma,
 victims a shout;
 With pots and with iron, se-
 seduced by the Sirens,
 Gold their destiny, the dig in
 their god.
 Sacramento the bank is where
 yellow-faced Yankees,
 Colonels whose rank is the
 bewis they bear,
 In true goldier fashion, their
 noses the wash in,
 Are thrusting and thrashing,
 like fools at a fair.

Buckeyes from Ohio, and mer-
 chants from Rio,
 New Jersey Quakers, Down-
 casters from Maine;
 Planters from Illinois, sudden
 turn silly now,
 Flat land and hilly now boring
 for gain;
 Judges drop emulse, preschers
 stop sermons,
 Fecund Germans their pipes
 fling in air,
 And long-headed Britishers,
 grown wild and skittish,
 Sirs,
 Cutting the city, Sirs, start
 for their share.

John Bull I'm advising, 'Tis best to be wise in
 A thing folks are crying at more than it's worth:
 One point we may settle, that men can't eat metal,
 And a parcel of gold is small comfort in dearth.
 To the Naphthale Jeney give your ear and your
 money:
 If her song's sweet as honey, her heart is as rare;
 But he's wiser who clutches his purse, and ear punches,
 When the Siren goldfishes are singing so fair.



COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO; OR, THE GREAT PROTECTIONIST.

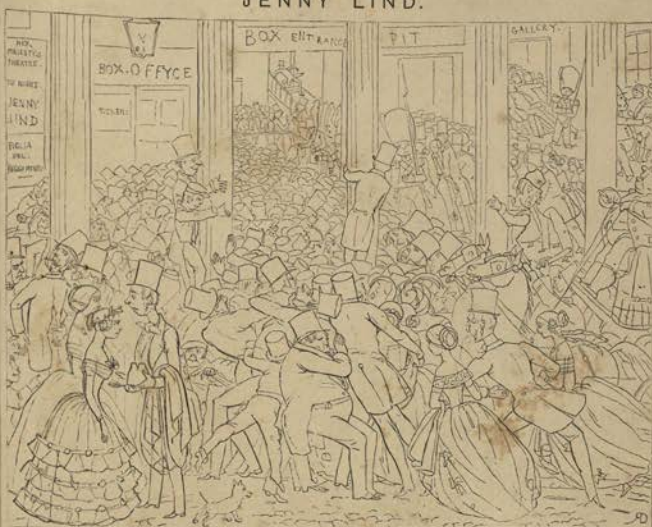
MARCH 15.

MR. DISRAELI had moved a resolution declar-
 ing that the whole taxation of the country
 pressed with undue severity on real property.
 After a lengthy debate it was on this night
 rejected by 288 votes against 189.

(See Cartoon, "Cock-a-Do-dle-Do.")

JENNY LIND.

Saturday, 1849.—To the Queen's House in the Haymarket to hear Jenny Lind, whom everybody do call the Swedish Nightingale. Did go with a Pit Ticket. Went at 6 p.m., expecting a Crowd, and there a Mob of People already at the Doors, and some did say they had come as early as Five. Got as close as I could to the Pit Entrance, and the Throng increasing; and by-and-by Ladies in their Opera Dresses standing without their Bonnets in the Street. Many of them between the Carriage Wheels and under the Horse's Heads; and methinks I did never see more Carriages together in my Life. At last the Doors open; which did begin to fear they never would, and I in with the Press, a most terrible Crush, and the Ladies screaming and their Dresses torn in the Scramble, wherefore I thought it a good Job that my Wife was not with me. With much ado into the Pit, the Way being stopped by a Snob in a green Jockey Coat and Bird's Eye Neckcloth, that the Checktakers would not suffer to pass. The Pit full in a twinkling, and I fair to stand where I best might, nigh to Pop's Alley; but presently a Lady fainting with the Heat and carried out, which was glad of; I mean that I got her Place. I did never behold so much Company in the House before; and every Box full of Benettes, and hung with yellow Satin Curtains, did show like a brave Victim in a Gold Frame; which was very handsome to look round upon while the Musicians were tuning. The Fiddles mired, and the Overture played, the Curtain up for the Opera; which was the *Donna Julia*, the part of *Aminta* acted by Jenny. The moment she came on the Stage, the Audience, Ladies, and all, upon their Legs, shouting, cheering, waving Hats and Handkerchiefs, and clapping of Hands in white Kid Gloves. But at last they silent, and let the Nightingale sing; and for certain she is a wonderful Singer. It did amaze me to hear how easy and sweetly she do trill and warble the most difficult Passages; and I perceive she has a rare Ability of Voice. But what did no less astonish me was her Acting; it being as good as her Singing; for she did seem to forget herself in her Part, instead of her Part in herself; which is the Mistake of short Opera Singers. To think that she should draw the whole Town in Crowds together to hear her sing a few pretty Sugarplum Melodies and portray the Grief of a poor Peasant Wench cast off by her Lover! But she do throw a Grace and Beauty of her own into the Character and Mien; which I take to be the



THE NIGHTINGALE THAT SINGS IN THE WINTER.

When the waters are stark, and the crystalline snow Sparkles keen and unchanged In the moon's rusty glow, And the prism-coloured icicles flash in the sun, The blither cold stills all the song-birds but one.

Now the linnet, the lark, and the thrush are dumb, Even the stout little wren's gallant heart to o'ercome, And the Nightingale, warbler so wondrous of tone, That sings in the winter, is tuneless alone.

Sweetest creature, in song without rival or peer, And the thrush are dumb, Far more inwardly vibrate thy notes than the ear, For there speaks in that music, pure, gentle, refined, The exquisite voice of a beautiful mind—



TO JENNY LIND FROM PUNCH

Of a spirit or earnestness, goodness, and truth, Of a heart full of tender compassion and ruth, Ever ready to comfort, and succour, and bless, In sorrow and suffering, in want and distress.

And the Nightingale's name by faint voices is praised, For poverty aided and Charities raised; Not more good was the bird in whom childhood believes—The Redbreast that cover'd the children with leaves.

And in tribute and love to a Memory revered, By her magical voice noble monuments reared, The high-minded communion with Genius attest, Which gloriously thrills in the Nightingale's breast.

Now this Nightingale tarts, in the winter who sings, Being not yet a scorch, is one without wings; And her name, which has travelled as wide as the wind, Is kind-hearted, generous, dear JENNY LIND.

Mark of a true Geniessa. She made to sing divers Songs twice over, and called upon the Stage at the End of the Act, and again when the Opera was finished; when, good luck, to see the Noddies and Poses flung in

Heaps upon the Stage! She must needs get a Mint of Money by her singing; but she has spent a deal of it in building Hospitals, and I do wish (Heaven forgive me!) I had all she has given away in Charity.

MARCH 23.

On this day the Piedmontese were defeated near Novara by the Austrians under Radetzky, the Sardinians losing over 3000 men killed or wounded. Thereupon Charles Albert abdicated in favour of his son, the Duke of Savoy, who on the 26th was proclaimed King of Sardinia under the title of Victor Emmanuel, a name which in connection with the wise patriot Cavour, the heroic soldier Garibaldi, and the devoted rebel Mazzini, was long to be remembered in Italian history.

APRIL 25.

An outbreak at Montreal in Canada, occurred to-day, in consequence of a Bill, to which the Governor-General, Lord Elgin, had given his consent, for indemnifying those inhabitants of Lower Canada, chiefly French, whose property had been injured during the rebellion of 1837-38. Lord Elgin was pelted by a riotous mob, the Ministers were assaulted in the streets, and their houses attacked and demolished, together with a valuable library and a large portion of the archives of the Province. The rebels were checked by the military, but great excitement prevailed throughout the Colony.

APRIL 26.

A French army, under General Oudinot, dispatched by the French Republic in support of the Pope, took possession of Civita Vecchia. The General issued a proclamation calling upon the Roman people to rally round his flag in defence of peace and order, but the Triumvirs, Mazzini, Saffi, and Armellini, issued a counter proclamation, protesting against the violation of the soil of the Republic by the French troops. On the 29th, the King of Naples with a small army entered



LOUIS-NAPOLÉON AT HAM.



THE KING OF THE FRENCH.



LOUIS-PHILIPPE IN EXILE.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC.
UPS AND DOWNS OF POLITICAL LIFE.

the States of the Church with a view to aiding the Papal cause, but on the 9th May, Garibaldi defeated 7,000 Neapolitans at Palestrina, and returned to Rome in triumph.

Prince Louis Napoleon, the *parvenu*, seemed now to be posing as a sort of "political Providence." (See *Cartoon*, "The Ups and Downs of Political Life.")

His action in Rome excited much surprise and indignation. *Punch* addressed him in the following lines:—

FRENCH AND ROMAN REPUBLICANS.

ODE TO LOUIS NAPOLEON.

LOUIS NAPOLEON—I won't say that he
"Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat."

But a Republic's President should
be
Republican himself—I will say
When Rome shook off her
pious yoke,
What right had you to put
your spurs,
I beg to ask you, in her com-
mon weal?
What ground had you for
interference,
When of the Pope she made
a clearance?
Pray, who call'd you with her
affairs to deal?
The Romans may be right
or wrong,
I don't care which, in turning
Piss out,
And sending all the Car-
dinals along
* With that good Pontiff to the
right about!
But let them choose their form
of government,
And what's the odds, so long as
they're content?

Are you to cram down their
reluctant gullets,
The kind of Constitution you
think best,
By means of sword, and bay-
onets, and beliers?
Against such tyranny I must
protest.
I really wonder you've the
check
(*digne*)
In dignity you merit an ad-
vance;
There is a post which you
are fitter for
To fill than to be President of
France;
Instead of that, you ought
to be the Czar.
The Roman people to coerce
and menace,
You send your 'howitzers
and bombs,
With Oudinot to play the
modern Brennus—
What of this intervention
comes? (fact)
Disgrace, defeat,—in point of
Your troops got regularly
whack'd.

How could they stand against a
foe that sung

The *Marseillaise*, or fail to be
Taken aback, dumfounded, and
unstrung.

Met with *Mourir pour la
Patrie*!

To chant such strains till
they are hoarse,

The citizens of France
must know their leaders

Of Rome, possess the right, of course,
As perfectly as any others;

Also to dance and caper at their pleasures,
Round Trees of Liberty in sportive measures:

In short, their own Republic to enjoy,
So long as other folks they don't annoy.

All well for you, if France shall acquiesce
Quietly in her own subjugation;

If not, you've got yourself into a mess,
From which I wish you happy extrication.



A PARCEL OF OLD — FRIGHTENED AT A NASTY! GREAT! UGLY! JEW BILL.

JUNE 3.

GENERAL OUDINOT attacked Rome, and gained possession of a portion of the city. The action of the Republican Government in thus attacking the Roman people in their own capital was violently opposed in the French Assembly by Ledru Rollin and others, and an outbreak

occurred in Paris, which was declared in a state of siege.

JUNE 26.

THE Jewish Disabilities Bill, which had passed in the Commons by a majority of 66, was rejected on second reading in the Lords by a majority of 25, on the ground that

it was dangerous to the Christian character of Parliament.

(See *Cartoon*, p. 83, "A Parcel of Old — frightened at a nasty! great! ugly! Jew Bill.")

JULY 1.

THE French occupied Rome, and the Assembly finding that further defence was impossible, sent to General Oudinot, informing him that they ceased it. Four hundred of the garrison had been bayoneted and 230 taken prisoners. The Pope sent a message from Gaeta congratulating the French General "on his triumph over the enemies of human society."

On the 15th August the re-establishment of the Pope's temporal power was proclaimed at Rome.

AUG. 1.

PARLIAMENT was pro-rogued by Commission.

The Session had been barren, and Lord John Russell's inactivity had caused much disappointment.

(See *Cartoon*, "The Slow Coach.")

AUG. 2.

THE QUEEN and the Royal Family started on a visit to Ireland. On landing at the Cove of Cork Her Majesty was informed that in honour of her visit the name of the town had been changed to Queens-town. Her reception was of the most triumphant and jubilant description, the irrepressible and impetuous Irish people seemingly going half wild with delight, whether in the Catholic South or the Protestant North. In spite of the distressed state of the country and the fierce agitation for repeal, demonstrations of loyalty and delight encountered the Queen, her Consort and her children wherever she appeared.

Mr. Punch's poet thus described the Royal visit:—

MELODY OF THE QUEEN IN IRELAND.

BY BRIAN BOROHME'S BARD.

(See *Cartoon*, p. 85, "Landing of Queen Victoria in Ireland.")

I'd be rehearsing the great diversin',

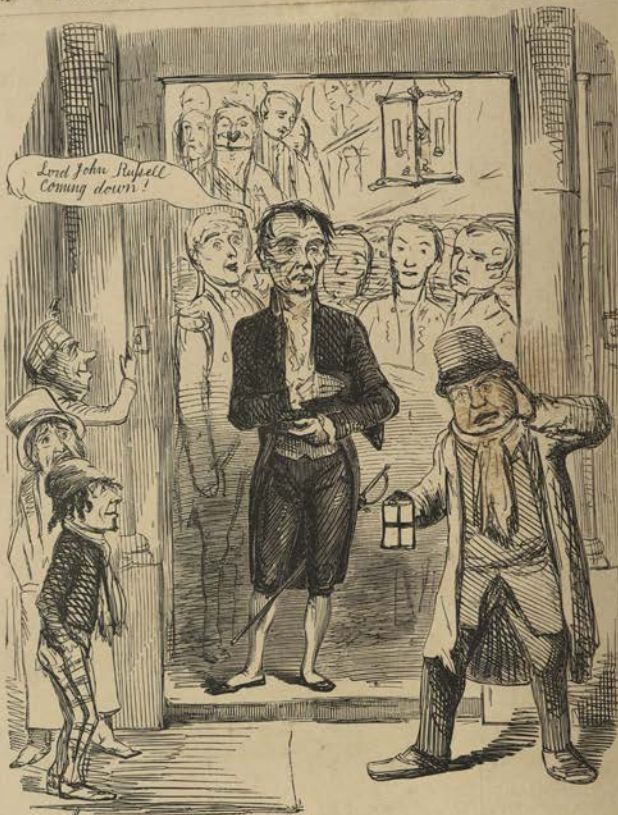
And say excurbin' of Victoria famel,

Whin across the Channel, spite of John O'Connell,

Wid screw and fannel the supphition shamed.

On board her yacht, in her silk and satin,

The Queen sat chattin' and takin' the air;



THE SLOW COACH.

"LORD JOHN RUSSELL'S CARRIAGE STOPS THE WAY!"

Whin ather the preange of us sixy passage,
Fits Clarence sent a message that they were there.

It was on a Friday, for ivit a high day,

That our Gracious Lady made the Irish shore;

And Admiral Dixon, for her protection,

Blazed away wid blue lights and the cannon's roar.

The Corporation, in boheration,

Begg'd the Queen 'ud have patience till Saturday,

But notwithstanding Prince Albert comman'din',

Insisted on landin', 'cause he warn't well at say,

So the Queen, in reliance on Mister Lyons,
Said she'd see the lions, as it wouldn't be long,
And with hurried stitches at court coats and breeches,
And loyal speeches they hammer'd along.

Like cutters mad run the Cork boys glad run,
To see the squallidon thrash up the Lee;
And I'm bound to mention the condescension
And great abatement of Her Majesty.

It's proud the Mayor was when he then and there was
Made a Knight on the Garter with the Queen's own
And in their coaches the Aldermen approaches, [hand;
And themselves encroaches on the royal stand.

But the Marquess of Thomond he wouldn't let no man,
Much less a woman, come where she sat,
Till the Queen, condescendin', legg'd he'd be mendin'
His manners, sendin' the people out o' that.

Sure then I pity that didn't see Cork city,
With its recreations and lishins or flowers;
The triumphal arches of laurels and barches
On the line of march is baysant my powers.

Cork's elegant structures and manufactures
With satisfaction the Queen survey'd,
And the bright of curiosity and generosity
Without lameness to all display'd.



LANDING OF QUEEN VICTORIA IN IRELAND.

SIR PATRICK RALEIGH. "May it please your Majesty to tread on the tail of my Coat."

With banners strumkin', and people scramin',
And lollies cramin' from the windles round;
It's the Queen might wonder if it wasn't a blamisher
To look for rebels upon Irish ground.

Next to Dublin City, upon the Liffy,
The Queen in a jiffy her way did take,
And to greet her peasant, the Lord Lieutenant
With Lords and Senators haste did make.

Sure no description or recollection
Could tell the 'uction that at Kingstown came;
So pray I'll better not say who met her,
For Sammler's News letter could not recount the same.

From Sandymount ridge then, and over Ball's Bridge then,
And up to Ragot Street and Dublin Gate,
The Queen in her carriage, and her childlike by marriage
With the noble Prince Albert, advance in state.

At an arch-way station, the Corporation,
With Archbishop Whately, was in the street;
In regard of payin' she'd come that way in,
And also or layin' the kays at her feet.

There was Mister Fitzgerald, the stout City Herald,
In a coat without sleeves blowin' fit to burst;
And none looked quarer than O'Dowd the Mace-bearer,
That thimel would the Mayor or he get there first.

But the Mayor did push on with the kays on a cushion,
And with a bleck on him made a speech—
But, by that same token, when the Queen 'ad have spoken,
Her discourse was broken by the Aldermen's screech.

Myself I'd be throbbin' to tell how Dublin
Was bollin' and bobbilin' just like the say,
How pecker and sintry had to keep back the gintry
To the royal entry that thrang'd so gay.

How the Phoenix Park, sir, was like Noah's Ark, sir,
With clane and undane that did to it resort;
How the story'd a long while in the famed Blind Asylum,
And how at the Castle she held her noble Court.

Where, besides Lords and Ladies,
I saw the O'Grady's
(That only in thralls is, set
them up wld the great is)
And a dale of Deobars and
Ginrals and Prochors,
And loyal repeaters, with their
costs turned mighty nate.

Sure my time is past, sir, to sing
of Belfast, sir,

And how the 'black North
west clane mad wld joy

When she looked at their Opi-
um, in a manner most
winnin'.

And bought Irish linen of Mith-
er McEvoy.

So to end my narration of this
grate celebration

Which the Irish nation has
made proud and blest,

Here's health and long life, boys,
to Queens, mother, and wife,
boys,

Who's so good as all three,
and as sich is the best.

AUG. 11.

THE Hungarian Dic-
tator, Górgéy, with
30,000 or 40,000 men, sur-
rendered to the Russians
at Arad. On the 21st the
Hungarian patriots Kos-
suth, Bem, and others took
refuge in Turkish territory,
and obtained the protection
of the Porte, which subse-
quently refused to sur-
render them. This caused
a rupture between Turkey
on one side and Russia
and Austria on the other.
A little later Kossuth, writ-
ing to Lord Palmerston,
asked the protection of
England for himself and
the other refugees.

AUG. 21.

ON this day a woman
named Mary Ann
Geering was executed at
Lewes for poisoning her
husband and two sons, in
order to obtain "burial
money" from a benefit
society to which they be-
longed. The "Guesting poisonings," as they
were called, drew attention to the facility with
which poisonous drugs could be purchased at
chemists' shops. Mr. Punch, in a dramatic
sketch entitled "The Poison Shop," emphasized
the evils of this culpable laxity.

(See *Carlson*, "Fatal Facility; or, Poisons for the
Asking.")



FATAL FACILITY; OR, POISONS FOR THE ASKING.

CHILD. "Please, Mither, will you be so good as to fill this bottle again with Laudum, and let Mother have another pound and a half of Arsenic for the Rats!"

DOLLY QUALIFIED CHEMIST. "Certainly, Ma'am. 'Is there any other article?'"

AUG. 22.

VENICE surrendered to the Austrian be-
siegiers.

OCT. 30.

ON this day the New Coal Exchange was
opened by Prince Albert with considerable
ceremony.

NOV. 13.

ON this day took place, in front of Horse-
monger Lane Gaol, the execution of the
Mannings for the brutal murder of O'Connor.
A striking picture appeared in *Punch*, entitled
"The Lesson of the Scaffold; or, the Ruffian's
Holiday."

In this powerful picture from the pencil of John Leech, *Mr. Punch* pointed a moral, then sorely in need of illustration. The sensational trial of the Mannings, following upon that of Rush for the Stanfield Hall massacre, had developed a hideous taste for the morbidly stimulating associations of crime which was demoralising to the last degree. This evil craving was pandered to by the cheap periodical press, the coarse literature of crime, plentifully supplied to the lower populace. *Mr. Punch* had vigorously attacked the sensation-mongers and dealers in "murder made familiar."

(See Cartoon, "Useful Sunday Literature for the Masses.")

He had also sharply satirized the "Old Bailey Ladies" who thronged the court on the occasion of murder trials. He now graphically portrayed the horrors of mob ruffianism, as shown at the execution of the Mannings. In a letter to the *Times* on the subject of this execution, Charles Dickens wrote:—

"I believe that a sight so inconceivably awful as the wickedness and levity of the immense crowd collected at the execution this morning could be imagined by no man, and presented by no heathen land under the sun. . . . When I came upon the scene, at midnight, the shrillness of the cries and howls that were raised from time to time, denoting that they came from a concourse of boys and girls already assembled in the best places, made my blood run cold. . . ."

Such efforts as those of Cruikshank, Dickens, and *Punch*, have since then borne happy fruit in the gradual abatement and final abolishing of the horrors attending the public executions of the earlier days of the reign of Queen Victoria.



USEFUL SUNDAY LITERATURE FOR THE MASSES; OR, MURDER MADE FAMILIAR.

FATHER OF A FAMILY (reads). "The wretched Murderer is supposed to have cut the throats of his three eldest Children, and then to have killed the Baby by beating it repeatedly with a Pulver. . . . In person he is of a rather bluish appearance, with a bull neck, small eyes, broad large nose, and coarse vulgar mouth. His dress was a light blue suit, with brass buttons, elegant yellow summer vest, and pepper-and-salt trousers. When at the Station House he expressed himself as being rather 'peckish,' and said he should like a Black Pudding, which, with a Cup of Coffee, was immediately procured for him."

DEC. 2.

QUEEN DOWAGER ADELAIDE died at Stanmore Priory, at the age of 56.

DEC. 13.

SANITARY—OF as it then seemed the fashion to call them, Sanatory—matters occupied much attention this year, in *Mr. Punch's* pages

as elsewhere. They had been forced upon the public attention by a terrible visitation of cholera, which had created great havoc in London; the registered number of deaths from this cause alone, between the 1st October, 1848, and the present date—13 December, 1849—when cholera had practically disappeared, having been 14,497. During the whole of this time *Punch*, with pen

and pencil, attacked continually the abuses and nuisances which invited and encouraged the inroads of disease. The chronically filthy state of the Thames, the Smithfield slaughter-houses, the inefficient and impure water-supply, the foulness of the slums, the neglect of the civic authorities (typified by full-fed Aldermen)—all these and many other matters came in for *Punch's* well-intentioned scourging. *Punch* in fact was one of the first of the Sanitarians in days when Dr. Richardson's Hygeia had not been heard of. Since then the voice of the Sanitarian has been heard in the land with ever increasing loudness and frequency.

One strong contention of the sanitary reformers was the necessity of removing an obvious source of pollution by prohibiting further interments in City churchyards. *Mr. Punch* supported this view in a scathing Shakespearian parody entitled,

HAMLET IN THE LONDON CHURCHYARD.

(See Caricature, "Hamlet in the London Churchyard.")

SCENE.—London. A Churchyard.

HAMLET (*Mr. Punch*). HORATIO (*Mr. John Bull*), and CLOWN.

CLOWN, digging, throws up a Skull.

Hamlet. That skull had a nose on it, and could smell once; How the knave has hacked it from the spine as if it were Sikes's jaw-bone, that did the horrid murder! This might be the pate of a meat-calamander, which this ass now abuses; one that would defend Smithfield, might it not?

Horatio. It might, my lord.

Hamlet. Or of a rector?—which should say, *Let us sleep with our fathers!* Let us be buried with our sins! This might be the Reverend Mr. So and So, that praised such and such a burial ground, because he had a vested interest in it; might it not?

Horatio. Ay, my lord.

Hamlet. Why, e'en so; and now not even my Lady Worn's, coffinless, and knocked about the ground with a sexton's spade. Here's fine retribution, as we had the trick to see it. Did these bones cost so much the burial to play at loggats with them? mine ache to think on't.



HAMLET IN THE LONDON CHURCHYARD.

HAMLET (*Mr. PUNCH*). "Why may not imagination trace the remains of an Alderman, till we find them poisoning his Ward?"

CLOWN. A pick-axe and a spade, a spade,

For—so the dead we treat;

O, a pit of lime for to be made

For such a guest is meet.

[Sings.]

funery, his crape, his handkerchiefs. Is the fine of his finery and feathers to have his fine anatomy cut into fine pieces? The very undertaker cannot rest in his grave; should they bury any more here? ha?

Horatio. Not a single one more, my lord.

Hamlet. I will speak to this fellow; Whose grave is this, sirrah?

CLOWN. Nobody's, Sir.

Hamlet. I think it be nobody's indeed; for thou liest nobody lie in it.

Hamlet. There's another. Why may not that be the skull of a churchwarden? Where be his vestries now, his votes, his violent opposition to the Board of Health? This fellow might be in 's time a great furnisher of funerals, with his feathers, his mutes, his mourning

Cleem. Nobody lies out on 's, Sir, for 'is everybody's grave; and what is everybody's, is nobody's: *argal*, it is nobody's grave.

Hamlet. How long do you suffer a man to remain in the earth ere you break him up?

Cleem. Faith, if he be not broken before he die (as we have so many railway accidents now-a-days) we let him lay for some two year, or three year. There's a scull now hath hid you i' the earth three,—*ay*,—*four* year.

Hamlet. Whose was it?

Cleem. A rich old fellow's it was. Whose do you think it was?

Hamlet. Nay, I know not.

Cleem. A pestilence upon him for an old rogue! he sold me a stale sheep's head once. This same scull, Sir, was Cleaver's scull, the Aldgate butcher.

Hamlet. Aha! old Cleaver! I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of singular taste, of most peculiar fancy. Here

hang the lips that pronounced slaughter-houses salubrious, I know not how oft. Where be your lies now, your blunders, your pieces of shantality that were wont to set the public in a roar? Get thee to the Parish Vestry, and tell them that let them bury twenty feet deep, to this condition must they come at last; but then think on that. Pr'ythee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

Horatio. What's that, my lord?

Hamlet. Why may not imagination trace the re-



BRITANNIA'S THANKSGIVING DAY DREAM.

main of an alderman till we find them poisoning his ward?

Horatio. 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

Hamlet. No, faith, not a jot. As then: Heavilides died, Heavilides was buried, Heavilides became gas, the gas is sulphuretted hydrogen; of sulphuretted hydrogen is bred typhus. And why, by that typhus whereto he was converted, might not his ward be poisoned?

Fat Heavilides, decess'd, and turn'd to gas, Poisons his fellow-creatures in the mass: Oh! that, like fools, we should let plagues be bred, In crowded towns by burying our dead!

A Thanksgiving Day had been appointed for the cessation of the Plague, and *Punch*, in com-

memorating the occasion, both in picture and verse, summarised the points he had so often made, and pointed again the moral he had so frequently emphasised.

(See Cartoon, "*Britannia's Thanksgiving Day Dream*,")

BRITANNIA'S THANKSGIVING DAY DREAM.

An awful Plague went through the land; it thim'd the close-pent town,
Swept the scant hamlet, crossed the stream, and clomb the breezy down;
Unseen it leathen'd, till poison seethed in the sweet
Before its face was terror, upon its track dequith.

For three sad months Britannia mourned her children night and day,

For three sad months she strove in vain the pestilence to stay;

Medicine, helpless, groped and guesst, and tried all arts to save,
But the dead carried with them their secret to the grave.

Sudden the dark hand ceased to smite: Britannia drew free breath,

As passed away the shadow of the minister of Death;
And upon all her children a solemn charge she laid,
That high and low should bow them down, because the plague was staid.

Then in the night that followed on that thanksgiving day,
Britannia saw a vision, as on her bed she lay :
Of a great region stretched about, a crowded careful
land.

Wherein men piled all labours, of head, and heart, and
hand.

In it a city, high o'er which a golden temple shone,
Wherein the great god Mammon was sitting on a throne,

While millions round about his feet, men, women, old
and young,
Offered their hearts in homage, with various tone and
tongue.

Ill matched that city's dwellings; low hovel, palace
high;
Saloons with stately pageants, huts where wretches slunk
to die ;

Well-ordered streets, with tracts hard by wherein the
labouring breath
Inhaled the subtle poison that makes life a lingering
death.

There for aught save Mammon-worship there were few
hearts to care,
For aught but Mammon-service there were few hands to
spare ;



THE CITY NARCISSUS;
OR, THE ALDERMAN ENAMOUR'D OF HIS DIRTY APPEARANCE.

Still the pale slaves grew paler, the task-masters more
stern,
Few there of wise had time to love, of ignorant to
learn.

Death sat at the gamut weaver's side, the while he pined
the loom ;
Death turn'd the waning grinder's wheel, as he earn'd
his bread and doom ;
Death, by the wan shrimmaker, pined the fingers to the
bone ;
Death rocked the infant's cradle, and with opium hushed

Nor in the City only did the Spectre hold his place ;
In the village and the hamlet, too, he showed his con-
stant face :

In the foul sty where sire and son, mother and maiden
slept,
Where the infant round its playground, the dunghill,
crowd and crept.

At lool and board, in cup and can, in worktime and
in play,
In the street as in the dwelling, in the night as in the day,
Sat Death in Life, a presence that none did seem to
note,
Until the grim Guest sudden rose and bared his arm and
smote.

Then was weeping in the hovel; and wailing in the hall,
And over all the land was fear, stretched like a funeral
pall ;

And even Mammon's vot'ries paused in their absorbing
prayer,
And looked up from their worship, with a dazed,
doubting air.

And turning in their trouble unto their God and Lord,
They saw Death sit on Mammon's throne—'twas Death
that they adored.
His bare jaws set in scornful smile, the Spectre from
his shroud
Stretched forth his fleshless arm across the pale and
pallid crowd.

"Your day of thanks," it said, "is come, your day of
thanks is o'er ;
Millions to-day have prayed their prayer, that never
prayed before.

What reck I of your thankfulness, ye fools, or of your prayer?

One plague hath passed from out your homes, how many still are there?

"What can one day of prayer avail, if from the church 'Tis gone?"

To your homes answer, ungarished, to your world of wealth and woe?

Pray as will, my stronghold's still in every ditch and drain;

Though now my servants hide their heads, they will come forth again.

"Why shrink from Death, ye that build up his seat in How be thankful at his going, ye that ever hid him come?"

What wonder he makes revel, when still ye spread his board?

Need he be chary of his plagues when still ye feed his board?

"I am a giant. Would ye learn to nip me in my growth? Bring light of Heaven and rain of Heaven to those that pine for both:

Build homes for toil, where toil may live in decency and health;

Let ignorance and want have title of knowledge and of wealth;

"Show that the bond of brotherhood that linketh man with man

Will no less bind, though never forgot, since first the world began;

Unlearn that sinful selfishness, that ye so sore have rued, And strive to find in common grief the seeds of common good."



BRITANNIA AND THE ADMIRALTY.

BRITANNIA: "Now, I tell you what, my Lads, if ye go on spoiling your things in that way, I won't Rule the Waves any longer for ye."

For a great deal of the civic dirt and disease Mr. Punch held the civic authorities typified by the paunchy, port-bibbing alderman to be responsible. In some hexameters entitled "The Sad Fate of the Civic Narcissus," he sharply satirized the complacently negligent City Fathers.

(See Cartoon, "The City Narcissus.")

DEC. 14.

At this time, as so often subsequently, the "State of the Navy Question" was a

burning one. The administration of the Admiralty was a subject of chronic complaint, and an object of endless ridicule. Punch never missed an opportunity of lifting his voice in favour of reform in this important particular. The following lines, though published in 1849, seem equally pertinent to the present day, for though "Iron-sides" have now superseded "Wooden Walls," Administrative efficiency has not superseded the reign of Routine and Red Tape.

(See Cartoon, "Britannia and the Admiralty.")

YE SHIP BUILDERS OF ENGLAND.

(After CAULFIELD.)

Ye ship builders of England,
That lead our native seas
With craft not fit to leave a year
The battle or the breeze;
Such rubbish do not launch again,
Too heavy, dull, and slow;
As they creep through the deep,
Whatever wind may blow.

The spirits of retrenchment
Shall start from every wave,

For in the sea economy
Through you has found a
grave.

Thousands and thousands you
have sunk
In ships that will not go;
For they creep through the deep
Whatever wind may blow.

The costly ships of England
For fire-wood yet may burn,
Till to the models of the past
Her shipwrights shall return.
Then, then, ye clumsy ship-
builders,

Our song no more will throw
All the blame on your name,
Which now merits every blow.

Mr. Punch again and
again returned to the charge
against the official inepti-
tude which botched and
bungled England's first line
of defence.

DEC. 20.

ON this date it is re-
corded that cases of
"Spirit Rapping" were
reported to have occurred
in America. An early in-
timation of what later on
was to become a popular
"sensation."

DEC. 26.

ON this day was finally
closed the long un-
popular "Palace Court."
Thackeray's "Pleaceman
X," in the pages of *Punch*,
had scathingly attacked it
in the celebrated ballad,
"Jacob Hommum's Hoss:
A New Palace Court
Chant:"—

ONE sees in Vitchall Yard,
Vere pleacemen do resort,
A venerable histiote,
'Tis called the Pallo Court,
A gent 'as got his i on it,
I think 'twill make some sport.

The nature of this Court
My indignation riles:
A few fat legal spiders
Here set and spin their viles:
To rob the town their privilege is
In a hydra of twelve miles.

This ballad, indeed, and
the case on which it was
founded, are credited with no small share in
bringing about the abolition of

That sty for fattening lawyers in,
On the bores of honest men.

DEC. 31.

IT was last Number for this year Mr. Punch
has the following paragraph:—



"OUR BUTCHER" (A VERY ILL-USED PERSON, NO DOUBT.)

BUTCHER. "Here's Times. 'Way, we shall be obliged to charge fair prices next."

The Heaviest Christmas Wail of All.—Nine-
pence for a pound weight of butcher's meat.
This, and a Cartoon in the same Number, show
that the great domestic question of the Butcher
and his Prices, moved the British Citizen's
mind at the Christmas Season of 1849, as it has
at that and other seasons, so many times since,
as the pages of *Punch* will show. The

Free Trade Policy had worked well, pros-
perity was reviving, there was "a larger com-
mand of the comforts of life on the part of the
labouring population," and even "Our Butcher"
was apprehensive of the coming necessity of
"charging fair prices."

(See *Cartoon*, "Our Butcher.")

+ 1850 +

"**A**T the commencement of 1850" (says *Mr. Punch's* Introduction to Volume 18), "the excess of income over expenditure was announced to be two millions, and

the increase of exports in 1849 above those of 1848 was nearly ten millions. A diminution of pauperism, an increased facility of subsistence and a larger command of the comforts of life on the part of the labouring population, gave sure indications that the Free Trade policy had

worked beneficially for the country, although the depressed condition of the classes connected with agriculture was generally acknowledged and loudly expressed by the sufferers. A return to protective duties, or a remission of financial burdens, were among the remedial measures



AGRICULTURE—THE REAL "UNPROTECTED FEMALE"

suggested, and few persons denied that the landed interest had a fair claim to any relief that did not interfere with the interests of other classes of the community."

Between the advocates of Free Trade and the partisans of Protection, therefore, the Agricultural Interest stood dissatisfied and undecided.

(See Cartoon, "The Real 'Unprotected Female.'")

JAN. 3.

On this day the Irish residents in Manchester and Salford presented an address to Mr. John Bright, expressing to the popular tribune their gratitude for the manner in which he had

advocated the claims of Ireland. Mr. Bright in his reply said that "the land of Ireland was closed against the industry of its people through its legal possession by an alien or insolvent proprietary." He advocated for that country, amongst other remedial measures, the abolition of primogeniture, security of tenure for the cultivation of the soil, abolition of the Established Church, and extension of the franchise.

He expected the intelligent and upright men of Ireland to come forth from their isolation and claim the aid of the English people in forcing upon the Government proper measures for their country. He held that Lord John Russell had now an opportunity of doing more for this

country than almost any Minister of our time. He might add the industry and affection of millions to the wealth and strength of the Empire.

Mr. Bright's hope of the ultimate passage of such measures was strengthened by his belief that there was "growing up in England, and I hope in Ireland, a party so strong and so numerous, that by and by it will leave not only the pauperism at one end of the scale, and, it may be, the titled and privileged at the other—it will include almost the whole people." To this growing class the great orator looked for the redress of Irish and of other wrongs and abuses.

JAN. 4.

A ROYAL Commission was announced in the *Gazette* as having been appointed "for the Promotion of the Exhibition of the Works of all Nations, to be held in the year 1881." This was in pursuance of a suggestion made by Prince Albert at a meeting of the Society of Arts, on June 30 in the preceding year, and heralded "The Great Exhibition of All Nations," which made memorable the year 1851. On the 21st of the following March, the Building Committee selected a site in Hyde Park.

JAN. 10.

THE Protectionists and so-called "Friends of the Farmer" were making their voices heard again. Mr. Disraeli on the 8th had spoken at a meeting at Great Marlow, called "to take into consideration the depressed state of agriculture and all classes dependent thereon." On the 10th a Protectionist meeting was held at Stafford, at which 400 farmers were present, and a number of the townspeople. Lord St. Vincent moved that Lord Talbot take the chair, and excited the hostility of a portion of the audience by some parts of his speech. A disturbance ensued, finishing up with a free fight. Similar disorderly meetings took place in other parts of the country. The cry of "the suffering landlords" was raised in the interests of the friends of Protection, Monopoly, and the Landed Interest.

(See Cartoon, "The Protection 'Dodge.'")

JAN. 31.

PARLIAMENT was opened by Commission. A Protectionist amendment to the Address was defeated in the Lords by 152 to 103, and in the Commons by 311 to 192.



THE PROTECTION "DODGE."

SUFFERING LANDHOLDER (In a solemn and sonorous tone, with a glance at the first-floor window).—My ky-bud fer-buds, I am a-bid—good to app—er be—fore you, and to ex—pose my mil—er—able state. * * * I am a low—del prop—er—er re—bowed to get—out mil—er—ry, owing to the com—pe—tition of the foreigner. There is a ger—ut many of us a-bad of as my—self, and the Govt—er—t is a—being retuned all along of free—trade Sir Robert Peel and Mister Cal—den. We 'ave only five—ty millions of money to the Bank, also an 'ave—rate of £371,899 on the Cust—oms, also £371,899 on the Ex—cise, and £38,215 on the In—come Tax, pity the poor Land—er—er, Sir.

PUNCH'S PARLIAMENTARY HODGE PODGE.

TO EVERY ONE GREETING: The Parliament meeting, Punch orders his faithful reporter, reporter, While nothing mis—tating, to give the delating. But cutting the speeches much shorter, much shorter.

In the strife and the lameness, there's always a shameness, Another day's very like one day's, like one day's: So after some windings, we give the proceedings, In the way that they happened on Monday, on Monday.

With eloquence manly, up rose the Lord Stanley.

And talked about Admiral Parker, yes, Parker! Some papers he wanted—though papers when granted, Will often make matters much darker, much darker.

Then came Marquis Lansdowne with look soft as swan—down, [flecting] Trusting quarrels with Greece would be fleeting, quite The documents granting Lord Stanley was wanting, The matter thus pleasantly meeting, yes, meeting.

Discussion proceeded, though
none could be needed ;

Lord Lansdowne's compliance
had stopp'd it, had stopp'd
it ;

But one or two members kept
poking the embers,
Till their Lordships conclu-
sively stopp'd it, yes,
stopp'd it.

On the very same night too, as
they had a right to,
The Commons 'bout Greece
had been asking, been ask-
ing ;

Lord Palmerston's readiness,
with obstinate steadiness,
Mr. Gibson adroitly was
taking, was taking.

Then Mister Disraeli determin-
ing gaily

To physic Lord P. as with
senna, with senna ;

Said, relations with Turkey
look'd gloomy and murky,
As well as with Spain and
Vienna, Vienna.

Next Anney, call'd Chisholm,
delighting in schism,

A word introduced 'bout Mel-
davia, Moldavia ;

When Palmerston coolly put
down the novelty

With his usual off-hand be-
haviour, behaviour.

The address the report on, no
sooner was brought on

Than there rose with a look
of dejection, dejection,

Mister Packer, who lamented in
terms discontented.

The loss of his dear friend
Protection, Protection.

Mr. Hume in replying to Mister
Packer's sighing,

Demand'd Reform from Lord
Russell, Lord Russell,

Which set many seeking at once
to be speaking.

And threw the House into a
bustle, a bustle.

Then both sides together got
arguing, whether

Free Trade was a good or a
bad thing, a bad thing ;

There rose such a bother, 'twixt
one and the other,

The confusion was really a sad
thing, a sad thing.

Lord Russell, however, by
earnest endeavour,

In answering questions suc-
ceeded, succeeded.

Proceeding to mention—he
thought an extension

Of the franchise, at present, not needed, not needed.

Next came some orations and small observations.

Enriching no wondrous discernment, discernment ;

And a member who woke up, the night's business broke
up.

By moving at once the adjournment, adjournment.



"WHO'S DAT KNOCKING AT DE DOOR?"

FEB. 28.

MR. HUME made his usual motion on the
subject of Parliamentary Reform. It was
negotiated, also as usual, by 296 to 242.

(See Cartoon, "Who's dat Knocking at de Door?")

"Who's dat Knocking at the Door?" was an

Ethiopian ditty very popular at the time. It is
parodied in the following verses:—

"WHO'S DAT KNOCKING AT DE DOOR?"

THE OLD SONG, AS SING'D BY OLD JOE (HUME) COCK, AT
LEAST, EVERY SESSION.

I HAD just come down, with my subject warm,
And my annual motion about Reform ;
I went to the House—might as well have gone to bed,
For Lord John Russell got up and said,

Who's dat knocking at de door?
Am dat you, Fergies? No, it am Joe!
What! Old Joe? Yes, Old Joe. Oh, only old Joe!
Well, you can't come in—so you'd better go!
For it's no use knocking at de door any more,
And it's no use knocking at de door.

Who's dat knocking at de door,
Making such a row, with so much of his jaw?

I'll call the Speaker, and tell him how
You only want to kick up a row.
Who's dat knocking at de door?
Who's dat knocking at de door?
Am dat you, Cobden? No, it am Joe.
What! Old Joe? Yes; Old Joe.
I told you before that it's still no go,
And it's no use knocking at de door.
But they'll open the door and let him in,

If in their cars he continues his din,
Forward came Punch—and said, "Follow me;
When I take the lead let in you'll be,
If they know I'm knocking at de door;
When they know I'm knocking at de door."
Am dat you, Joe? No, it am Punch;
They'll soon make way for his staff and hunch!
You needn't stand knocking at de door any more—
There'll be no more knocking at de door.



A VISION OF THE REPEAL OF THE WINDOW-TAX.

"Hollo! Old Fellers; we're glad to see You here."

MARCH 15.

THE Chancellor of the Exchequer introduced the Budget. It showed a surplus of two millions, which he proposed to dispose of by reducing certain duties, repealing the duty on bricks, and reducing the Stamp Duties on the transfer of landed property.

Various amendments were proposed. Mr. Cobden and Mr. Henry Drummond brought forward motions in favour of retrenchment

which were negatived, though Lord John Russell subsequently proposed the appointment of a Select Committee for the same object. Lord Duncan's proposal for the Repeal of the Window Duty was only defeated by a narrow majority of three. The Tax was an obnoxious one, and Mr. Punch lifted up his voice against it.

(See Caricature, "A Vision of the Repeal of the Window Tax.")

THE SUN'S WALK.

THE sun got up from his damp sea bed,
For a tour of observation
He donned his palette of London fog,
And his night-cap of Thames exhalation,
In whose fleecy haze he wraps up his rays,
When he visits the English nation.

He toddled down to St. Stephen's
On a Wednesday daylight sitting,
And heard Ministers quash a proposal rash,
For the window-tax remitting:

And the Sun remarked, "They've sat in the dark,
Till for dark than light they're more fitting."

From St. Stephen's he turned to St. Giles',
Guided less by seeing than smelling,
For he ran his nose 'gainst the walls that rose
Round each damp and darksome dwelling,
"No wonder," said he, "they won't admit me,
Lest of such sights I should be telling."

He met his old foe, Fever,
At his feast in the damp, so ghouliah;
And heard Mr. Dumble, at the Poor-rates grumble,
Which struck him as somewhat owliah;
While the guardians who lord it over the parish board
Are Messrs. Penny-wise and Pound-foolish.

Like mites from old cheese, the houses
Poured forth their squalid dwellers;

The young folks sallow, the old green-yellow,
And all those blanched cheeks were tellers
Of the same sort of tale as the lettuce pale
Grown by amateurs in cellars.

He tried to get into a tenement
Which was let out to these poor creatures,
But each window was barred by the tax so hard
Against a glimpse of his features:



LORD JOHN TAKING THE MEASURE OF THE COLONIES.

Daylight and fresh air had no business there,
Except as over-reachers.

Fit out of an open cess-pool
He saw the gas freely wander,
Poisons more and less pure, from gully and sewer—
And it caused the Sun to ponder.
"What harm could it be, if I were as free
As Mr. Typhus yowler?"

MAY 1.

On this day, at twenty-five minutes past eight
in the morning, the Queen gave birth to a
son, Prince Arthur William Patrick Albert. He

was named after the Duke of Wellington, whose
81st birthday this was.

MAY 13.

THE Australian Colonies Bill, which had been
introduced by Lord John Russell, on this
day passed its third reading in the Commons by
a majority of 326 to 128. The rapid rise of our
Australian and other colonies excited now the
interest of our people, and demanded the care
of our Statesmen.

(See Cartoon, "Lord John taking the Measure of the
Colonies.")

The following lines evince Mr. Punch's early
interest in the matter:—

GOOD MEASURES FOR THE COLONIES.

J. RUSSELL & Co., Downing Street, Home and Colonial
Tailors, invite attention to their New System of
Colonial Measurement.

WITH joy and pride a parent sees
His children climb about his knees;
It is a gratifying sight
To witness their increasing height,
And mark, as every father knows,
How quickly they outgrow their clothes.
A change of garb, too, must be had,
Soon as the child becomes a lad;

We then select a maslin style
Of clothing for the juvenile.
With little Bulls John Bull is blest,
'Tis time that they were rightly
drest;
Russell and Co. will undertake
The requisite costume to make.
Suits they provide for every age,
Of growth according to the stage,
Adapted to each size and shape,
Yes; from Australia to the Cape,
Jamaica, Canada, Ceylon,
Russell invites to try them on;
Easy they're warranted to sit,
Full freedom to combine with fit,
And elegance with what must be
Resistless—strict economy,
In which all other firms compete
In vail with Russell's, Downing
Street.

MAY 27.

Aⁿ ex-lieutenant of the
10th Hussars, Robert
Pate, struck at the Queen
with a stick as she was
riding in Piccadilly, touch-
ing her cheek and crushing
her bonnet, without however
doing her any serious injury.
Pate was subsequently sen-
tenced to seven years' trans-
portation.

JUNE 17.

T^{he} action of the Go-
vernment in Greece
in connection with the Don
Pacifico matter and other
affairs, had displeased many
in this country, and given
offence to France and
Russia. Lord Stanley moved
in the House of Lords a
vote of censure on the
Government for undue in-
terference in the affairs of
Greece. There was a
majority of 37 against the
Government. Subsequently
on the 24th June Mr.
Roebuck introduced a de-
bate on the same subject
in the Commons, in the
course of which Lord Pal-
merston spoke in defence of
his policy for five hours—
from the dusk of a summer
evening to the dawn of a
summer morning ("Annals of Our Time"). This
was the celebrated "*Crisi Romanorum*" speech,
in which he maintained that "a British subject
in a foreign country should be protected by the
vigilant eye and the strong arm of his Govern-
ment against injustice and wrong." Mr. Glad-
stone denounced the parallel drawn between
Roman citizens and ourselves, considering it an

inaccurate and misleading one. It was in this
debate that Mr. Cockburn (afterwards Lord Chief
Justice of England) made his brilliant speech in
defence of the Government. In this debate
also Sir Robert Peel made his last speech in the
House on the evening of the 28th June, the very
next day witnessing the disastrous accident
which caused his premature death. Although

warning the Government that they "would not
advance the cause of constitutional government
by attempting to dictate to other nations," he
declared that Lord Palmerston's speech "made
us all proud of the man who could deliver it."
After a four nights' debate the Government
secured a majority of 46 in a House of 574.

(See *Carlton*, "The Grecian Difficulty.")



THE GRECIAN DIFFICULTY.

Mr. PUNCH. "Why don't you hit one of your size?"

JUNE 29.

ON this day a great misfortune befell the nation. Sir Robert Peel riding up Constitution Hill was thrown from his horse, and on the night of the 2nd July died from the effect of the injuries he received. In him England lost a great financier, a wise and temperate constitutional statesman, a high-minded patriot. His death excited universal sorrow, a sorrow in which all classes and all parties almost equally shared. *Punch*, who whilst often chaffing, and sometimes chiding the great Sir Robert, had always recognized his high qualities, dedicated the following tribute to his memory.

OUR "IN MEMORIAM."

Not in the splendour of a ruinous glory
Emblazoned, glitters our lost Statesman's name;
The great deeds that have earned him deathless fame
Will cost us merely thanks. Their inventory
Of peaceful heroism will be a story
Of wise assertion of a right
And Commerce freed by sagely daring aim.
Famine averted; Revolution gone
Disarmed; and the exhausted Common weal
Recruited; these are things that England long
Will couple with the name of Robert Peel,
Of whom the worst his enemies can say
Is, that he left the error of his
When Conscience told him he was in the wrong.

JULY 3.

ON this night eloquent tributes to the memory of Sir Robert Peel were paid in Parliament. "Every heart," said Mr. Gladstone, then as now a warm admirer of the deceased Statesman, "is much too full to allow us to enter so early upon the consideration of the amount of that calamity with which the country has been visited in, I will say, the premature death of Sir Robert Peel; for although he has died full of years and full of honours, yet it is a death that in human eyes is



SAUCY JACK RUSSELL; OR, WHO'S TO TURN HIM OUT?

premature, because we had fondly hoped that, in whatever position Providence might assign to him, by the weight of his ability, by the splendour of his talents, and by the purity of his virtues, he might still have been spared to render us most essential services.

Now is the stately column broke,
The beacon light is quench'd in smoke,
The trumpet's silvery sound is still,
The wanderer silent on the hill."

Lord John Russell, on the 4th, proposed that the remains of Sir Robert Peel should be in-

tered with public honours, a proposal which, in accordance with the known desire of the deceased leader, was declined by his family. He was buried, on the 9th July, in the parish church of Drayton-Basset.

In consequence of the debates on the Grecian business, in the first of which, on the 17th June, the Ministry had been put in a minority of 37, and of other rebuffs, it was thought about this time that the Ministry would have resigned, but Lord John Russell, who at the time of the Government defeat in the Upper House, declined to resign on the grounds that he objected to place on the House of Lords the responsibility of controlling the Executive Government, still held stoutly on, and it was felt that he could not at present be ejected from office, however much his opponents might desire it.

(See *Cartoon*, p. 99, "Saucy Jack Russell; or, What's to Turn Him Out?")

JULY 3.

THE Koh-i-noor, or Mountain of Light, the huge diamond afterwards so celebrated in connection with the Great Exhibition of 1851, was this day presented to the Queen by the East India Company.

JULY 6.

IN his Number bearing this date, *Mr. Punch* referred to "The Morning Trumpet" (by which he meant *The Morning Herald*), as "the acknowledged cherished organ of the candid souls that, for a time, have closed the Sunday Post Office."

This referred to a very vexed question of the moment.

In consequence of a motion by Lord Ashley, carried against the Government by a majority of 93 to 68, it was ordered that the transmission and delivery of letters on Sunday entirely cease in all parts of the kingdom; no exception being made even in the case of foreign correspondence. This was acted upon for several

weeks, but caused so much public inconvenience and so great and indignant a popular outcry, that the obnoxious rules were rescinded, and the aims of their puritanical devisers disappointed.

This foolish official *fiance* gave rise to much debate on the subject of the Puritanical observance of the Sabbath.

(See *Cartoon*, "Puritan Sunday; or, what we must all come to.")

Mr. Punch poured out the vials of his wrath and ridicule upon the Sabbatarian fanatics. He devised a "Puritan Penny Postage Stamp," the head that of a sour-faced sectary, the letters in the four corners CANT.



PURITAN SUNDAY; OR, WHAT WE MUST ALL COME TO.

JULY 26.

On this day the Commissioners of the Great Exhibition accepted Messrs. Fox and Henderson's tender of £79,800, for the carrying out of Mr. Joseph Paxton's design for a "Crystal Palace" in Hyde Park.

The scheme, destined ultimately to be so great

a success, was as yet by no means universally popular. Lord Brougham made himself the mouthpiece of the opposition thereto. In the House of Lords, on the 2nd August, he reproached that assembly for "its deference to Royalty in the matter of the Exhibition site." Previously Lord Campbell had presented a

petition against the selection of that site for the great Show, and Colonel Sibthorp, its sworn opponent, on the same evening in the Commons declared that the Park was about to be desecrated by "the greatest trash, the greatest fraud, and the greatest imposition that was ever attempted to be put upon the people of this country."



A CERTAIN GOOD QUEEN INTERCEDING WITH A CERTAIN PRINCE FOR THE UNHAPPY BELGRAVIANS AND OTHER CITIZENS.

The publication in the *Illustrated London News* of Paxton's designs for the "Crystal Palace" conciliated some by the charm of graceful novelty, but excited the ridicule of others. *Punch*, in his lines entitled "The Belgravians' Lament," gave expression to the objection prevailing in many quarters to the selection of a site for the Exhibition.

[See Carlson, "A certain Good Queen interceding with a certain Prince," &c.]

THE BELGRAVIANS' LAMENT.

(Being a MS. which dropped out of Col-n-1S-4th-g's hat during the Debate of Thursday Night.)

THERE is a sound of sorrow through Wilton's Crescent fair;
The Dowagers of Lowndes Street are tearing of their hair;
The muffins staid in Eaton Square uneaten on the plate;
The footmen group in gloomy knots round many an area gate.

The word is spoke—'tis just a joke—Hyde Park the spot shall be,
Where to the skies shall soon arise the House of Industry—

Pile high the bricks, the mortar mix, knock up the scaffolds-poles,
Tread out the green, cut up the turf, with ruts and hills,

The Prince commands—in ready hands the trenchant axe is high;
Soon maimed and matted, upon the sward, the headless Vain Campbell's law, Brougham's power of jaw, and Sibthorp's jolly how—
A Prince to please, not only trees, but Woods and

When sudden, hark, into the Park wide Albert Gates are flung,
And lo! a band that suppliant stand, the noble, fair, and

102413

Right well we know of Rotten
Row the glory and the pride,
The Maidens in their habits, the
noble Swells beside.

"Spare but these trunks, we
give our heads; and ladies,
as they ride,

In days to come will talk of us
for Rotten Row that died;
Thou no plebeian precinct thus
rascally you invade;

The sacred ride for noble swells
and high-fign ladies made.

"Think, cruel Prince, how much
there is that with these trees
must fall,

The scandal of the drawing-room,
the chit-chat of the hall—
Rogers' last not unequal will
go; Macaulay's last good thing

Like a bad shilling ne'er will
pass, because it has no King!

"Then take our lives, and spare
our ride, the only place we
know,

Where ladies, gent in London,
for exercise can go.

'Tis not with us as with our
lords; for they, the Park
beside,

Have got the House of Com-
mons, where their hobbies
they may ride."

The Prince looked grim—it was
his whim—humbly, he
would not be;

When lo—a stately Lady is
knelling at his knee.

"I too would ride," she sweetly
cried, "so, Albert, if you
please,

Don't—there's a darling—for
my sake—please don't cut
down the trees."

He fain had spurned—and rest-
less turned—but—

(Here the MS. becomes illegible.)

JULY 26.

BARON ROTHSCHILD, who had been elected Member for the City of London, came to the table of the House of Commons to take the oath, wishing, however, to be sworn on the Old Testament. Sir Robert Inglis opposed this, and Baron Rothschild, on the Speaker refusing to swear him on the Old Testament only, withdrew. A debate on the subject ensued, and there was a majority of 54 in favour of administering the oath on the Old Testament. On the 30th, the Baron again presented himself, was so sworn, but on coming to the passage, "on the true faith of a Christian," declined to take it and withdrew. Sir F. Thesiger moved that a new writ be issued for the City of London. This was opposed on the ground that the repre-

sentation was full already. Ultimately the Attorney-General carried a resolution pledging the House to a measure for the relief of the Jews at the commencement of the next Session.

AUG. 30.

In his Number bearing this date, *Mr. Punch* had a genially chaffy cartoon entitled "The

Royal Rising Generation," in which the youthful Prince of Wales again appears in his pages. "Application had recently been made for the purchase of Marlborough House for the Prince of Wales," says *Punch's* explanatory "Note" prefixed to the volume.

(See Caricature, "The Royal Rising Generation.")



THE ROYAL RISING GENERATION.

BRITISH LOON. "You want Marlboro' House, and some Stables!—Why, you'll be wanting a Lanch Key next, I suppose!"

AUG. 15.

PARLIAMENT was this day prorogued by the Queen in person.

AUG. 26.

LOUIS PHILIPPE, ex-King of the French, died at Claremont, in the 77th year of his age.

AUG. 28.

A **SUBMARINE** electric cable was laid down between Shakespeare's Cliff at Dover, and Cape Griznez, on the French coast. Mr. Punch celebrated the occasion in a fanciful Cartoon and appropriate verse.

THE MERMAID'S LAST NEW SONG.

THE musicians leave tidings bring
That they through Dover's Strait who steer,
If of an understanding ear,
Thou oftener hear a Mermaid sing.
When the blue deep is calm and clear:

"A wonder have I seen below,
A marvel new and strange to me
Who dwell beneath the rolling sea,
Amid the wrecks sunk long ago:
The wealth of Ocean's Treasury.

"There remeth an enchanted wire
O'er the sea-bed, from shore to shore,
Of nations that were foes of yore:
The conduit of a magic fire,
Lightning beneath the waters' roar.

"The skulls of ancient enemies
Around it lying, grimly frown,
There, where the slain of old went down,
Through wars of hoary centuries,
In vain an action of renown.

"The fish amid those forms of Death
Fits quick as thought from land to land:
No hostile bolt, no deadly brand,
Nay! but a soft electric breath,
Warm like the grasp of friendly hand.

"A kindly spirit guides its aim,
Benignant science bids it fly,
Conveying question and reply:
There's language in that costly flame,
And France and England talk thereby.



PURITAN. "VERILY, BROTHER ASHLEY—BETWEEN YOU AND ME, AND THE POST—
WE HAVE MADE A NICE MESS OF IT."

"Mid antique arms, old gun, and sword,
Which insects of the sea o'erlay,
Of those long fallen in savage fray,
The bony fingers with the choic'd
That links the nations, gently play.

"And sea-sprites, as they sport along
That nerve of wire, by human skill
Between two peoples made to thrill,
Sing joyously the Mermaid's Song,
To England, Peace!—to France, Goodwill!"

SEPT. 1.

ON this day the Sunday delivery of letters and newspapers was resumed at all post offices, to the great content of *Punch* and the public, and the discomfiture of the Sabbatarians.

(See Cartoon, "Verily, Brother Ashley," &c.)

SEPT. 4.

THE Austrian General Marshal Haynau, infamously notorious for his brutalities, and especially for his having ordered the public flogging of high-born ladies, being in this country paid a visit to Messrs. Barclay & Perkins' Brewery. The draymen and other employes at the Brewery being made aware that "the Austrian Butcher" was among them, drove him from the premises, belaboured him with brooms and whips, and pelted him with mud and other missiles. He fled ignominiously along Bankside, and took shelter at the "George" public-house, where he, the merciless torturer of women, forced his way into the private apartments of Mrs. Benfield, the landlady, and threw himself upon her mercy. He was ultimately rescued by the police from further attentions on the part of the honest draymen, and conveyed in a pitiable condition to Morley's Hotel. The Austrian Ambassador complained of the insult, and demanded the punishment of the offenders, but owing to technical obstacles, and the difficulty of discovering the originators of the "outrage," nothing came of it. The sympathy of the public, and of its representative *Mr. Punch*, was entirely with "the perpetrators of the outrage," and probably no very earnest effort was made in any quarter to bring them to punishment for a chastisement regarded as so well deserved.

(See *Carlton*, "Sketch of a most remarkable Flea which was found in General Haynau's Ear.")

SEPT. 24.

ON this day a Papal Bull was issued, "Given at St. Peter's, Rome, under the seal of the Fisherman," decreeing "the re-establishment in the kingdom of England, and according to the common laws of the Church, of a hierarchy of

Bishops deriving their titles from their own sees, which we constitute by the present letter in the various apostolic districts."

This Bull gave great offence in England, and led to a violent outbreak of "No Popery" feeling, which disturbed Parliament and the people for some time.

OCT. 7.

THE newly appointed Cardinal Wiseman followed up the "Papal Brief" by issuing a Pastoral, "Given out of the Flaminian Gate," in which, among other statements wounding to Protestant susceptibilities, it was asserted that "Catholic England has been restored to its



SKETCH OF A MOST REMARKABLE FLEA WHICH WAS FOUND IN GENERAL HAYNAU'S EAR. "He went away with a Flea in his Ear."—Old Saying.

orbit in the ecclesiastical firmament from which its light had long vanished; and began anew its course of regularly-adjusted action round the centre of unity, the source of jurisdiction, of light, and of vigour." The assumption in this Pastoral increased the anger already roused by the Papal Bull, and nothing was talked of but the insolence of "the Papal Aggression," and the disloyal follies of the Puseyites, who then constituted the "Romanising" party in the Church of England.

A little later (November 4th) appeared Lord John Russell's celebrated "Durham Letter," dated from Downing Street, and addressed to the Bishop of Durham. In this letter he said, "I agree with you in considering the late aggression of the Pope upon our Protestantism as insolent and insidious." He confessed, however, "that his alarm was not equal to his indignation. Even if it shall appear that the ministers and servants of the Pope in this country have not transgressed the law, I feel persuaded that we are strong enough to repel any outward attacks." He went on to say, "There is a danger which alarms me much more than any aggression of a foreign sovereign," by which he meant that arising from "the unworthy sons of the Church of England herself," [namely the Puseyites, or followers of Dr. Pusey, the Tractarians, and other favourers of semi-Romish innovations in doctrine and ritual.



THE THIN END OF THE WEDGE.
DARING ATTEMPT TO BREAK INTO A CHURCH.

OCT. 20.

CARDINAL WISEMAN issued "An Appeal to the reason and good feeling of the people of England in justification of the recent measures of the Pope," but the popular excitement still continued, and was stimulated by the speeches of Lord John Russell and others, though Mr. Disraeli rather threw cold water on the "indignation" of the Durham letter. Punch sided

strongly with those who resented the Papal action as insolent and aggressive, as may be seen by the numerous satirical articles and cuts which appeared in his pages at this time, directed both against the Papists and their Anglican apes the Puseyites.

(See Caricature, "The Thin End of the Wedge.")

PARODY FOR PUSEYITES.

THROUGH crosses and candles we play with at home,
To go the whole gambler, there's no place like Rome;
We've statues and relics to hallow us there,
Which, save in museums, you'll not find elsewhere.
Rome, Rome, sweet, sweet Rome!
For all us Tractarians there's no place like Rome!

OCT. 25.

A BANQUET was this day given by the Lord Mayor of York to Prince Albert and the Mayors of the chief towns and cities in the United Kingdom. Lord John Russell was present. Lord John at this time had his hands very full with foreign and home affairs, the Great Exhibition, Ecclesiastical difficulties, &c., &c.; and the Parliamentary Recess brought him little rest from his arduous duties.

(See Cartoon, "A Prime Minister's Holidays.")

OCT. 26.

CAPTAIN McCURE, in the course of his search for the remains of the Franklin Arctic Expedition, discovered the North-west Passage.

NOV. 10.

On this day and for several following Sundays there were disgraceful disturbances at St. Barnabas Church, Fimlico, caused by what were considered the Puseyite doctrines and ritualistic practices of its incumbent, Mr. Bennett.

PUSEYITE
"HISTRIONICS."

THEATRE CLERICAL, ST.
BARNABAS'S, FIMLICO.

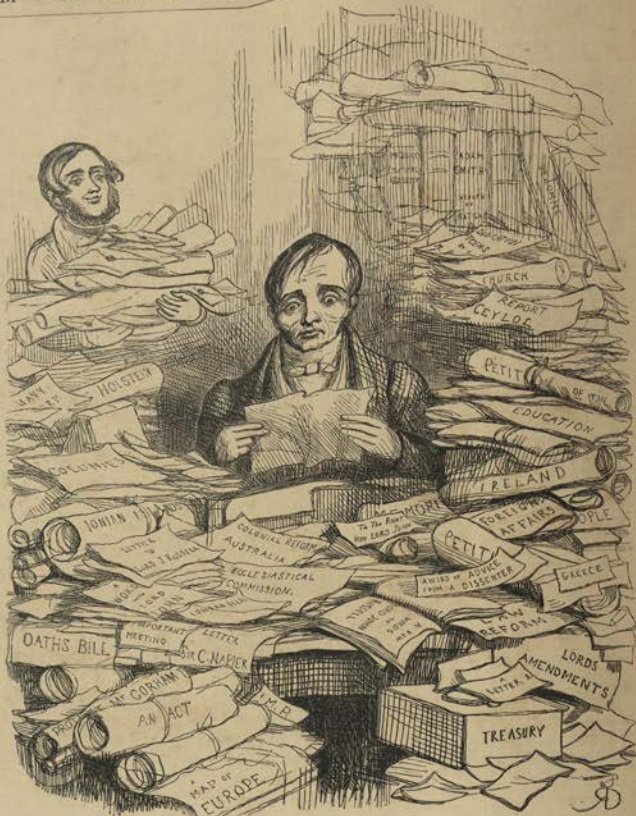
The Reverend Proprietor has the honour respectfully to announce that he has established this Temple of the ecclesiastical Drama, with the view, in conjunction with his brother Histrionics, to bring out a Succession of Novelties; a designation which it is obviously justifiable to apply to Medieval Revivals, or the reproduction of Mysteries, which, until recently, have never been acted in any Authorized Establishment in this country since the Reformation. To-morrow, and during the week, the Performances will commence with the Farce of

MOCK MATINS; OR, MONKS IN
MASQUERADE.

In which the Rev. Mr. Benedict Bam will introduce his celebrated Italian Imitations,

To be followed by a Grand Romanesque Melodramatic Spectacle, entitled—

* See the Bishop of London's Charge.



A PRIME MINISTER'S HOLIDAYS.

THE SERVICE IN DISGUISE;

OR, THE MYSTERIOUS MOUNTBANKS.
With new and startling Effects of Scenery, Dresses,
and Decorations.

The whole of the Music by Professors Gregory and
Ambrose.

This extraordinary Piece, of the getting-up of which
no exertion has been spared, will include an imposing
display of

SERIOUS FANTOMIME;

as certain portions of the Performance will be gone
through in Dumb Show, realising to the imagination of
the Audience

THE MAGNIFICENCE OF THE ROMAN RITUAL!

and it is confidently asserted that the Delusion will be
Complete. The Rev. Mr. Bam will perform the cele-
brated feat of reading various Passages

WITH HIS BACK TO THE AUDIENCE!

and by way of improvement upon ordinary summersets, the Rev. Mr. Hoaxes will cut a series of right angles in the air. The novel trick of

SHIFTING THE LECTERN,

will be introduced by that celebrated illusionist, the Rev. Mr. Cozens, who also, together with the Rev. Messrs. Hummell, Checks, and Greeney, will exhibit a variety of

ECCELESIASTICAL POWER PLASTIQUES!!

Fully equal in point of attraction to the most remarkable spectacle of the kind ever witnessed in the genre.

HALL OF ROSE!!

*The Text, instead of being spoken, will be delivered in recitative, varied by the introduction of solos and choruses, for which latter an efficient corps of choristers has been engaged; and Mr. Benedict Bam will give his favourite *prophete* in his admired *sette voce* style. The Effects will comprise the thrilling incident of a

TERRIBLE APPEARANCE IN THE WHITE SURFIDGE,

By a Reverend Gentleman, who will deliver an impressive recitation; and the piece will terminate with a

GRAND CHORAL FINALE.

Great attention has been paid to the Lighting of this Theatre, and public notice is respectfully called to the arrangement of Large Wax Candles at the back of the Stage to burn by day, as well as night, according to the Roman system of illumination.

* * The eminent illusionist, the Rev. Mr. Ignatius Cozens, the Oxford Wizard, will shortly deliver a lecture at the above Historic Temple, in which he will perform the Astonishing Marvel of Swallowing (in a non-natural sense)

ANY GIVEN NUMBER OF NO LESS THAN THIRTY-NINE ARTICLES!!

Doors open at seven (in the morning); performance to commence at half-past.

Vivat Pontifex Romanus!

No money returned!



BISHOP OF LINCOLN.

BISHOP OF OXFORD.

BISHOP OF EXETER.

THE HOT POKER.

Nov. 27.

MR. BENNETT ceased his ministrations at St. Barnabas, Pimlico, and resigned his post as Curate at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. The Bishop of London, addressing him, wrote, "Upon the whole, if you are not prepared to comply *simpliciter ex animo* with the requisition

contained in my letter, I must call upon you to fulfil your offer of retiring from a charge which, I deliberately think, you could not in that case continue to hold without great injury to the Church."

The subject of Ppseyle practices within the Church of England, taken in connection with the Papal Aggression, produced great public

excitement. Some of our leading ecclesiastics were suspected of a tendency to tamper with Ritualism. Towards the end of the year crowded public meetings on the subject, of an angry character, were of almost daily occurrence in all parts of the country.

(See Cartoon, "The Hot Poker.")

+ 1851 +

THIS was the "Great Exhibition Year," the year of the famous Paxton-designed, Punch-christened "Crystal Palace" of International Art and Industry in Hyde Park. "Its approach" (says Mr. Punch's Introduction) "occupied so much of the public attention, that the proceedings in Parliament failed to attract the same amount of consideration that they might otherwise have done." They must find their place, however, in the chronicle of the year.

"The position of the Ministry" (continues the Political Summary) "though weak and tending to decline, was allowed to continue without exciting any popular demonstration. The general condition of the country was satisfactory, the revenue was prosperous, commerce thriving, and the labouring population satisfied and hopeful. The only exception to the general prosperity was the agricultural interest, some of the farmers still struggling with the consequences of the late change in the Corn Law. The ferment created by the Papal Brief and the measures likely to be adopted to counteract its effects, had not lessened in interest, but appeared to have increased at the usual period for the meeting of Parliament."

The Romanising tendencies and ritualistic absurdities of the Puseyites, as they were called, continued also to excite much angry comment and no little ridicule.

(See Cartoon, "A Pretty Kettle of Fish.")

FEB. 4.

PARLIAMENT was opened by the Queen in person. The Royal Speech referred chiefly to "the recent assumption of certain ecclesiastical titles conferred by a foreign Power," and "the difficulties still felt by owners and

occupiers of land." Mr. Roebuck ridiculed the Papal aggression scare, and asked "where was the aggression upon Her Majesty's prerogative, because Dr. Wiseman chose to call himself a Cardinal, and put on a large hat and red stockings?" "Was it wise or worthy of the noble lord, so long the advocate of civil and religious liberty, to aid a cry which had its source in some

of the vilest passions, and lend the sanction of his great name to the puritanical bigotry of England?" Mr. Disraeli also rather ridiculed the tone of Lord John Russell's Durham letter, and denied that the Papal action was either "insidious" or "insolent." Lord John defended his letter, repudiated any desire to persecute Roman Catholics, and announced his inten-



A PRETTY KETTLE OF FISH.

PUNYITE PARMEN. "What! Want to leave your Situation! Why, I thought you were Perfectly Satisfied!"
 COOK. "Well, Sir, the fact is, I ain't used to them Post Doves, for what with a Hagg here, and a Hagg there, and little bits o' Fish for Dinners, and the Served Omelette, and the Fried and the Served Hyster, and the Baked Labret, and one think and the better, there's so much Cooking, that I ain't even time to make up a Cap!"

tion to bring in a Bill on the subject.

The strong references in the Royal Speech to the Papal Aggression, with the inspiration of which Lord John Russell was popularly credited, were the subject of much warm debate, both in Parliament and the country.

(See Cartoon, "The Writing Lesson.")

FEB. 7.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL moved for leave to introduce a Bill to prevent the assumption of certain ecclesiastical titles in respect of places in the United Kingdom. This became known as "The Ecclesiastical Titles Bill." "The measure," he said, "would forbid the assumption by Roman Catholics of titles taken from any territory or place within the United Kingdom." Leave was granted by 395 votes against 63.

Lord John Russell suggested that Cardinal Wiseman should adopt the title of Archbishop in Westminster in place of Archbishop of Westminster, and that he should reside in Rome instead of coming to England, advice which the Cardinal showed no inclination to take, although he delayed somewhat assuming his new functions.

FEB. 11.

MR. DISRAELI moved a resolution calling upon the Government to introduce without delay measures for the relief of "owners and occupiers of land."

He contended that "the cultivators and owners of land were entitled to a large remission of taxation to compensate them for the effects of recent legislation;" which, however, he disavowed any intention to reverse. The House of Commons now had, he said, "a golden occasion, to which, in my mind, it would not be easy to find a parallel in the records of the



THE WRITING LESSON.

Parliament of England. They may perform a great office, and fulfil an august duty; they may step forward and do that which the Minister shrinks from doing. They may terminate the bitter controversy of years; they may bring back that which Lord Clarendon called the good old temper of the people of England. They may terminate the unhappy controversy between

town and country; they may build up again the fortunes of the land of England—that land to which we owe so much of our power and of our freedom—which has fulfilled the union of two qualities for the combination of which a Roman emperor was deified, '*imperium et libertas*,' and this too, not by favour, not by power, not by sectarian arrangements, not by class legislation,

but by asserting the principles of political justice, and by obeying the dictates of social equity."

The words "*imperium et libertas*," here quoted by Mr. Disraeli, became somewhat famous in after years when again used by him in a far later stage of his brilliant, if erratic, career.

Sir James Graham warmly defended the policy of the late Sir Robert Peel, whose latest declaration in favour of Free Trade he referred to in eloquent and impressive terms. He said that the day for recalling Protection, or for any attempt to secure the price of food, was past.

The motion was lost—267 votes for, 281 against.

(See Cartoon, "Dressing for a Masquerade.")

FEB. 17.

THE Budget, introduced this day, showed a balance of nearly two millions. The Chancellor of the Exchequer proposed to apply one million to reduction of the National Debt, to continue the Income Tax, and partially to reduce the Window Duty. The Budget was unfavourably received.

THE MINISTER PUZZLED.

DIAMANTINE PERSON,
THE CHANCELLOR OF THE
EXCHEQUER.
THE WINDOW TAX.
THE INCOME TAX.
THE TAXES ON KNOWLEDGE.
THE TEA DUTY.
THE SOAP DUTY, &c. &c.

The Stage represents the Office of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER in Downing Street.

The CHANCELLOR, disconcerted when, leading most hapless,

Chancellor of the Exchequer.
Was ever Minister so perplexed?

This hostile surplus overcomes me quite;
To me 'tis such an unaccustomed thing.
I feel as strange as one who meets the ghost
Of some one that he never met before.
Now, had it chanced to be a deficit,
I should have felt most perfectly at home;
Against a deficit, I've many a time
Snored boldly up—knowing there's nothing in it.
I'd nothing then to do but look around,
Select my victim for my needed tax,

And hurl him down the wisely-yawning jaws
Of the exhausted Treasury's abyss.
'Tis easier far to boldly take from one
Than satisfy a hundred loud demands.
'Tis simple work supplying simple wants;
But expectation with its million hands,
And twice ten million tongues, I cannot soothe.
'Tis Hydra, towering with additional heads,
Bristles with ten thousand extra hands,
And Argus start'd with supplemental eyes.

The million-headed Hydra's million tongues.
Make on the surplus near a million claims.
Each finger of Briarrose's countless hands
Makes at the public purse a desperate clutch;
While I, beneath the gaze of Argus' eyes,
See in them all the green of jealousy.

(He goes on with his calculations, and falls asleep in the arms of an Italian Organ-Boy without. A bill is sent, clouds gather round the door of the surrounding papers, enveloping everything in obscurity, and the Count for THE WINDOW TAX appears.)



DRESSING FOR A MASQUERADE.

MR. DISRAELI AS A GREAT PROTECTIONIST LEADER.

God of Window Tax, List! list! oh list! thou sleeping Master!

How canst thou sleep while I still stalk abroad?
My troubled spirit, with its weight of conscience,
Can never, never rest, till thou hast laid me.

[The Characters on the Enchanted floor, and turn round.]
Thy will thou shalt not—better still, thou hast turn'd—
I'm glad to see that thou art turn'd at last!

But listen now, and thou shalt start still more.
See'st thou yon wretched hovel, where a crowd
Of miserable beings, closely packed,
Lie huddled in a fetid atmosphere;
Disease and death are in solution here!
Through every breath that stirs or stagnates there.
Talk of oppression and a tyrant's chains!
What greater tyrant is there than disease?

What worse oppression than the full-mouthed fiend,
Who, nightmare-like, sits on the tortured breast,
And with the poison from his lips exhaled
Corrupts the life-blood; turns the pleasant glow
Of genial warmth to fever's fatal heat?
And when the sufferer seeks a purer air,
He seeks in vain! for I, the Window Tax,
Shut up the wholesome vents which should supply



CINDERELLA; OR, LORD JOHN TRYING IT ON AGAIN.

All Nature's sustenance—the breath of life.
On me Mortality's venomous fangs
Hang like a debt—to which I daily add.
But 'tis enough. I know thou meanest well.
Thou'lt lay my troubled spirit in the grave—
Alas! me for ever. So, farewell!

[The Window Tax disappears in a flame from the light of Civilization, and immediately afterwards the Unionist for the second time is seen by its flame.]

FEB. 20.

THE Government were defeated by a majority of 100 to 52, over Mr. Locke King's motion, to extend the county franchise to £10. This, with the bad reception of the Budget, produced a Ministerial Crisis, Lord John Russell,

on the 24th, announcing that he had tendered his resignation to the Queen, who had sent for Lord Stanley, Lord Stanley being, however, unable to form a Ministry, Her Majesty had requested him to undertake the task of reconstructing one. He therefore asked the House to adjourn till the 28th February. The Russell Ministry was ultimately reinstated.

(See Caricature, "Cinderella; or, Lord John trying it on again.")

MARCH 7.

SIR GEORGE GREY re-introduced the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill in a somewhat modified form. Great opposition had been offered to the

measure both by Catholics and by many Protestants.

THE MOUNTAIN AND THE MOUSE.

(Being a Lay of the Crisis.)
THERE'S blank amaze at Brooks's,
At White's is note of war;
O'er Barclay's beer, or Meux's,
Is got-home parlour jar.
Old gentlemen on 'noises
Vex the driver as he climbs,
And flap him, spite of canes,
In damp sheets of the Times.
And many a Carlton muffin
Is toughening on its plate,
As those who should be stuffin'
Are eager in debate.

And the Reform Club Porters,
To the "bottoms" boys, put on
The lifey air of matrimony,
In honour of Lord John.
Twas on the stormy Saturday
Lord John flung up the reins;
'Twas on that day the Mountain
Was seized with labour-pains—

And through the quiet Sunday
It throbbed, and heaved, and groaned,
And the hushed House learnt on Monday
That the birth was still postponed.
And in those earthquake cleavings,
Till Friday morn came round,
What sudden strange up-heavings,
What sinkings to the ground!

Even the Country party
A while was tossed on high,
And a light head and a dizzy
One moment touched the sky,
By Downing Street's convulsions,
Together thrown were seen
The force and flashing Stanley,
The canny Aberdeen:



THIS IS THE BOY WHO CHALKED UP "NO POPERY!"—AND THEN RAN AWAY!!!

The Baronet of Netherley,
Cold heart and ready tongue,
Beheld himself, with wonder,
Towards Whig enfeebled hung.

A week of Mountain-labour,
That pined and brought no sign—
A week of combinations
That never would combine.
Till e'en Whig action-men's brothers
If they were *de* might dole,
And e'en Whig statement's mothers
Knew not if they were out.

And then when gossip ended,
And rumour's fount was dry,
When the gobemouche and the spitstume
Had no question nor reply—
When on the second Friday,
The pangs were fruitless all—

We heard how the old Doctress
'Twas determined in to call,
And through the British nation,
East, West, and South, and North,
Watched eyes expectation
Of the birth that might come forth,
When to the eyes past counting
That watch'd the Commons House,
From the flanks of the rent Mountain,
Crept forth a little Mouse!
A little Mouse came creeping,
'Mid the clamour loud and high,
And said, with small voice cheeping,
"The Mountain-birth am I;
And my name, as all may witness,
Is Pajal Titles Bill!"
I was small before the row came,
And now I'm smaller still."

The Irish Members of the House threatened to fight the modified measure unflinchingly, Sir James Graham and many conspicuous members of the Liberal party were opposed to it. On the other hand the changes made caused considerable dissatisfaction amongst the more ardent supporters of the measure. This gave rise to *Mr. Punch's* memorable Cartoon, "The Boy (Lord Russell) who chalked up 'No Popery!'" and then ran away." The Bill as amended passed its second reading on the 25th March by a majority of 438 to 95, but it was discussed in Committee for several months longer. It ultimately passed into law.

(See Cartoon, "This is the Boy who chalked up 'No Popery!'"—and then ran away!!!")

MAY 1.

Thus memorable May Day saw the opening of the Great Exhibition of the Industries of All Nations in Hyde Park. Prince Albert's idea of an Universal Exhibition had fallen somewhat flat, and even excited ridicule, till resuscitated and made practicable and, what is more, popular by Joseph Paxton's great and at first startling idea of a Glass House! The opening ceremony was a wonderful and unprecedented spectacle. So great an assemblage of people had never before mustered in the metropolis. The Queen of course opened it, and Prince Albert, two of the Royal children, the Duke of Wellington, and a host of celebrities gathered round the throne from which she, through the mouth of the Marquis of Breadalbane, declared "the Exhibition open."

(See Caricature, "Her Majesty as she appeared on the First of May.")

THE MAY QUEEN.

You must see they call me early—call me early, that's dear!
To-morrow will be the least of a
joke of all days in the year.
No doubt 'twill go off well, love
—but still 'tis a trying day;
For I am the Queen, and it's
May, my dear; I am the
Queen, and it's May.

Pray, tell Gold-Stick in waiting,
that the moment he awake
He'll have all the Bed-chamber
Ladies up, before the day
deth' break.

You know those horrid Robes
of State must be put on for
the day;

For I am the Queen, and it's
May, my dear; I am the
Queen, and it's May.

There's Colonel Rowan round
the porch, will muster all
his powers;

And I trust, to damp our pleasure,
we shan't have any
showers;

You know I carry the sunshine where I go, as the people
say; 'Tis always May.

For the Queen, 'tis always May, my dear; for the Queen,

I haven't the least doubt, love, there'll be no behaving ill;
That they'll cheer us, as usual, down Constitution Hill;

That for rich and poor alike 'twill be a merry-making
day; Queen, and it's May.

For I am the Queen, and it's May, my dear; I am the



HER MAJESTY, AS SHE APPEARED ON THE FIRST OF MAY,

Surrounded by "Horrible Conflagrations and Anxieties."

So you'll see they call me early—call me early, that's a
dear!

To-morrow will be a trying day for you, love, never fear;
But still you know it's more to be a very fatiguing day;
For I am the Queen, and it's May, my dear; I am the
Queen, and it's May.

MAY 2.

Mr. Huxley proposed that the Income Tax
should be limited to one year, so that the

entire scheme of taxation might be considered
by a Select Committee. The motion was carried
against the Ministry by 239 to 224.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer had re-
introduced his Budget, somewhat modified, and
including the total abolition of the Window Duty,
on the 5th April. Later, Mr. Disraeli censured
him for "bringing forward a budget which had

to be withdrawn, and at the same time availing himself of the surplus which it indicated." There was considerable opposition to the Tax, which was considered inquisitorial, and unfair in its incidence.

(See Cartoon, "The Inquisition in England.")

THE INCOME-TAX.

A SCENE FROM PUNCH'S "FAUSTUS."

SCENE.—The Interior of the Chancellor's Office in Downing Street. MEFISTOPHELES solo.

Meph. The sturdy Mordant up yonder knew

Who the last Whig was. Any how, we're at it!

"Twere mean and chabby to desert one's own

In time of need. My friend that sleeps within [his part.

In me has one, at least, to take They are at hand.

[Disguises himself as the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

What he would do without me! The Deuce knows—or he should know—for I don't.

So!

Enter Deputation of Sufferers to complain of the Income-Tax.

Now, your pleasure, worthy gentlemen?

1st Suf. Right honourable Sir, we come to crave

A due adjustment of the Income-Tax.

Whose most unequal pressure galls us sore,

And cripples our small means.

Meph. Thy calling, friend?

1st Suf. Sir, a poor Author.

Meph. Poor! What say'st thou? Poor?

Thank Luck thou hast an Income-Tax to pay!

And thine?

2nd Suf. A Tailor, Sir.

Meph. Poor sufferer!

Yet, 'tis not hard for thee to clip and pare.

Come, cut thy coat according to thy cloth.

Of what complain ye?

1st Suf. Sir, that our hard earnings

No less a tax than rent or interest pay.

Which, pinching Income, spares thy Property.

Meph. What property hast thou?

1st Suf. Just half-a-crown.

Within this poke: the rest my brain must earn.

Meph. Well; then thy Income is thy Property.

And it is Property in thee that pays.

2nd Suf. But pays a vast deal more than Stock on Land.

Meph. What then?

3rd Suf. We're cozened, cheated, swindled, robbed.



THE INQUISITION IN ENGLAND.

GRAND INQUISITION (LORD JOHN). "Oh, He's got Plenty of Money!—Away with Him!—and put the Scurvy in for another Year!"

Meph. Sweet Sir, fair words. Pray do we rob the lamb

Because we don't—or you don't—shear the pig?

3rd Suf. Ay, when I can get it.

Which is not always—thank your Schedule D.

Meph. Those estate matters—and thou hast the face

To grumble for that thou art victimised!

Victimisation is a law of Nature;

Victims there must be—hares, and deer, and doves,

As well as hawks and eagles, hounds and squires.

1st Suf. The stronger back should bear the heavier burden.

Meph. Ay—but the greater strength will throw it off.

You'd have the tax on Income justly shared

By Property that laid it on: a boon

Which I can only wish that you may get.

1st Suf. Evasion, therefore, is our sole resource:

Cheated, to cheat; encounter fraud by fraud.

Extortion meet by lies; and as we're done—

Meph. To do.

[Press them on!]

MAY 13.

On this day occurred one of the most memorable matches in racing records between two of the most celebrated of English thoroughbreds. Lord Eglington's "Flying Dutchman," who had won the Derby and St. Leger in 1849, was matched for 1000 guineas against Lord Zetland's "Voltigeur," who had won the same two races in 1850. The race was run at York, Flying Dutchman carrying 8 st. 8½ lbs., ridden by Marlow, and Voltigeur, 8 st., ridden by Flaxman. After an exciting race Flying Dutchman won by a length. The race run in the present year (1887), between Ormonde, Minting, and Bendigo, has been compared to that between Flying Dutchman and Voltigeur, both as regards the quality of the competitors, the excitement of the race, and the enthusiasm roused by the victory of the Duke of Westminster's splendid and unbeaten horse Ormonde.

MAY 26.

It was the first shilling day at the Crystal Palace. £920 was taken.

(See Cartoon, "The Pound and the Shilling.")

JUNE 1.

On this day the United Kingdom Alliance for the suppression by law of the traffic in intoxicating liquors was established at Manchester.

JULY 4.

The Ecclesiastical Titles Bill was read a third time in the House of Commons by a majority of 263 to 49, and sent up to the Lords. Mr. Gladstone's final protest against the Bill he had so strenuously opposed was as follows:—He said he opposed the Bill "as hostile to the institutions of this country, more especially to its established religion; because it would teach it to rely on other support than that of the



THE POUND AND THE SHILLING.

"WHOEVER THOUGHT OF MEETING YOU HERE?"

spiritual strength and vitality which alone could give it vigour; because its tendency was to undermine and weaken the authority of the law in Ireland; because it was disparaging to the great principle of religious freedom on which this wise and understanding people had permanently built its legislation of late years; and, lastly, because it would tend to relax and

destroy these bonds of concord and good-will which ought to unite all classes and persuasions of Her Majesty's subjects." On the 29th August the Bill was read a third time in the Lords, and passed without a division.

"In Ireland" (says Mr. Punch's Political Summary, vol. xxi.) "Drs. Cullen and Cahill, the most violent of the Papist leaders, made

treasonable and ridiculous harangues to the poor ignorant Irish; and but for the good sense of the Government in allowing them to proceed unchecked, might have produced some temporary difficulty."

(See Caricature, "The Fiery Cross.")

THE FIERY CROSS!

See "The Lady of the Lake."

'Twas all prepared; and from the flock

An ox, the biggest of the stock,
The needful articles conveyed,
For any row a ready blade.
The snowing Priest, with grin and glare,

Sedition's Roar did next prepare:

A halter's length in measure due;
The shaft a torch; the limbs were two;

The Cross thus form'd he shook on high,

With frown hard, and evil eye,
And fierce and frenzied feelings woke

In imprecations whilst he spoke:—

"Woe to the spalpeen who shall view

This symbol of our native stew,
And not resolve that he will do

White'er he can a storm to brew,
For England's overthrow!

Deserter of his Prelates' trust,
He ne'er shall profit by our dust;

But, from each shrine and relic thrust,

The faithful's execration just
Shall doom the wretch to woe."

He passed:—the worst his vassals took,

With grinning teeth and wolfish look;

On high their dingy fates they shook,

Their shirtless bosoms widely strook:

And first they mumbled low,
And then, applauding his discourse,

Their ill blood heating at its source,

They roared and bawled with all their force,
And yelled and screamed, till they were hoarse.

"Woe to the devil, woe!"

Husk'd was the scream, and still'd the yell;

The Monk resumed his mumbled spell;

Nasal and low his voice became

The while he tip'd the Cross with flame;

And the few words that reach'd the air,
Although some saintly names were there,
Had more of halderdash than prayer.

Then rang the tongues of females, till

It seemed the clucking of a mill;
Everyone scolding with a will;

And children, you'd have thought them ill,
Did squeak and squall also;



THE FIERY CROSS!

Answering, what to repent we dread,
And likewise "Punch the sinner's head":
A couch of nettles be his bed;
And "sorrow take him, too," they said;
"Bad luck to him, and woe!"

Then passed the holy man, anon,
And doubly hard he puff'd and blew,
Worse than he had already said
He strove to say, against the blade

Sedition's call who disobeyed;
And thus again his voice was heard,
In language perfectly absurd:—

"Now bear this Cross, boys, in your van,
And pass it on from man to man.
Blind be the ear that fails to heed!
Dread be the foot that shuns to speed!
Confusion seize the speechless eyes!
Scorn make the heartless soul its prize!

Drive the black traitor through
the earth !
Scout the pale coward from each
hearth ;
And be a dwelling him denied,
Deem it evil to reside !
As dies in gloom this brilliant
youth,
So will his name in oblivion dark !"
He ceased ; and all his hearers
then
With one accord exclaimed
" Amen !"

JULY 18.

THE House of Lords had
on the 17th thrown
out once more the Bill for
admitting Jews into Parlia-
ment by a majority of 35.
On the 18th Mr. Salomons
presented himself to take
his seat as elected Member
for Greenwich, but re-
fusing to recite the words,
" upon the true faith of a
Christian," was ordered by
the Speaker to withdraw.
He, however, did not do
so, but took his seat. Lord
John, in answer to ques-
tions, said the Government
did not intend to take pro-
ceedings against Mr. Salo-
mons for thus taking his
seat in an informal manner.
A few days later, on the 21st,
Mr. Salomons repeated this
process, and again the
Speaker requested him to
withdraw. It was moved
by Mr. Osborne that he was
entitled to take his seat, but
the motion was lost by 229
to 81. The Speaker di-
rected the Sergeant-at-Arms
to remove Mr. Salomons,
and, on the Sergeant touch-
ing his shoulder, to give the
desired appearance of
coercion, Mr. Salomons
retired. The electors of
London and Greenwich
petitioned to be heard at
the bar of the House in
favour of Baron Rothschild
and Mr. Salomons, but this
was disallowed by 77 to 44.

A proposition for the
abolition of Smithfield Market was before Par-
liament. *Punch*, as usual, brought all his weight
to bear against the ancient abomination.

THE LAST DAYS OF SMITHFIELD.

SMITHFIELD is going, is going, is going,
Smithfield is going, and soon will be gone ;
No more will the lowing, the howling, the howling,
Of ring-drovers in agony startle the dawn.



THE LORD MAYOR-IUS MOURNING OVER THE RUINS OF SMIFFEL.
AN AFFECTING APPLICATION OF AN ANCIENT AND CLASSICAL INCIDENT.

No longer the squeaking, the squeaking, the squeaking
Of pigs, with lambs' bleating, will tunelessly blend ;
Nor females with shrieking, with shrieking, with shrieking,
As they fly from the mad ox, our ear-drums will rend.
The drovers, by swearing, by swearing, by swearing,
No longer will heighten the sheep-dog's fiercer bark,
While the torches are flaring, are flaring, are flaring,
On each market morning so early, by dark.
Those cruel brutes' oak sticks, their oak sticks, their oak
No more on the horns of the oxen will ring ; [sticks,

They'll soon cease to poke sticks, to poke sticks, to poke
sticks,
Armed with goads, in the flank the poor creatures to sting.
The Market's Committee, Committee, Committee,
Let us hope, will not make the Lords throw out the bill ;
So, preserving the City, the City, the City
In its old ventral rights, and its costliness still.

(See Caricoll, "The Lord Mayor-ius mourning over
the Ruins of Smiffel.")

AUG. 7.

MR. GLADSTONE had addressed to the Earl of Aberdeen a letter on the subject of the infamous cruelties involved in the State prosecutions of the Neapolitan Government. This letter, couched in terms of eloquent indignation,

had created a great sensation. On reference being made to it in the House of Commons, Lord Palmerston spoke in warm approval of the course Mr. Gladstone had taken, and said he had thought it his duty to send copies of Mr. Gladstone's publication to the British Ministers at the various Courts of Europe, directing them

to give copies to each Government. This outspoken announcement was received with much cheering.

AUG. 8.

PARLIAMENT was prorogued by the Queen in person.



LOOK OUT FOR SQUALLS!

AMERICAN YOUTH. "I guess, Master Johnny, if you don't look sharp, I'll show you how to make a Seventy-four next!"

MR. PUNCH'S REVIEW OF THE SESSION.

Now, August arriving, by dint of contriving.

The Bills are showed on with unwonted progression;
Till in part by hard working, and partly by lurking;

The Commons have managed to wind up the Session.
A short retrospection may lead to reflection

On the sum of performance, compared with profusion:
So as popular leaders, we call on our readers

To follow us through a slight sketch of the Session.

We'd best make the most of our one Bill to boast of.

The dispatch the face given to Papal Aggression;
And that once recorded, and pruned for 't awarded,

One scarce knows what else we have got from the Session.

The old Income-Tax, Sir, is still on our backs, Sir,
'And it's not Sir Charles Wood's fault we haven't a

fresh 'un

And for Window-Tax gone, Sir, there's House-Tax
laid on, Sir;

And that's the financial great coup of the Session.

When promised a Jew Bill, we thought 'twas a true bill,
And hoped to see Rothschild in quiet possession

Of his seat in the House, Sir, but the hope was a chime,
Sir,

For, thanks to the Lords, that's put off for the Session!

So, instead of one Jew, Sir, we now have got two, Sir,
To make a still louder appeal 'gainst oppression;

And City votes hush'd your dear Lord John Russell,
* To take up once again his dropp'd Bill of the Session.

On the whole, looking back, Sir, one feels there's a lack,
Sir,

(I think one may say so without indiscretion),

Of much to be proud of, or boast very loud of,
In all that's been done through the whole of the Session.

But there's one consolation for Punch and the Nation,
If one turns from performance away to profusion,

The less that's done now, Sir, the more, you'll allow, Sir,
Is left for that wonderful period—next Session.

AUG. 22.

THE United States yacht the *America*, 170 tons, vanquished all the vessels of the Royal Yacht Club at Cowes, coming in 8 miles ahead of her nearest competitor.

(See Cartoon, "Look out for Squalls!")

THE LAST APPENDIX TO "YANKEE DOODLE."

YANKEE DOODLE sent to Town

His goods for exhibition ;
Everybody ran him down ;
And laugh'd at his position ;
They thought him all the world behind ;
A queer, mull, or noodle ;

Laugh on, good people—never mind—
Says quiet Yankee Doodle.
Chorus.—Yankee Doodle, &c.

Yankee Doodle 'Im a craft,
A rather tidy clipper,
And he challenged, while they laughed,
The Britibbers to whip her.
Their whole yacht-squadron she outsped,
And that on their own water ;

Of all the lot she went a-head,
And they came nowhere after.
Chorus.—Yankee Doodle, &c.

O'er Panama there was a scheme
Long talk'd of, to pursue a—
Short route—which many thought a dream—
By Lake Nicaragua.
John Bull discussed the plan on foot,
With slow irresolution,



BLOOMERISM—AN AMERICAN CUSTOM.

While Yankee Doodle went and put
It into execution.

Chorus.—Yankee Doodle, &c.

A seaman of the Collins line,
A Yankee Doodle's notion,
Has also quicken'd out the line
Across the Atlantic Ocean.
And British agents, noways slow
Her merits to discover,
Have been and bought her—just to tow
The Cunard packets over.

Chorus.—Yankee Doodle, &c.
Your gunniballs of their skill may crack,
But that again don't warrant ;
I guess that Col's revolvers whack
Their very best invention.
By Yankee Doodle, too, you're beat
Downright in Agriculture.

With his machine for reaping wheat,
Chaw'd up as by a vulture.

Chorus.—Yankee Doodle, &c.

You also fancied, in your pride,
Which truly is tarnation,
Them British locks of yours defied
The regens of all creation ;
But Chubb's and Brown's Holdings has pick'd 'em,
And you must now be view'd all
As having been completely licked
By glorious Yankee Doodle.
Chorus.—Yankee Doodle, &c.

The pages of *Punch* at this time, and for many months thereafter, were full of caricatures of the contemporary movement known popularly as "Bloomerism." It was a fashion

of American origin, and in May and June of this year certain female lecturers from that country had publicly advocated the adoption by English ladies of the costume known as the "Bloomer," the chief characteristic of which was a form of lower garment approximating to the male pantaloons, of a somewhat more pronounced description than the "dual garmenture" and "divided skirt" known to fame in later years.

(See *Cartoon*, "Bloomerism—an American Custom.")

OCT. 11.

THE Great Exhibition was this day closed finally. It had been proposed to maintain it in Hyde Park as a Winter Garden, but the

scheme fell through, and the "Crystal Palace" was eventually transferred to Sydenham.

OCT. 23.

The patriotic Hungarian leader Louis Kossuth arrived in this country from Turkey, and became for some time the most popular of public "lions."

The French Government had refused him permission to pass through France on his way to England.

(See Caricature, "You can't pass here!")

THE VOICE OF THE EXILE.

On a roll swept her ill-knit bulk
up-creeping.
The Anarch Force I saw;
Across her knees was laid a
Knout, blood-dropping;
Beneath her feet was Law.
Each with his head upon a
murder's forehead,
Her armed guard stood round;
Nations—thou, strip'd of all
wherein they gloried,
Were lying gagged and bound.
There, Italy, still lovely through
her anguish,
Bled, but disinclined to weep;
Her cheeks were sunk and white,
like cheeks who languish
For years in dungeons deep.
Germany, with her kind face,
made for loving,
Now written, sharp, and sour,
Lay, ever and anon her large
limbs meeting,
Half conscious of their power.
Passionate Poland her chained
hands was clenching,
While her full Eastern eye
With fires of hate, parental and
unblenching,
Glared upwards to the sky.
And like a war-dent soldier,
flat and listless,
Hungary, prostrate there,
Lay, seeming wounded to the
death; but deathless
Was her defiant stare.
At first, the seat where Anarch
Force was sitting,
Seemed set in living stone,
And all those mail-clad guards,
supporters fitting
For such a firm-based throne.

But, lo! the clamps which chain to base did fasten
Were about cut away;
And the blood dropping from the knout did hasten
A change of rock to clay;

And those huge guards, whose firm and even tread
Seemed proof 'gainst overthrow,
On foot-bridges set with gore of their own shedding
Slipped, away to and fro.

Then she and they, with jubiliant exclamations,
Their song of triumph sang—
An impious *Te Deum* o'er the nations
That 'neath their feet were hung.
But all at once that song did check and waver,
Then stopped with sudden jar,
As a voice came, low first, but swelling ever—
A voice, heard, from afar,
Singing like a caged bird, in spite of chains,

And calumny, and wrong—
Singing like one who, looking from the plains,
Sees morning strike along
The mountain-tops, and tells how with the day
The sunlight will descend,
And chase the mists that choke the valley gray,
Muffling it, end to end.
Anon, from hoar rising into defiance,
It spoke with trumpet tone,

LIBERTE, EGALITE
FRATERNITE



LOUIS NATANSON.

YOU CAN'T PASS HERE!

KOSSUTH.

Calling mankind to holiest alliance
'Gainst Brute Force on her throne.

And, though in a strange tongue, with wondrous power
That deep voice filled the land,
Till Anarch Force upon her throne did cower;
Her sweet shock in her hand;
And her huge guards were sudden terror-stricken,

With dull brows ashy-white;
While those down-trodden Nations seemed to quicken
With new-awakened might,

Thrilled by the power that in their half-numbed members
Aroused the pulse of men,
Like the ser's word that kindled life's dead embers
In the dry bones again.

Nov. 13.

A new wire having been laid across the Channel, telegraphic communication was this day renewed between England and France.

(See Cartoon, "The New Siamese Twins.")



THE NEW SIAMESE TWINS.

DEC. 2.

COUP D'ÉTAT in France. Louis Napoleon, the President, had lately indulged in various enigmatical utterances on the subject of public disorder and the violence of party. "A vast demagogical conspiracy," said he on the 4th November, "is now organizing in France and Europe." He desired a change in the electoral law by which universal suffrage should be restored, but the Ministerial Bill embodying that change was rejected by 355 to 348. On the 9th, addressing the officers of regiments lately arrived in Paris, he said, "If ever the day

of danger shall arrive, I will not do as the Government which preceded me did. I will not say to you 'March, and I will follow you,' but I will say to you 'I march; follow me.'" On the 2nd December he abolished the Constitution of the Republic, and in an address to the people, submitted under five heads "the following fundamental bases of a Constitution." Of these a main point was the first, "A responsible head named for ten years." The Deputies, entering the Hall of Assembly by a side entrance, attempted to carry on business as usual, but being hampered by the military, adjourned to the Mairie of the Tenth Arrondissement, where

they voted the President guilty of high treason. They were arrested and confined in the barracks. Later in the day certain of the Deputies, led by Charles Baudin, with the Book of the Constitution in his hand, ranged themselves in front of a barricade about to be attacked by the troops, and made a peaceable appeal to the latter.

The soldiers deliberately fired into the group of scared Deputies, and Baudin, with others, fell dead. On the 4th, the Republican party went down into the streets, barricades were raised, and resistance attempted; but the troops attacked the barricades and carried them,

with great loss to the people. The streets of the city became indeed a scene of massacre, immense numbers of citizens being slain, and large numbers of prisoners subsequently shot. No quarter was given to the people. Paris "is in a state of siege. The President establishes universal suffrage, and appeals to the people." So came the startling news to London. On the 8th Louis Napoleon wrote, "Frenchmen! the disturbances are appeased. Whatever be the decision of the people, society is saved. The first part of my task is accomplished.

... I shall always respect the decision of the people." He claimed to have precipitated the crisis in the interests of society, and affected to await with calmness the verdict of the nation upon his *coup d'état* and his proposed Constitution. He presented his stroke of violence as "the appeal to the nation for the purpose of terminating the struggles of parties," which, said he, "I knew would not cause any serious risk to the public tranquillity." He had doubtless his own idea of the word "serious." The issue seemed to justify him, however—in a sense. On the 14th, the voting for Louis Napoleon as President of the French Republic took place, and the result showed 7,439,219 votes for, and 640,737 against. It seemed that violence, if not wisdom, was justified of her works.

(See Cartoon, "Louis Napoleon's Coup d'Etat.")



LOUIS NAPOLEON'S COUP D'ÉTAT. CUTTING UP HIS GOOSE FOR THE GOLDEN EGGS.

BILL OF THE FRENCH PLAY.

THÉÂTRE FRANÇAIS, ÉLYSÉE.

Sole Manager, M. LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

Every Day, until a further *Coup d'Etat*, will be presented, the Laughable Farce, entitled,

THE FRENCH REPUBLIC; OR, FREEDOM IN FETTERS!!!

Principal Characters by MM. LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, ROUBIN, TURGOT, ST. ANNAUD, DUCOS, &c.; and MRS. FORTUNE; together with a large corps of Supernumeraries.

In addition to whom, the Performance will be supported by

THE ENTIRE STRENGTH OF THE FRENCH ARMY!!!

To give every facility for Criticism, and the exercise of Unbiased Opinion,

THE FREE LIST, WITHOUT THE EXCEPTION OF THE PRESS, IS ENTIRELY SUSPENDED!!!!

* * In preparation, and will be duly announced, A Revival of the grand serio-comic-melo-dramatic Spectacle,

THE EMPIRE!!!!

Liberty, Equality, Fraternity! [No Money Returned.]

DEC. 5.

LORD PALMERSTON wrote to Lord Normanby, the British Ambassador in Paris, that he had been commanded by Her Majesty to instruct him not to make any change in his relations with the French Government.

(See *Cartoon*, "The 'Judicious Bottle-Holder.'")

"OLD PAM," ALIAS "THE DOWNING STREET PET"

(THE WELL-KNOWN JUDICIOUS BOTTLE-HOLDER.)

In presenting our readers with a portrait of this celebrated sporting character, we have no intention of going into a detailed account of his performances in the Diplomatic ring.

He may be strictly called "a veteran," but he has been such a remarkably steady man, and, thanks to this, is still so fresh, and in such good preservation, that no one would think of clapping on his head more than two-thirds of the sixty-seven years he carries with so much pluck and liveliness.

"Old Pam," as he is affectionately called by the sons of the Fancy, with whom he is deservedly a great favourite, entered the ring in the good old milling times, when a fight near a fight, and no mistake. Boney the trainer was still open to fight all the world, any weight, size, or odds, and Pam made his bow in St. Stephen's, then Tennis Court of those days, just after Boney's great mill with "the President," which came off in Ansterlitz Fields, and on the event of which so much changed hands.

Pam was trained in the sharp fast-hitting school of poor George Canning—that brilliant favourite of the Fancy. The style of this school, though very showy, was rather deficient in "slogging," and punishing qualities, and Pam early showed considerable judgment in combining with the most sharp countering of the Canning school, a good deal of the straight-forward go-in-and-win style, which never fails to insure a man luckless in England.

It is not, however, as a fighting man, but as a second, and still more as a bottle-holder, that Pam is distinguished. He is great in arranging the preliminaries of a mill, though some have complained that there is a good deal of bounce about him, and that as a backer he is not to be trusted, being apt to desert his own man at the last moment and hedge. It was no doubt a good deal owing to Pam's services that the "Constantinople Slasher" (whom Pam both backed and acted as bottle-holder to) gained his victory over "Old Egypt" in 1849; when "Little Thiers," who did the

needful in the same way for "Old Egypt," was such a loser, that he quite lost his temper in the field, and wanted to make a match to fight Pam in the same ring. However, Pam never lost his good-humour with the little fellow, whose tendency to chaff was well known; and nothing serious ever came of it.

Pam was very busy in 1847, arranging the preliminaries of a mill between Johnny Bull and the late Lewis Phillips, on the occasion of the latter entering into a match with "The Don," contrary to his engage-

ment with Johnny. Many, however, thought that neither he nor Gaius, who acted as Phillips's "friend" on the occasion, ever meant fighting, and that neither one nor the other could have made the necessary deposits, though they both talked big.

Pam is always to be found in his own well-known sporting crib in Downing Street, where most of the matches and fights to come are negotiated. Recently there has been a good deal of talk about an affair of unparalleled interest, to come off between two well-known



THE "JUDICIOUS BOTTLE-HOLDER," OR, DOWNING STREET PET.

"Bless you! it's all Chaff—Woe! come to a Fight. Old Nix's got no Constitution—and then I'm Bottle-Holder on t'other side, too!"

heavy-weights, "Nick the Bear" and "Young Europe," in which both sides have applied to Pam; who has always hitherto been looked upon as a backer of the latter, and who, if he has any regard for his own character and that of his establishment, will certainly have nothing to say to Nick's backers, who have always patronised a rival house. We trust that wherever Pam appears as bottle-holder, it will be on the right side, assured, as we are, that this is the only way in which he can continue to merit the support of his friends and the public.

We have nothing to say against him, unless it be that he certainly is open to the charge of occasionally badging men that he thinks can't stand up to him, and that when he wants to get up a mill, he is not always careful enough about the character of the man he backs.

Thus, in "Pacifica's" fight with "the Greek," when Pam backed the Jew, it was felt by many that Pam did not deal quite fairly; and that though the battle-money was paid over to the Jew, "the Greek" would certainly have won, had Pam gone quite "upon the square."

As a comedian, Pam is a great favourite—great at chaff, sings a good song, and is seen to great advantage at the harmonic railway in St. Stephen's, Westminster, where he is the life and soul of the table, and where in the sparring *salon*, for which the House is so celebrated, "the Downing Street Pet," despite his seven-and-sixty summers, is still one of the quickest and neatest hands with the gloves that ever stepped on a stage. His performance, on the occasion of his own benefit, last season, was an example of perfect science; his quickness in stopping, his sharpness in coming, and, above all, his style of getting away from his man, were considered worthy of the best days of the Parliamentary Ring.

His precipitate recognition of the proceedings of Louis Napoleon was not in this country thought to be very judicious, and it involved "the Bottle-Holder" in trouble, and led to his dismissal, as will be seen.

DEC. 8.

ON this date Louis Napoleon wrote as follows: "The calm attitude of the people of Paris, the reprobation with which they condemned the insurrection, have testified with sufficient clearness for whom the capital pro-

nounced itself. . . . Thanks be rendered to the intelligent and patriotic population of Paris. Let it persuade itself more and more that my only ambition is to ensure the repose and prosperity of France."

(See Cartoon, "France is tranquil!!")



FRANCE IS TRANQUIL!!

THE NEW NAPOLEON CODE.

THE following Code will be given by me to my loving country, and it is my fervent desire that it may tend to the Honour and Glory of France.

IT IS DECREED—

I.—That any person who looks out of window shall be immediately shot.

II.—That any person who refuses to look out of window shall be suspected of high treason.

III.—That any person who has blinds to his windows, or letter-boxes to his door, or ventilators to his walls, or harbours a balcony in front of his house, shall be liable to have that house blown about his ears, without a moment's notice.

IV.—That any person who has a poker or tongs, or shovel, in his possession, shall be deemed guilty, without trial, or benefit of court-martial, of concealing live-arms, and condemned accordingly to be shot for not having surrendered them to the State.

V.—That any person found smoking a cigar in the street, shall, for the first offence, be pronounced guilty of supplying the insurgents with fire, and carried instantly to the Champ de Mars, then and there to be shot.

VI.—That any two, or three, or more persons discovered talking together, shall be tried for stirring sedition against the State, and condemned accordingly.

VII.—That any person detected whistling, or coughing, or sneezing, or having, or pretending to have, a cold, in the street, shall be taken up and imprisoned in Vincennes for life, for holding concealed signals with the insurgents with the view of inducing them to rise.

VIII.—That any person who, upon coming before a portrait of Louis Napoleon, does not take off his hat, and shout, *Vive l'Empereur!* shall run the risk of losing his head by the hand of the first soldier who witnesses the act of contempt.

IX.—That any person who does not walk with his hands agitated in the air, with the view of proving he carries no weapons about with him, shall be left to the mercy of Louis Napoleon, and, without trial, punished accordingly.

X.—That any person who gives a party of *conjuré*, without the previous sanction of the Police, and sending to the properly constituted authorities a true list of the guests invited and things provided, shall do so at the risk of having himself and company carried off to Mazas, and imprisoned there, at least, for life.



A BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK, OR, THE BRUMMAGEM BONAPARTE OUT FOR A RIDE.

XX.—That all other offences, charges, or misdemeanours, not included in the above cases, shall be punished by Death.

(Signed) LOUIS NAPOLEON,

Empereur de tous les Français.

Given at the Elysée, this Second Day of December (the Anniversary of one of my Uncle's Battles), 1851.

(See Caricature, "A Beggar on Horseback.")

DEC. 17.

LORD PALMERSTON was dismissed from the office of Foreign Secretary, on the advice of Lord John Russell, on the ground of his having acted without due consideration for the Queen, and due consultation with his colleagues, in his official recognition of the *coup d'état* of

Louis Napoleon. His action in the matter was regarded as having been too independent and high-handed. Parliament not being sitting, he was unable to offer his defence until the 3rd of the following February. He was succeeded at the Foreign Office by Earl Granville. The action of the *parvenu* Prince excited much indignation in this country.

1852+

THE revival of trade, the influx of gold from California and Australia, the abatement of agricultural distress and dissatisfaction—these and other causes tended to invest the opening of the year 1852 with brightness and hopefulness, so far at least as Great Britain was concerned.

"The political horizon, however," (says *Punch's* Political Summary, vol. xxi.) "was not unclouded. A serious difference had arisen in the Cabinet, between the Prime Minister and the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and resulted in the dismissal even of Lord Palmerston."

This refers to the discharge of Lord Palmerston from the post of Foreign Secretary on the advice of Lord John Russell, as previously explained. When Parliament met, Lord Palmerston made an elaborate defence of his conduct in the matter of recognizing Louis Napoleon's *coup d'état*, but it was hardly regarded as satisfactory, either by the Queen or the country.

(See *Cartoon*, "There's always something.")

JAN. 1.

PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON'S acceptance of the ten years' Presidency, which was a leading feature in his new Constitution, was on this, the first day of the year, inaugurated by a splendid religious ceremony at Notre Dame. The nation, with some notable exceptions, seemed to resign itself to what the President called "the French Republic in its new form, sanctioned by the suffrage of the People."

Mr. *Punch* lyrically suggested the real nature of that "suffrage," the exact worth of that "sanction."



THERE'S ALWAYS SOMETHING.

"I'm very sorry, PALMERSTON, that you cannot agree with your Fellow Servants; but as I don't feel inclined to part with 'John,' you must go, if course."

SONG FOR THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT.

Ans.—"The Glorious Sparkle on the Board."

TICK musket, bayonet, and sword
Assert the sway of Might;
The Reign of Terror is restored,
Of Panic, Dread, and Fright,
The prize is won; the game's our own;
The troops at our controul;
If men of brain or worth remain,
We've cowed them, every soul.

A truthful Press says awkward things;

Then surely it is woe
To gag it, like despotic kings,
Or make it publish lies.
Oppose our power—your str. etc. we'll scow.
Our volley'd fire etc. is a toll,
And roar again until we've slain
Or cowed you, every soul.

It was decreed that the French eagle should be

restored to the colours of the army, it being urged that the Republic as now constituted "might adopt without umbrage the souvenirs of the Empire, and the symbols which recall the glories of that period." Thus adroitly was a flavour of Imperialism already given to the at present "constitutional" rule "of the nephew of his uncle."

MY UNCLE

BY LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

Who raised our race up from the drops,
And set us youngsters on our legs,
Putting us up so many legs!

MY UNCLE!

Who scratch'd up Europe like a hen,
To fling out grains for us young men?
Who shut the mouth, and stopp'd the pen?

MY UNCLE!

Who broke through rights, and smash'd through laws,
To find neat crowns for our papas?
And shot young D'Englens in swi cause?

MY UNCLE!



SCENE FROM "THE PRESIDENT'S PROGRESS."

(Suggested by HOGARTH.)

Who left us something still to do—
A name to keep French passions true
To us—the name of Waterloo?

MY UNCLE!

Who gave me all my little name,
My little hopes, my little fame,
My little everything, but blame?

MY UNCLE!

(See Cartoon, "Scene from 'The President's Progress.'")

FEB. 3.

PARLIAMENT was opened by the Queen in person. In the Queen's Speech was fore-

shadowed an Act for the further amendment of the Representation of the People.

Lord John Russell explained to the House the circumstances attending the resignation, or dismissal, of Lord Palmerston. He said that he considered "the noble lord's (Palmerston's) course in this matter to be putting himself in the place of the Crown, and passing by the Crown, while he gave the moral approbation of England to the acts of the President of the Republic of France, in direct opposition to the policy which the Government had hitherto pursued." "He"

(Lord Russell) "had assumed the sole and entire responsibility of advising the Crown to require the resignation of his noble friend, who, though he had forgotten and neglected what was due to the Crown and his colleagues, had not, he was convinced, intended any personal disrespect."

Lord Palmerston made a lengthy explanation of his conduct, and defence of his policy. He said, "It was obvious that if the Minister for Foreign Affairs were never allowed, in easy and familiar conversation with foreign Ministers, to

express an opinion on foreign events, whether important or not, not as the organ of the Government, but as an opinion which he had himself formed at the moment, then such a restriction on the conduct of Foreign Ministers would be extremely injurious and prejudicial to the public service." He maintained "that it was a misrepresentation of the fact to say that he had given instructions to Lord Normanby inconsistent with the relations of general intercourse between England and France. It was no instruction at all. It was his own opinion."

FEB. 9.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL introduced his promised Reform Bill. The measure was regarded as a meagre one, and was not very warmly welcomed in any quarter. It was read a first time on the 12th, but was subsequently withdrawn, Lord John's Ministry having been defeated on the Militia Bill.

(See Caricature, "The Homeopathic Minister.")

FEB. 20.

THE Government having been defeated on their Militia Bill, on Lord Palmerston's proposal to substitute the word "regular" for "local," Lord John Russell not only threw up the Bill, but announced his intention to resign. On the 22nd Lord Derby was called upon by the Queen to form a Ministry, and on the 23rd the resignation of the Russell Ministry was announced in Parliament.

MARCH 12.

PARLIAMENT re-assembled. Lord Derby having succeeded in forming a Ministry, and the members of his Cabinet having been re-elected, Mr. Disraeli was made Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the Earl of Malmesbury took the Foreign Office. The hopes of the Pro-

tectionists revived somewhat with the coming into power of a Tory Government, and in the anticipation—not justified by results—that the Tories would try to reverse the Free Trade policy of their predecessors, a meeting was held at Manchester on the 2nd March to re-establish the Anti-Corn-Law League. Questions were put to the Government in the House with a

view to ascertain whether they intended to enter upon a reactionary policy, but the answers were equivocal, it being hinted that nothing definite would be decided upon until after an appeal to the country. "The next election," said Earl Derby, "must finally decide, at once and for ever, the great question of our commercial policy."



THE HOMŒOPATHIC MINISTER.

"You see, Mr. JOHN BULL, large Doses of Reform are bad for your Constitution. But here is a Globule, or Infinitesimal Bill, which," &c., &c.

Still the Protectionists in the country looked with rising hope to the Ministers, and especially perhaps to Mr. Disraeli, to forward their favourite doctrines, and when they found their hoped-for champion inclined to blow hot and cold, their dissatisfaction and disappointment were extreme.

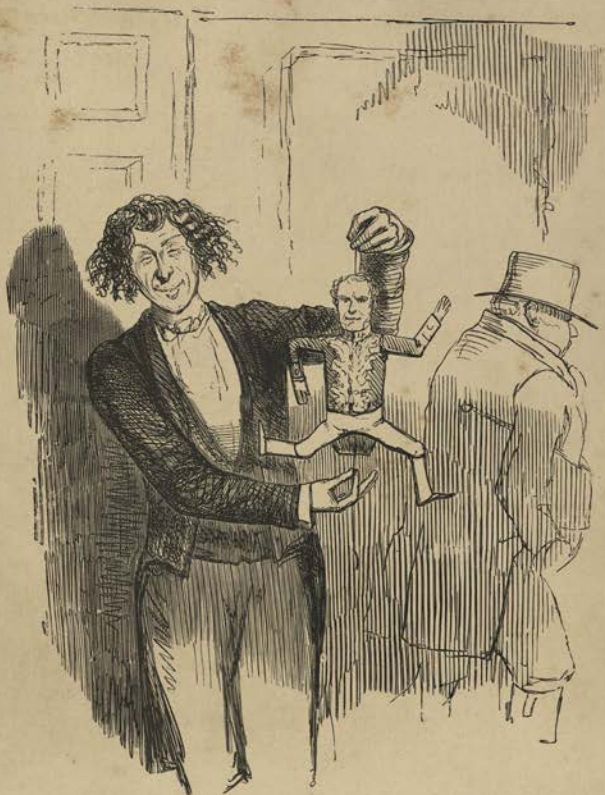
The influence of Mr. Disraeli in the Conservative Cabinet, and particularly over Lord Derby, was supposed to be considerable, and to be exercised with much adroitness. This popular view is indicated in a notice entitled "The Derby Event," which at this time appeared in *Punch's* pages.

THE DERBY EVENT.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI is truly grateful to his friends for the proud position they have now placed him in. He will have now every facility in manoeuvring the Tip, which he will have the greatest satisfaction in forwarding. He begs the public not to be imposed upon by pretended prophecies on the results of the Derby, for he feels assured of his being able so to manage the Tip, as to leave no doubt about the winner. Those who feel undecided about joining him, are referred to what he has said at different times about the Russell lot, and see if his predictions have not been verified. His advice is now sought in the very highest quarters; and his hints contain some of the most decided odds that were ever presented to public notice. All letters to be addressed to his new Office in Downing Street.

This view was further enforced in the Cartoon called "The Game of Speculation." This was the title of a drama translated from the French, in which Mr. Charles Matthews played the leading character. In the course of the piece he indicated by means of a toy that one of the other personages of the drama could be easily played upon. The movable toy in the picture upon which Mr. Disraeli is playing, represents his nominal chief, Lord Derby.

(See Cartoon, "The Game of Speculation.")



"THE GAME OF SPECULATION."

(AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, ST. STEPHEN'S.)

MARCH 29.

At the swearing-in of the Senate and Legislative Body, Prince Louis Napoleon said: "If by underhand intrigues parties endeavour to sap the basis of my Government; if, in their blindness, they contest the legitimacy of the popular election; if, finally, they endanger

by their incessant attacks the future prospects of the country; then, and only then, it may be reasonable to demand from the people, in the name of the repose of France, a new title which will 'irrevocably fix upon my head the power with which they invested me.' A further proof of the imperialistic schemes of the oracular Prince-President.

The Rime of the Ancient Ministere.

PART I.



An ancient Ministere
smotherd three on their way
to y^e House, and detaineth
one.

It is an ancient Ministere,
And he stoppeth one of three.
"By thy long pale face, and warning eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"

"St. Stephen's doors are opened wide;
Debate will soon begin;
The House is met, the Speaker set,
Mayst see the M.P.'s go in."

He holds him with his skinny hand.
"When we were in—" quoth he.
"Hold off—unhand me—good Lord John!"
Eisoom his hand dropt he.

He holds him with his warning eye;
Sir Rupert he stood still,
And listens, with an ear resigned—
The Ex-Ministere hath his will.

Sir Rupert he sat there with a groan;
He cannot choose but hear,
As thus spake on that meager man,
The Whig Ex-Ministere:

"The Ins were cheered, the Outs were queered;
Merrily did we stop
A question here, a motion there;
Nor Estimates need lope."

"The Opposition they were left
In a minority;
And as for Bright, when he showed fight,
The House was all with me."

"Higher and higher, every day,
Till that Lord Palmerston—
Here Rupert suppress a look distrust,
For the Debate was on."

Sir Rupert suppress his look distrust,
For he cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that meager man,
The Whig Ex-Ministere:

"Now Mr. Ballantyne came, and he
Cot up a case so strong;
And then Locke King, he had his fling
The county votes among."

"And, to the pressure forced to bow,
I came out with a sort of vow,
That, if they'd not insist on't now,
But put his Bill to bed,
The Session past, I'd give at last,
My own Reform instead."

"The country, though, why I don't know,
Seemed to grow wondrous cold;
And that was why I thought I'd try
That Durham letter bold."

Y^e fearful mistake of y^e
Durham letter.

Till a great master of
words called PALMERSTON
came to y^e rescue, and was
received with great joy and
cordialities.

And lo! PALMERSTON
proveh a good bottle-
holder, and helpeth y^e
Whiggues out of manie a
muck.

Y^e ancient Ministere an-
grie thoweth overseale
y^e judicious bottle-holder.

"It was my drift to get a lift
By help of Church and Queen;
But wisest men will, now and then,
Go down two stools between."

"The Pope was here; the Church was there;
Dissent was all around;
And Ireland growled, and Maynooth howled,
And we got quite aground."

"Then I must own, Lord Palmerston
Unto our succour came;
If he sometimes puts us in the hole,
He oftener play'd our game."

"He cheer'd our friends—our foes he met;
Gave dinners, soirées too;
Heal'd many a split, made many a bit;
In fact, he pull'd us through."

"When words and wind I couldn't find,
Lord Palmerston would follow;
And rattling away, half grave, half gay,
Carried many a question hollow."

"In storm and cloud, unchecked, uncow'd,
He aye maintain'd our line;
And still show'd fight night after night,
When I thought we must resign."

"Now, save thee, ancient Ministere,
What means this bitter groan?
Why look'st thou so?" "Remorse and woe
I threw over Palmerston!"



PART II.

"Another Session now drew nigh;
To Council gather'd we.
One man I mist, and all I'd left,
Together, were less than he."

"Oft words and wind I should fail to find;
But no Palmerston would follow;
Nor any day, half grave, half gay,
Win us a victory hollow."

"And I have done a foolish thing,
And it would work 'em woe;
For all avert'd they had never heard
Worse grounds than I had to show.
'Ah, shame!' said they, 'to cast away
A man who served us so!'"

"A motion dread hung o'er our head,
Which Grey could not resist.
Then all avert'd, when we came to be heard!
How Palmerston would mist;
'Twas wrong,' said they, 'to fling away
The best name on our list.'"

"I scarcely knew what we should do
That fourth of February;
To avert the storm, I broach'd Reform,
And explain'd what the Bill would be."

His co-motes cry out
against y^e Ministere for
throwing overboard y^e ju-
dicious bottle-holder.

Y^e Cabinet opens y^e Ses-
sion, and tries to raise y^e
winds with Reforms, but
becometh suddenly be-
calmed.

The Rime of the Ancient Ministere (continued).

"Down came the Press; the House came down;
 'Twas cold as cold could be;
 And none did speak, unless to wreak
 His wrath on Schedule B.
 "All in a small minority
 'Twas clear we should be soon;
 And the country scorned to reach its hand
 To take so small a boon.
 "Day after day, day after day,
 We waited that Cape motion;
 For my part, how to steer the ship,
 I hadn't the least notion.

And PALMERSTON begins
 to be avenged.



Y^e Tapers and Tadpoles
 in their nose distaste would
 fane those y^e whole galleon
 on y^e ancient Ministere,
 in sign whereof PALMERSTON
 is flung in his teeth.

"Grumbling, grumbling everywhere,
 And all my friends did shrink—
 Grumbling, grumbling everywhere:
 A fact that none could blink.
 "Ah, well-a-day! In what bad books
 Was I with old and young;
 And, by every one, Lord Palmerston
 Into my teeth was flung!

PART III.

A weary Time followeth,
 and the end of y^e Ministere
 seemeth to draw nigh.
 Y^e ancient Ministere hath
 an idea.

"Then passed a weary time; each vote
 Was told; defeat seemed nigh.
 A weary time—a weary time—
 And Adderley drew nigh;
 When, lo! methought I found a dodge
 To give him the go-by!
 "My friends they quaked; their fate seemed
 On that Cape motion still;
 Some were for bringing in fresh blood;
 Some for throwing over Grey or Wood;
 I cried, 'A Bill—a Bill!
 "Their hopes awake; they cease to quake;
 Asgape they heard me call;
 Gramercy! they for joy did grin;
 And what the Bill I would bring in,
 Demanded one and all.

A flash of joy.

Y^e ancient Ministere pro-
 posed his idea, which
 looketh feasible.

But y^e avenging bottle-
 holders rioted up between
 the Ministere and his mo-
 tion.

Y^e House greeteth him
 well.

And he divideth against
 y^e ancient Ministere.

"See, see!" I cried, 'this talk of war,
 Turned to account with skill,
 We're safe triumphant to divide
 On a Militia Bill.
 "And well-nigh desperate seem'd our game;
 Yet something might be done;
 It was upon a Friday night
 My motion I brought on;
 When 'twixt leave for the bill and me,
 Up started Palmerston!
 "Straight the whole House broke out in cheers,
 In spite of his disgrace;
 He snubbed our bill, and with a sneer
 Proposed his in its place.
 "And when my turn to answer came,
 The House was cold as ice.
 'The game is done—I've won, I've won!
 'Quoth he—and in a trice



Y^e whippers-in look blank
 on y^e casting-up of y^e votes.

"Out go the whips; M.P.s push out,
 With Harter and Lord Mark;
 And from their whippers soon I see
 That things are looking dark.

"And while the votes are adding up,
 We wait; for 'twixt the lip and cup
 Full often comes a slip.
 Taper look'd blank, and sick with fright,
 And Tadpole's face in the gas gleam'd white;
 From his brow the dew did drip.
 In a minority we are,
 In spite of Hayter's and Lord Mar-
 cus' energetic whip!

One after another y^e
 Tapers and Tadpoles go
 out.

One after one, their places gone,
 With stifled groan and sigh;
 Each turn'd his face with a ghastly pang,
 And reproach'd me with his eye.



Leaving the weight of
 their defeat on y^e ancient
 Ministere.

"From Treasury Bench condemned to fly,
 Their salaries forgo;
 Each seem'd to say, as he pass'd me by,
 'It's all your fault, you know!'"

The Ministere who's lost the fight,
 Whose office-life is o'er,
 Is gone; and now Sir Rupert turns
 Into St. Stephen's door.

He looks like one that hath been bored;
 But bores must still be borne.
 Let's hope he'll be a wiser man
 Than try protecting Corn.

MARCH 29.

THE Home Secretary, Mr. Walpole, moved for the introduction of a Militia Bill, which he brought up on the 2nd of April. The subject of the National Defences was discussed at some length. *Mr. Punch's* summary says that "A strong debate arose upon the second reading of the Militia Bill, which was carried by 335 to 165, and the effect of the division was greatly to strengthen the position of the Government. The Bill subsequently became law. It was the chief measure of the session, for 'the members of the new Government were most guarded in making statements as to their commercial policy, but a more liberal feeling was suspected with regard to Free Trade, possibly with a view to the coming General Election, which all saw was inevitable.'"

(See *Cartoon*, "An Easy Place.")

MARCH 30.

It had been reported in the American press that the Sea Serpent had not only been seen but captured by Captain Charles Seabury of the American ship *Monongahela* in the Pacific Ocean. *Mr. Punch* in the following humorously exaggerated lines ridiculed the journalistic yarn.

THE DEATH OF THE SEA-SERPENT.

BY FREDERICK JONATHAN VIGILANT JEFFERSON SMITH.

Alma virgineque caelo, qui first,
In the *Monongahela*,

Ternally squampish'd the Serpent,
mittens horrenda tela.

Moss, look smart with your
Bastjo! I guess, to relate or invent, I

Shall need all the aid you can give; so, Nunc aspirate
cavendi.

Mighty slick were the vessel progressing, jactata per
aquora ventis;

But the blow of the skipper was cloudy cum sollicitudine
For whales had been skate in them pearls; and the

clipper, so long as he'd known her,
Ne'er had gather'd less life in her cruise, to gladden the
heart of her owner.



AN EASY PLACE.

THE JUDICIOUS BOTTLE-HOLDER. "Well, DILLY, how do you like your Place?"

D'IBRAEL. "O, Jolly! Capital Wagon, and only got to Carry out their Light Things at present!"

"Darn the whales!" cried the skipper at length, "with
a telephone forte vieldo

Aut pisces, aut terras." While speaking, just two or
three points on the lee bow,

He saw coming towards them, as fast as though to a
combat 'twould tempt 'em,

A monstrous, horrendum, informe (cui lumen was shortly
adcomptum).

On the tailrail up jumps in a hurry das fortis, and seizing
a trumpet,

With a blast that would waken the dead, mare turbat et
astra rumpit—

"Tumble up, all you lubbers!" he cries, "tumble up!
for, careering before us,

Is the real old Sea-Serpent himself, crisis maculipupa
decorus."

"Consarn it!" cried one of the sailors, "if e'er we pro
voke him, he'll kill us!"

He'll shortly chaw 'up his morro, et longis implexibus
ille."

Lord laughs the bold skipper,
and quick premit also corde
dolorem;

If he does feel like running, he
knows it won't do to betray it
before 'em.

"O Socii," inquit, "I'martin
you air not the feller to feak, or
Strick from the drums certa-
ness, whose fathers fought
lovely to bunkers.

You, who have waged with the
bars, and the butchler, prolix
dura,

Down to the freshes and licks of
our own free enlighten'd
Missouri!

You! who could whip your own
weight catalis savia sine telo,
Get your eyes skinn'd in a twink-
ling, et ponite tela phasclo!"

Talia voce refert, curisque in-
genibus eger,

Manahle his 'cute little hand,
now panting their foe to be-
langer.

Swiftly they lower the boats, and
swiftly each man at his oar is,
Kaxipe, lilihami timidi duo, vir-
que coloris;

(Blackskin, you know, never feels
how sweet 'is pro patriâ mori;
Ovid had him in view when he
said, "Nimium ne crede
crimen.")

Now swiftly they pull towards the
monster, who seeing the
rutter and gig nigh,

Glazes at them with terrible eyes,
suffertis sanguine et igni;

And never conceiving their chief
so swiftly will deal him a
flower,

Opens wide, to receive them at
once, his lingua vileantibus
ore;

But just as he's licking his lips,
and glazily preparing to taste
'em,

Straight into his eyeball the skip-
per stridentem coniecit hastam.

Soon as he feels in his eyeball the
hance, growing mightily sulky,
At 'em he comes in a rage ore
minax, liogisque trianulâ.

"Stern all!" cry the sailors at
once, for they think he has
certainly caught 'em;

Presenteque viris intendant
omnia mortem.

But the bold skipper exclaims,
"O terque quaterque beati!

Now, with a will, dare vian,
when I want you, be only
parati;

This boss feels like raising his
hair, and in spite of his scaly
old cortex,

Fell soon you shall see that his
corpus rapulus vorat aequore
vortex."

Hoc ait, and choosing a lance, "With this one I think I
He cries; and straight into its mouth ad intima viscera
mittit.

Screches the critter in pain, and writhes till the sea is
As if all its waves had been lashed in a tempest per
Luron et Notus;

Interea terrible skipper Neptunus senior, et alio
Prosperius saulily around, wiped his eye with the cuff of
his palette;



THE EASTER RECESS.

DIZZY: "Oh, well! I'm not at all Giddy. I should like to go over so much higher."

[shall hit it,"

And mad at his favourite's fate, of oaths utter'd two or
three thousand,
Such as, Corpo di Bacco! Meherale! Sacré! Mille
tonnerres! Putrasend! [right dare foam,
But the skipper, who thought it was time to this terrible
With a scolding-knife jumps on the neck of the snake,
sect et dextra crimen;

And hurling the skipper in the air, half wild with delight to
possess it,
[ventos vita recessit.
Shouts, "Darn it! We've fixed up Air flint, for in

APRIL 6.

PARLIAMENT adjourned for the Easter recess
until the 19th April.

(See Cartoon, "The Easter Recess.")

APRIL 30.

MR. DISRAELI, as Chancellor of the Ex-
chequer, introduced his first Budget. He

proposed to continue the Income Tax for yet another year, "as a provisional remedy until other means could be devised." The Budget was on the whole favourably received on both sides of the House.

MAY 1.

It had been finally decided to pull down the Crystal Palace. *Mr. Punch*, with many other persons, regretted this determination. He gave about this time the second part of his version of "The May Queen."

THE MAY QUEEN.

PART II.

If you're waking, call me early,
Call me early, Albert, dear,
For I would see the May sun rise
On the Crystal Palace clear;
It may be the last May morning
That its light roof will be seen,
For perhaps they'll lay it low
In the Park, as it had never been.

Last May I sped the mighty
Show; we had a glorious day,
And everything went off, dear,
In a most delightful way;
And you, dear, the Address so
Well, and minded all the stops;
And there was that old Chinaman,
With his pig-tail and Bush chops.

Of course, Lord Seymour must
Be right; we ought not to
Complain;
But I own it seems a pity to pull
It down again.

That Iron Duke of Wynn's
Comes so ugly 'gainst the sky,
One wants some graceful object
But to relieve the eye.

A charming Winter-garden, I'm
Sure it would have made,
All alive with flowers and
Fountains, a world of various
shade;

With statues peeping from the
heaves, and performed airs that
poes,
Bringing the sweet South home
to us beneath that heaven of
glass.

You might point out to Disraeli
That it would be a bore
To waste in pulling down a
hundred thousand pounds and
more.

And that when Fox and Henderson and Paxton all
declare

That for five thousand pounds *again* they'll keep it in
repair.

Good night, dear Albert; call me before the day is born,
I should like to see the sun rise on the Palace this May
morn.

But after all, I hope and trust it's not to disappear;
They'll surely never pull it down—Do you think they
will, my dear?

Oh? you don't catch me coming out
on the knife board again to make
room for a party of swells.



THE DOWNING STREET CAD.

CONDUCTOR. "Would any 'Party' go Out to oblige a Lady?"

JUNE 1.

IRELAND was this day connected with England
by submarine telegraph.

JUNE 2.

In his address to the electors of Buckingham-
shire, Mr. Disraeli said, "The time has

gone by when injuries which the great produc-
ing interests endure can be alleviated or removed
by a recurrence to the laws, which, previously to
1846, protected them from such sad calamities."
Such utterances as these greatly dashed the hopes
of the Protectionists.

(See Cartoon, "The Downing Street Cad.")

JUNE 10.

On this day the National Exhibition of Irish Industry and Art was opened at Cork by the Lord Lieutenant.

JUNE 18.

MR. GLADSTONE, the Member for Oxford University, had lately given evidence of advance in the direction of Liberalism, which displeased many of his Tory supporters. To-day Dr. Wynter, in reply to a remonstrance from the Rev. R. Gresswell, wrote saying that Mr. Gladstone's opponents did not yet feel warranted in discontinuing their efforts to make a change in the representation.

JUNE 28.

LOUIS NAPOLEON, Prince President, in closing the session of the Legislative Assembly, said that "there existed in France a Government animated with the faith and the love of good which reposes in the people, the source of all power; in the army, the source of all force; and in religion, the source of all justice." These optimistic and high-sounding assurances however did not inspire much confidence in the friends of liberty, who remembered the Prince's past, and distrusted his future.

JUNE 29.

THE equivocal attitude of the Ministers in general, and Mr. Disraeli in particular, towards the question of Free Trade *versus* Protection, still disturbed the Tories, and puzzled whilst it amused their opponents. Lord Stanley, writing to his constituents at King's Lynn, said, "In questions of taxation especially the feeling of the people is to be considered; and I have no hesitation in saying that I believe that feeling to be such as to render the imposition of any protective duty impossible. It is to economy in the national expenditure, and revision of the national

taxation, that the farmers of England must look for the amelioration of their present condition." The farmers of England were by no means cheered or encouraged by this deliverance, and many of Mr. Disraeli's recent utterances led them to charge him with a faithless mutability.

(See Cartoon, "The Political Chameleon.")



THE POLITICAL CHAMELEON.

THE POLITICAL CHAMELEON.

A FABLE FOR THE TIMES.

Tis all the lot of Punch to mark
An empty sub-official spark,
With scarcely wit enough at most
To occupy the whipping-post.
Yet round the Lobbies he has been
To see what Members can be seen,

Returning from his servile tour
Grown ten times poorer than
before.

What'er opinion you may drop,
The Whipper-in your mouth will
stop.

"Sir, if my judgment you'll
allow,
I ought officially to know."

So asks you—free from all con-
dition—

To pay to him a prompt sub-
mission.

Two country-men, of such a cast,
As the refreshment-room they
pass'd,

And, on their way, in empty
chat,

Talk'd much of this, and more
of that,

Touching on all things as they
went,

Spoke of the present Govern-
ment.

"A stranger component," cried
the one,

"Never existed hitherto the son!
A Tory body, list and wrong.

Protection's head, a Free Trade
tongue;

Its teeth to bite its tongue in-
closed!

And this its tail—how far
behind!

How show its pace! and then
its nose,

The regular Protection blue."

"Hold there!" the other quick
replies;

"Its Free Trade colours meet
my eyes,

As it with open mouthpiece lay
At Aylesbury the other day.

Taking it roost, the thing I view'd,
Eating its very words for food."

"I've seen it, Sir, as well as you,
And say it takes Protection's hue.

At Ipswich I the creature saw,
The while it exercised its jaw."

"Free Trade, Free Trade, Sir,
I assure you."

"Free Trade!" cries t'other, in a
fury,

"Do you believe my wits I've
lost?"

The second replies, "Twere no
great cost;

For, if they serve you always thus,
They are not worth the smallest
fox."

So high at last the contest rose,
The Members nearly came to
blows;

When, luckily, there came a
third.

To whom the matter they refer'd,
And begg'd he'd tell them if
they knew

Protection's shade from Free Trade's hue.

"Well, then, at once to clear the doubt,
Suppose we turn the creature out,
On Opposition benches sit him,
And if he's then Free Trade, I'll out him."

He spoke; then fall before their sight
The Government appear'd—'twas white.

With no decided shade to gosh,
It had become a perfect blank.

All stared and look'd extremely wise.
"My victims," the Ex-Premier cries,
(For being out, he found his tongue)

"You all were right, and all were wrong;
When next you speak of placemen's hues,
Remember there are selfish views;

Not wonder if 'tis sometimes shown,
A Government can sink its own."

To prove the fact,—"Explain, Sir, do."



THE SETTling DAY OF THE "BETTING OFFICE" FREQUENTER.

(SPORTING YOUTH IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE "BORROWED" HIS MASTER'S CASH BOX TO PAY HIS DEBTS.)

"Well, then, at once to clear the doubt,
Suppose we turn the creature out,
On Opposition benches sit him,
And if he's then Free Trade, I'll out him."
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Not wonder if 'tis sometimes shown,
A Government can sink its own."

JUNE 30.

PUNCH, in the notes to this Volume says, "Betting offices were opened in various parts of London by persons of ill-repute, and there any one could back a horse for so low a sum as a shilling by depositing the money. If the race went against the office-keeper he, of course, disappeared. Many cases of embezzlement and ruin were traceable to their influence. Legisla-

ture interfered and made such places illegal. Tattersall's being 'a club' is exempt from the operation of the Act."

(See Cartoon, p. 135, "The Settling Day of the 'Betting Office' Frequenter.")

JULY 1.

PARLIAMENT was prorogued by the Queen in person. The last paragraph of a long

Royal Speech announced her Majesty's intention of dissolving Parliament without delay.

JULY 14.

THE poll at Oxford University resulted in the return of Sir R. Inglis at the head, and Mr. Gladstone second, the numbers being, 1,368 votes for the former and 1,108 for the latter.



SOMETHING "LOOMS IN THE FUTURE;"

OR, THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER MAKING IT QUITE CLEAR TO MR. BULL.

JULY 16.

MR. DISRAELI, at the nomination for Buckinghamshire, was called upon to explain a phrase he had used a few days before about "events looming in the future." He replied jestingly that the first event looming in the future was his return, in a few days, as one of the members for Buckinghamshire. He added that "No one supposes or ever supposed that the present Administration has any intention, or

ever had any intention, to bring back the laws that were repealed in 1846."

(See Cartoon, "Something 'Looms in the Future.'")

JULY 26.

SIR JAMES GRAHAM, addressing the electors of East Cumberland said, "We are told that after the overthrow of Lord Derby's Government the deluge comes . . . I think the deluge

is past and Babel is come. There are not two members who hold the same language We hear of things 'looming in the future.' I will tell you what is 'looming in the future.' A quart bottle, into which a conjuror will jump."

JULY 30.

THE elections up to this date, when all but the most distant of the constituencies had

been polled, showed 310 Ministerialists, 344 Opposition.

(See Cartoon, "The Derby Acrobats; or, coming back from the Country.")

AUGUST 5.

Was first pillar of the new Crystal Palace at Sydenham was fixed by Mr. Laing.

A PEEP INTO THE PEOPLE'S PALACE.

Taken at its Foundation on Thursday, August 5, 1852

SARDANAPALUS was a King.
Extremely fond of pleasure;
His palace was a decent thing,
In style, extent, and treasure.
Darius dwelt in marble halls,
That shone with gilding burnished,
With splendid paintings on their walls,

And elegantly furnished.
Belshazzar had a mansion, which
Was viewed with admiration;
Louis Quatorze possessed a rich
And sumptuous habitation;
And George the Fourth at Brighton here
Rejoiced in his Pavilion;
But not a Palace e'er came near
The Palace of the Million.



THE DERBY ACROBATS; OR, COMING BACK FROM THE COUNTRY.

That Palace *Punch*, with mental eye,
The other day inspected,
For *Punch*, of course, a stander-by,
Saw its first prop erected:
And music's swell and cannon's bang,
With cheers and plaudits mingling,
Proclaimed the art of Mr. Laing,
His hand that pillar fixing.

Flowers, vases, statues, intermixed,
Are in profusion lavished,
So that beholders stand transfixed,
Bewitched, bewildered, ravished.

The buried Past—the old world too—
It is designed to rummage,
In order thoroughly to do
The sovereign People homage.
Egypt, Assyria, Rome, and Greece,
And eke the Middle Ages,
Located in a court a-piece,
Illustrate history's pages.
Besides the rarest herbs and greens
That Mother Earth produces,
You've manufactures and machines
For every kind of uses.
Upholsterers with all their fuss,
With gold, and paint, and varnish,

No regal mansion ever thus
In all the world did garrison;
No potentate upon a throne,
With power of axe and gallows,
Can call such furniture his own
As decks the People's Palace—
The Palace where His Majesty,
When tired of occupation,
In fitting state, right royally,
May take his recreation;
And, whilst amusement he pursues,
His mind with knowledge filling,
Improve his taste—enlarge his views—
And all this for a shilling!

AUGUST 21.

It's his Number bearing this date Mr. Punch had a short recipe:

"How to make one Dizzy."—"Take one half Protection, and one half Free Trade, and pour from one Conservative measure to another, until you get a fine head with plenty of froth. It is this mixture of half-and-half smartly combined, that makes one Dizzy."

Mr. Disraeli at this time was hovering hesitatingly on the edge of Free Trade.

(See Cartoon, "A Dip in the Free Trade Sea.")

Prophecies of woe to England in consequence of her conversion to Free Trade principles were of course plentiful at this time. They were ridiculed by Punch in the following satirical sketch.

SPECIMENS OF THE DELUGE.

A PROPHECY: BY LORD MUTEFLOWS.

(This was meant for Ld. Melbourne.)

IN LEAVES FROM THE LOG.

WEATHER hazy in the bay. Wind: Downing Street by Somerset House. Took soundings in the hold.* No water; or should have sent Herries to the pumps. Ordered Malmesbury shot to look out: reported that he could see nothing before him; didn't expect he would. Ship rises like a duck—sounded again, and not a drop of water; but then, as Pakington says, we pitched it so very strong.

Wind variable, in all places at once. Dreadful to see everywhere the bodies of Free-Trade—even Dizzy nearly wept! Colonel Sibthorp counted two hundred, entering their names in his own pocket-book, of men's skin. Again put the helm up to get rid of the spectacle. Wind light. Called upon Walpole to make a joke; and must-head him for disobeying orders.

Wind any more. Free-traders' bodies still float by our gallant craft. Walpole swears he sees a man alive. Boatwain Biersford declares he's only one of the rabble. Man near us, and proves to be the venerable and versatile editor of the *Standard*. He calls for a life-boat, when Dizzy—the Chancellor in the human shape—throws him over, but he declares in mistake, a file of the sinking man's own paper; both instantly disappear.

* Mr. Punch had not observed even to the most faithful readers of even casual friends, that the ship's knowledge of the keeper of the log seems a good deal at sea.



A DIP IN THE FREE TRADE SEA.

"THERE, TAKE OFF HIS COAT LIKE A GOOD LITTLE BEN, AND COME TO HIS CORDEN."

— Wind gone to bed. Ship answers everything but her rudder; Dizzy says he's ready to answer for even that. What a fellow he is! Swears he sees next week in the distance. To-k an observation: found we were just over Manchester. At 1 P.M. John Bright floating in his own hat, passed us. Sibthorp wanted to bring a howitzer to bear upon him, but B-p interposed. Again called upon Walpole for a joke; still obstinate, and threatened him with iron.

— Wind, worst and by worst. Found we were

directly over Free-Trade Hall. Saw the top of one chimney at least, with Colburn distinctly upon it, waving a flag of distress, a Manchester bird's-eye. Saw the Agiator through telescope; but remembered Nelson's blind eye and the signal, and—though the B-p suggested something—would not see him.

— Wind, squally.—Passel Gladstone on a cotton-bag.

— Light air.—Saw Manners, whom we forgot to take up when the deluge began, astride a dolphin.

— Blowing a gale. Paused Joe Hume in a patent life-belt, going straight for the Exchequer. They wanted to have a shot at him; B—p bravely interfered.

— Wind gone down. Took soundings. Found we were just over the Victoria Tower of the House of Parliament. Thought we were sinking; to lighten the ship threw Malmesbury overboard.

— Foundered on the House of Commons.

(Here big business broken, &c.)

— "Only a shower," and no deluge after all!

In the same Number Mr. Punch had the following:

A KIND WORD WITH JONATHAN.

PERHAPS all the cod and mackerel in the Ocean—fine eating as they are—before we go to war with brother Jonathan for a crumb as wily as any fish can be that have no scales. We can't think of quarrelling with Jonathan about fish at a time when our general enmity is plotting everywhere to reduce us, in a greater measure than we like, to a fish diet; and would, if possible, move all the nations, and Heaven and Earth, and another place also, even worse than Ireland, against us for that end. We must recollect that Jonathan is now the only national creature of any importance, except himself, that is not priest-ridden and soldier-ridden; the Soldier in the saddle, and the Jack-Priest on the crupper. Our natural relation to Jonathan at present should be that of a league, offensive and defensive, against despotism and papal petticoat government all over the world. We may, however, remonstrate with Jonathan in a headstrong way on occasion; and we do so remonstrate with him respecting the following passage from the *New York Herald*, on the supposition that it correctly expresses his mind as to the matter between us:

"It is a shame that the great expedition to Japan, for a hydrographical survey of those islands, and the conversion of the heathen therein to Commerce and Christianity—it is a burning shame that the expedition for these great objects should be broken up, from the necessity of detaching the flag-ship of the Commodore to the protection of our Yankee fishermen in the Bay of Fundy."

Now, Jonathan, are you not taking this question— and maddish nasal—tone rather inconsiderately? Does it not occur to you that you are a little inconsistent in setting out to convert the heathen to "Commerce and Christianity" in one quarter of the globe, and going a-punching in the other? Never mind your collection of "Commerce and Christianity." Success to you in your endeavour to convert the Japanese to both your religions.



JOHN AND JONATHAN.

PUNCH. "Now, MISTER BULL, what's all this Nique about?"

MASTER BULL. "If you please, Sir, young JONATHAN wanted my Dinner, and a Fish Bone stuck in his throat. But it's all right, now."

This had reference to a fisheries dispute which had taken place between this country and the United States. On June 26, our Secretary for the Colonies had addressed a note to that Government complaining of the encroachments of their vessels on British fisheries off the coast. Many hard words had been used concerning us in America.

"Take our word for it," said Mr. Punch,

however, "there will be no fighting between America and England. We have seen a letter from the President to Mr. Thomas Baring, that breathes nothing but port and sherry. It is an invitation to dinner, and is couched in the following terms:—'Come and discuss the matter pleasantly. There will only be a quiet little bit of fish, and a small bone to pick afterwards!'"

(See Cartoon, "John and Jonathan.")

SEPT. 4.

IN his Number bearing this date *Mr. Punch* had a paragraph entitled:

FIREWORKS FOR THE FRENCH NATION.

MANY dull sensible people want to know what can have put it into Louis Napoleon's head to amuse the Parisian people with fireworks? Some recollection of Vandalism, probably, combined with a notion of turning the Republic of France into a "Royal Property."

It has been a wonder to the world why President Bonaparte should have treated his subjects—or whatever he calls them—to a pyrotechnical display, seeing that he has himself so great an objection to equality. But M. Bonaparte only objects to equality which lies at his own expense.

Considering how deep a purpose has actuated the ruler of the French nation in playing off his rockets and Roman candles, it is probable that posterity will pronounce that his fireworks are with a peculiar propriety called *fin de siècle*.

This referred to the *file* called "The Festival of Napoleon," which had been held with great pomp and parade in Paris on the 13th of the preceding month, with a mock naval fight on the Seine, and other pagantry of the popularity-hunting sort.

(See *Carlson*, "Terrible Ascent.")

Punch's "Mr. John Thomas" gives the following graphic description of the festival:—

MR. JOHN THOMAS AND THE FEAST OF EAGLES.
Yang Do, Rue de Rivoli, Les, Paris, August 15th.

O! MARY HANN, I plainly see
A Frenchman's fate is thin,
For dum flies, and the Sham de

Mars
Is all he takes delight in.
They've all a feast of Hegels
here!

Lark! how our folk would
stare
If at a Lord Marc's foot they
Such fools among the fair.

If he such caryon did periwinkle,
His city friends, I mo,
Would cum prepared, wen are they dined,
With him to pick a cro.

But, Hestry Noo, French Hegels, Dere,
For wick such kind is spilt,
Is only wooden bands, haddered
With silver and with guilt;



TERRIFIC ASCENT OF THE HERO OF A HUNDRED FÊTES.

An wen they're on the flags, they ain't
Much bigger than a thrush;
Lor! harfter our brave Hamyon Jak
Such flags ain't worth a rush.

However, fifty thousen men,
Fashioners so gay,
This mornin', to the Mad Lane Church
Set hout at brake of day.

Perhaps u think they went to church
'Cos 'twas a day of rest;
But Lor! they only stopp'd outside
To get their Hegels mest.

For here, to make these Hegels fierce,
And give and take no quarter,
They allas get the preests to wet
Their bekes in Holy Warter.

Now was the standard-bearer
got
Them blessed birds a-ges,
The Prince himself cum bout to
see
The Hegels and the men.
Though, rally, harter wot u no
Sum yeres ago tak plaise,
I wonder how he dares to luh
A Hegel in the Face.
But still to see and here the
crowd
He scanned huncumun glad;
Ven they cried, "Ve've the
Hemperor,"
See he, "I wish you ad,"
And then free grabes at the
play
They shode us, harter dinner,
How one Haguts once forgave
A most howdacious Sinner,
In cose Haguts nemes the
Prince,
He don't forgive, it's true,
But thinks that those who like
sham fics,
May like sham Parlings too,
And Few de joy we should ave ad
At site in hevery Rew;
But many fokes were grately
vexed
When the wind put out the
Fels.
For bold Napoleon should have
sat
Upon a boss of flame,
To sho the perpal how he thro'
The grate Saint Bernard came.
But when the gas was hallalion,
And Fokas began to shout,
The steam rained in his fry stode,
And snuffed the Hemperor
hout.
And so I can home ere to rite
U word of all the fun,
Well woin u would like to get
A Billy from ure Jen.

SEPT. 11.

At this time there was much talk of Railway Amalgamation, and railway accidents were unusually numerous. Mr. Punch did not consider that the proposed amalgamation was by any means in the interest of the public. He said:—

"When certain folks fall out,
'is known,
Some other folks obtain their
own;
If Railway boards combine 'is
quite
Time honest people should unite."

(See Cartoon, "Railway Undertaking.")

SEPT. 14.

On the day died, at Walmer Castle, the great Duke of Wellington. Apparently in his

* Ready: Mr. John Thomas. Cartouche written by C. C. C.



"RAILWAY UNDERTAKING."

TOURIST. "Going by this Train, Sir?"

PASSENGER. "MY EAT, YET."

TOURIST. "Allow me, then, to give you one of my Cards, Sir."

usual health when he retired to rest on the night of the 13th, he next morning complained of uneasiness in the chest and stomach. Medical aid was sent for, but he sank rapidly, and at 25 minutes past 3 p.m. peacefully expired. The Duke of Wellington was born on 1st May, 1769, and had consequently at the time of his death just entered on his 84th year. His death caused

the greatest sorrow in the country. "England!—or rather Britain's pride, her glory, her hero, the greatest man she ever had produced, is no more! Sad day! Great and irreparable national loss!" So wrote the Queen, to whom the Duke was the most devoted of servants and the most trusted of counsellors. A public funeral for the dead hero was decided on, and his body re-

mained under proper guardianship until the formal approval of Parliament should be obtained.

(See *Carbuncle*, "September XIV., MDCCCLII.")

ALL bring their
tribute to his
name — from
her
Who wears the
crown to him
who plies the
spear
Under those
windows where
his corpse is
laid,
Taking its rest at
last from all
those years of
sweat.

Years that re-
moulded an
old world in
ruin
And furnace-
dross of strife
with blood-
shed
Of battle-ham-
mers; where
they loud-
est
rang.
His clear sharp
voice was
heard that
we'll will be
heard more.

Courts have a
sombre sorrow
for such loss;
Cabinets politic
regret the
great
Well miss his
punctual
presence at their
state—
The shade of such
eclipse even
lowly hearths
will cross.

But I, a jester,
what have I to
do
With greatness
or the grave?
The man and
them
The comment of
my page may
ill become;
So be it—yet not
less do I pay
tribute true.

For that in him to
which I would
bow down
Comes not of
honour brought
upon his head,
Comes not of
orders on his
breast out-
spread—
Nor yet of cap-
tain's box of
councillor's re-
nown.

It is that all his life example shows
Of reverence for duty; where he saw
A fitting commanding word or act, her law
With him was absolute, and brooked no quibbling ghost.

He followed where she pointed; right ahead—
Unsheathing what might sweep across his path,
The cannon's volley, or the people's wrath;
No hope, however forlorn, but at her call he led.

Of most distrustful; sparing in discourse;
Himself smiling, and from all around
Claiming that force which in himself he found—
He lived, and asked no love, but won respect and force.



And of respect,
at last, came
love unasked;
But not repelled
when offered;
and we knew
That this rare
sternness had
its softness too,
That woman's
charm and
grace upon his
being wrought;

That underneath
the armour of
his breast
Were springs of
tender music—
all quick to
flow
In sympathy
with child-
hood's joy or
woe;
That his children
climbed his
knees, and
made his arms
their nest.

For fifty of his
eighty years
and four
His life has been
before us; who
but knew
The short, spare
frame, the eye
of piercing
blue,
The eagle-beak,
the finger
reared before

In greeting?—
Well he bore
his load of
years,
As in his daily
walk he paced
along
To early prayer,
or, mid the ad-
miring throng,
Paved through
Whitehall to
counsel with
his Peers.

He was true Eng-
lish—down to
the heart's
core;
His sternness
and his soft-
ness English
both;
Our reverence
and love grew
with his
growth,
Till we are slow
to think that
he can be no
more.

SEPTEMBER XIV. MDCCCLII.

Hard as a blade so tempered needs must be,
And, sometimes, scant of courtesy, as one
Whose life has dealt with stern things to be done,
Not wide in range of thought, nor deep of subtlety;

* Peace to him! Let him sleep near him who fell
Victor at Trafalgar; by Nelson's side
Wellington's ashes fitly may abide.
Great captain—noble heart! Hail to thee, and farewell!

OCT. 7.

On this date "the town of Seves, obeying its sentiments of affection and gratitude for Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, the envoy of God and the elect of France, her saviour and her glory, proclaims him Emperor of the French, under the name of Napoleon III., and confers on him and his descendants hereditary rights."

Said *Punch* on this occasion, "The grand metaphorical figure of fun, embodied in the old *tableau* of the Three Tailors of Tooley Street, has been at last matched by the Mayor of Seves, who in the name of the French people has proclaimed the Empire." But more remained behind. On the 9th, the President, addressing the Chamber of Commerce at Bordeaux, stated that France desired a return to the Empire. He admitted that one objection existed in some minds, the fear that the Empire meant only war. "But," said he, in words which passed into a "cry," "I say the Empire is Peace, for France desires it, and when France is satisfied the world is tranquil."

On the 4th November the President convoked the Senate to take into consideration "the wish that the nation had clearly manifested for the re-establishment of the Empire."

On the 7th December the French Senate passed a *Senatus consultum* re-establishing the Imperial dynasty; and constituting Louis Napoleon Emperor, under the title of Napoleon III.

(See *Carlson*, "All but Hatched!")



ALL BUT HATCHED!

MY VOICE IS FOR "PEACE!"

COCK-A-DOOLE-DOO!

"In the name of the French nation—I mean the Empire—I ask and pray for peace. We want peace! What are armies? Necessary evils. What is glory? Golden smoke." Something after this fashion speaks Louis Napoleon at Bordeaux.

The eagle gives up a flesh diet; and, forsaking its

rocky high place, will become even as domestic poultry. The eagle will perch, and no doubt do its best to coo in an olive-tree,—living upon olives as a polli-parrot eats shellfish almonds.

"But how—certain impetitive people may ask—how about the steam navy?"

"To be sure. There is the *Napoleon*, capable of transporting 5000 troops."

"Yes; and the *Austerlitz*, first-rate man-of-war steamer, with broadside weight of metal that can splinter

up Gibraltar? What are these and others on the stocks for? All for peace?"

"For peace," replies the Emperor. "Built, purely, for voyages of discovery. To discover the Garden of the Hesperides (*aside*, or the Gardens of Folkestone)—to trace the source of the *Paculus* (*aside*, or the source of the Thames). Yes: I cry peace—peace is my mission. And so believing, how I yearn to plant the olive in the Tower of London, or the forecourt of Buckingham Palace."

Nov. 4.

THE new Parliament was on this day opened by Commission. On this occasion the Commons assembled for the first time in their new Chamber in the Palace of Westminster. On the 11th the Parliament was formally opened by the Queen. In both the upper and lower Houses the leaders, to the huge disappointment of many, intimated that the result of the elections had finally determined them against reopening the question of Protection, and in favour of the frank acceptance of Free Trade as the "decision of the country."

(See *Cartoon, "The Political Topsy."*)

Mrs. Beecher Stowe's Novel, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," was at this time enormously popular. Topsy, the irrepressible nigger girl, was one of the most humorous characters. Mr. Punch thus adapted it to the political situation:—

WESTMINSTER THEATRE.

A NEW piece, adapted from *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, was read at the Westminster Theatre, preparatory to the opening of that establishment. The piece seems likely to be successful, owing, probably, as much to the consummate versatility and talent of the actors engaged, as to any intrinsic merit of the work itself. We have extracted the following Scene. We may mention that emblematical ribbons, bills, measures, and so forth, are a peculiar sort of African charm, which niggers always wear about their person.

DIMBATH THUNDER.

Topsy (a Nigger, below into the hands of Mr. BEE, and whose former master was a blacksmith's apprentice) . . . Mr. BEE, DIMBATH.

Miss FERRY (brother-in-law to Mr. BEE) . . . Miss VICTORIA WATSON.

The Scene is laid in MISS FERRY's sitting-room, which commands a view of St. James's Park. MISS FERRY makes Topsy stand opposite her.

Miss F. Now, Topsy, who were your political parents? Topsy. Dun't no, Miss—never had none. [Grinning.]

Miss F. Never had any—what do you mean? Of what party were you born?



THE POLITICAL TOPSY.

"I SPECTS NOBODY CANT 'DO NOTHIN' WITH ME!"—Fide "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Topsy. Never was born.

[With a grin.]

Miss F. How long have you served your former master?

Topsy. Dun't 'actly know, Miss.

Miss F. Don't know, Topsy! One year or several?

Topsy. Several, off and on, 'should think.

Miss F. Now, tell me who made you politically?

Topsy. Nobody as I know's on. Don't think nobody never made me. I spec'd growed.

[Looking around and rubbing his eyes.]

Miss F. What did you do for your former master?

Topsy. Laws, nothin', Missis—jawed a bit nows and

Miss F. What can you do, Topsy? [Gibbs.]

Topsy. Anythin'. Chiefly I is good at climb'n' up a

poll. [Grinning.]

Miss F. Now, Topsy, what are your politics?

Topsy. Laws, 'most anythink.

Miss F. Why, Topsy, what's this? [Pulling at a

ribbon which was hanging out of Topsy's pocket.]

Topsy. Laws, why that at's the ribbon I had at late

Miss F. But here is another, besides. [Mist's.]

Toppy. Laws, why that's John's ribbon! how could it 'a got in my pocket?

Miss F. Toppy, you naughty thing, don't tell me a lie; you stole that ribbon.

Toppy. Missie, I declare for't I didn't. Never send it till this blessed minute.

[Miss Fanny's husband is indignant that she shakes Torsey, which causes some papers to fall.]

Miss F. There you! will you tell me you didn't steal the ribbon?

Toppy. Laws, now, if that be John's Missie bill (looking rather guilty). I mind John lost it one night, and I just picked it up.

Miss F. You've tried to change its appearance, you naughty thing. Now, Toppy, confess what else you've stolen.

Toppy. Well, I took John's Chancery Reform Bill, and 'bout half his Parliamentary Reform Bill, what he had round his neck when he lost his Missie Bill, and lots of Joe's measure, what he's all 'ays lovin'.

Miss F. Bless me, what a thief!

(Indignant.) Is there anything you have not stolen, Toppy?

Toppy. Laws! Missie, there's the Income Tax Repeal Bill.

Miss F. Now run, Toppy, you naughty thing, and get me the Reform Bill you stole from John and Joe, and what you have of your own. Mr. Bull wants them directly.

Toppy. Laws, Missie, I can't.

Miss F. What a story, Toppy! Get them this minute, or I'll discharge you.

Toppy. I can't, Missie (with loud protestations, and tears and groans). They's loomin', they is.

Miss F. You naughty creature! Why did you tell me you'd got them?

[Quite bewildered at this incomprehensible language.]

Toppy. 'Cause it's wicked, I is; I's mighty wicked anyhow. I can't help it.

[At this moment John and Joe enter together. John, carrying his bill still round his neck, and Joe with one of his measure stuck all over his person as usual.]

Miss F. Why, John and Joe, how did you get those again?

[Pointing to the bill and the measure.]

J. and J. (together). Dese ar! had dese ar all de time. Can't pass dem nohow.

Miss F. What in the world did you tell me you took those things for?

Toppy (rubbing eyes and sneezing). Why, Missie said I must 'less or Mac's would turn me away, and I couldn't think of nothin' else to 'less.

Miss F. But of course I didn't want you to confess things you didn't do. That's telling a lie just as much as the other.

Toppy. Laws, now, is it? *[With innocent wonder.]*

J. and J. (looking indignantly at Torsey). Da's 'at so such thing as truth in this land.



LORD JOHN BLOWING UP THE GUYS OF PARLIAMENT.

A DESIGN FOR THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER.

Nov. 5.

HARROLD the Derby Ministry retained office after the General Election, it was with shaken power and diminished prestige. It was felt that their tenure of office was provisional and precarious, and Lord John Russell was suspected of intentions to turn the earliest opportunity of overthrowing them to the best

account. Parliament had assembled on the "Eve of St. Guy," which gave *Mr. Punch* a suggestion for a cartoon.

(See Cartoon, "Lord John Blowing up the Guys of Parliament.")

Nov. 18.

On this day took place the public funeral of the Duke of Wellington, a spectacle which

for solemn impressiveness of pageantry, and the universal yet respectful display of popular interest, has never been surpassed. "Honour," said the Earl of Derby, in his speech in the House of Lords upon this great occasion, "Honour, my Lords, to the people, who so well know how to reverence the illustrious dead!"

Lieut-General Viscount Hardinge was appointed Commander-in-Chief in place of the deceased Duke. His first "General Order"

related to the mourning of the army for "the greatest Commander whom England ever saw, and whose life has afforded the brightest example by which a British Army can be guided in the performance of its duties."

(See Cartoon, "The Duke's Request.")

RENDERING UP THE SWORD.

He renders up the sword he held so long,
And used so well for Britain; never blade

Was free from all tarnishing of wrong
Than England's, while his firm hand it obeyed.

II.

Old legends tell of Arthur's mystic sword
Excalibur—that never did forsake
His side, till, when death-wounded lay its lord,
A wondrous hand clutched it, rising from the lake.

III.

The old Arthur slumbers in the enchanted land,
The Lady of the Lake tending his sleep—
Twas the old faith, when Britain craved his hand,
That up to life, all harnessed, he would leap.



THE DUKE'S REQUEST.—FOR THE MOST WORTHY!

IV.

And, baring bright Excalibur once more,
Sweep, with his shadowy knights, from sea to sea,
Until, along the length of Britain's shore,
No foothold for an enemy should be.

V.

Then back to Enchanted rest, he and his knights
Would vanish, till a new occasion came
Rousing them from their charmed sleep's delights,
To guard or free the land they loved from shame.

VI.

So sleeps our later Arthur: his life's coil
Is shuffled off—upon his bier we lay

Trophies and tears, ere to the worms a spoil
We render up his vesture of decay.

VII.

The dim light's burn about his gorgeous bier,
Sparkling in jewelled star and pendent cross;
Scutcheons and leading staffs and banners near,
Tell to the world his honours and our loss.

VIII.

The highest and the humblest of the land
Are waiting to attend him to the tomb—
The mourners go about the streets, or stand
Sadly, as under sense of common doom.

IX.

Our Arthur sleeps—or our Arthur is not dead.
Excalibur shall yet leap from the sheath,
Should e'er invading foot this England tread—
Upstarting, then, his marble tomb beneath.

X.

Our Wellington's undying fire shall burn
Through all our veins—until the women say,
"Behold, their Arthur doth to life return!"
And awe-struck from the onset shrink away.

DEC. 1.

THE result of the *plébiscite* on the question of reviving the Empire was announced by the *Corps Législatif* as follows:—Ayes (for the Empire), 7,864,189. Noes (against), 253,145. Nil, 63,326. On the next day, the anniversary of Prince Napoleon's *Coup d'Etat*, the proclamation of the Empire took place in Paris, and on the 5th the same thing was done throughout France.

DEC. 3.

THE Chancellor of the Exchequer introduced the Budget. It reduced the Malt Tax, increased the Inhabited House Duty, and reduced but did not drop the Income Tax, which, on the contrary, was extended to properties and salaries in Ireland. The Free Traders did not like the Budget.

(See Cartoon, "A Scene from English History.")

"Was not Disraeli many a year
Sheltered within Protection's
gates,
Shut out from sense and reason
clear
By prejudice and party hate?
On him your party hung its fate,
Fawned on him, fawned and
caressed—
Leaving its loves legitimate,
Its Grimblys, Richmonds, and
the rest,
Till stern Free Trade—that
mate abhorred,
To whom St. Stephen's saw
you tick—
Obtained the clue, your true
knights fanned,
And found through crooked
paths a guide;
Then pointing to your central
hold,
Collared your love more frail
than fair,
And to him, frowning stern and
cold,
Ours! black bow! or dagger
late."

On the 13th Mr. Lowe made an energetic attack upon it, especially with regard to the Malt Tax, which reduction he opposed. On the 16th Dec. the Chancellor of the Exchequer replied on the whole unusually protracted debate. He made a bold but unsuccessful defence of his financial schemes. Retorting upon Sir Charles Wood, he reminded him in words since often quoted, that

"petulance is not sarcasm nor insolence invective." Mr. Gladstone replying, gravely rebuked him for the license of his speech, and characterised his financial plan as "this unsound and delusive scheme." On the division on the House Tax resolution, the Government was placed in a minority of 19; the numbers were 286 for and 305 against. The House of course

adjourned, and on the 20th the Ministers announced that they had resigned, and that the Earl of Aberdeen had been sent for. On the 27th the Earl of Aberdeen made a statement of the reasons which had induced him to undertake to form a Ministry. The House on its rising adjourned till Feb. 10 in the ensuing year.



A SCENE FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.
QUEEN ELEANOR AND FAIR ROSAMOND.

+ 1853 +

THE year opened amidst the stir and strife of a General Election. The Ministerial Addresses were before the country. They promised (in the words of Sir James Graham) "cautious but progressive reform," and (in those of Sir Charles Wood) "well-advised but certain progress." Lord Palmerston said he trusted the new Liberal Government would answer "the just expectation of the country," and Lord John Russell pledged it to "rational and enlightened progress."

(See Cartoon, "Pledging.")

Mr. Disraeli, said *Punch*, "bore his loss of office with rather an ill grace." It was doubtless a sore disappointment to his soaring ambition to lose so soon the position he had manfully struggled for. He thanked the House for its indulgence, and said that if any word had escaped his lips which had hurt the feelings of anybody, he deeply regretted it, and hoped "that the impression on their part would be as transient as the sense of provocation was on his own." Sir James Graham admitted that he (Mr. Disraeli) had "conducted the cause of the Government for the last ten months with signal ability." Mr. *Punch* addressed the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer in the following lines:—

A FAREWELL TO
DISRAELI.

FROM WITH MINISTERIAL,
FROM STATE CEREMONIAL,
FROM TANGLES IMPERFECT,

FROM MURMURS COLONIAL—

From net-work gigantic
Of red tape and rapists,
From Protestants frantic,
And high-flying Papists—
From all of the holdies
Of Malmesbury's peckings,
From all of the squabbles
Of Falmouth's meddling—
From Walpole's well-meaning,
From Bessie's dirt,



PALMERSTON.

RUSSELL.

"PLEDGING."

"HALLO! WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT O' SEEING YOU HERE!"

From Christopher's leaning
The truth out to him—
From bearing, in one sense,
Inscribed on your banners,
The socialist nonsense
Of gentle John Manners,
From recording in acts
The entire contradiction
Which Free-trading facts
Give Protectionist fiction—

From having to swallow
Each word you have spoken,
From hopes all proved hollow,
From promises broken—
From waiting palaver
You inwardly moan for,
From stooping to slaver
The men you feel scorn for—
From gracing Peel's triumph,
However you grudge it,

From hearing all cry "hump!"
At sight of your Budget—
From such trick, and turn
Of the helical tactician,
Punch greets your return
To a nobler position!
For he saw in your rising
The work of a leman,
Which its own aggrandising
Had toiled to attain

Unfavour'd by station,
Unaided by pelf,
You waited occasion,
And came for yourself;
Till the House which derided
The youth who began—
Its laughter subsided—
Gave ear to the man;
And, subdu'd by the power
Of a resolute will,

Listened, hours after hours,
Differential and still;
And in speech, subtle pleader,
In fight ne'er dismay'd,
You rose to be leader
Where once you obeyed,
Then the proud ones, your malkers,
To low were fall'n,
The Lords of the Acres
To the Lord of the Brain.



THE NEW CREW.

"NOW, GENTLEMEN—PULL TOGETHER THIS TIME, IF YOU PLEASE."

The new, or Coalition Ministry, under the premiership of the Earl of Aberdeen, consisted of a combination of Conservatives, Whigs, and Radicals, and included Lord John Russell as Foreign Secretary, Lord Palmerston as Home Secretary, and Mr. Gladstone as Chancellor of the Exchequer. It was of course charged with being "a factious combination," a charge against which Lord John Russell vigorously defended it. Most of the Ministers were re-elected, though at Oxford there was some opposition to Mr.

Gladstone, the clerical and ultra-Tory party beginning to have their faith somewhat shaken in their "rising hope," whose recent votes on ecclesiastical questions and whose political companionships had filled them with a growing fear. Mr. Gladstone denied that by his assumption of office under Earl Aberdeen he had made any change whatever in his principles as related to the Church.

In the new Coalition Ministry the Earl of Aberdeen was First Lord of the Treasury, Lord

John Russell Foreign Secretary, Viscount Palmerston Home Secretary, the Duke of Newcastle Colonial Secretary, Lord Cranworth Lord Chancellor, Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir James Graham First Lord of the Admiralty, Rt. Hon. Sidney Herbert Secretary at War, Sir Charles Wood Board of Control, Earl Granville Lord President, and the Duke of Argyll Lord Privy Seal.

(See Cartoon, "The New Crew.")

JAN. 22.

On this date the Emperor Napoleon made announcement of his approaching marriage with Mademoiselle Eugénie de Montijo, Comtesse de Teba. *Mr. Punch*, parodying a popular song of the time entitled "Barney Brallaghan," celebrated the occasion by writing "Louis Napoleon's Courtship."

'Twas evening, noon, and night,
And afternoon and morning;
The French Imperial wight
All foreign courts were scorn-

ing.
He begged from door to door
A wife to share his glory,
His love tale he did pour,
And this was part of his

story—
Only say
You'll your husband make
me,
France shall pay
Whatever you charge to
take me.

Oh, list to what I say,
Pretty Royal Venus;
Name your price you may,
France we'll share between us.
The country's game to sleep,
Vind of sense and feeling,
Honest about I care,
All I long'd for stealing,
Only say, &c.

I've got a set of tools,
I've got the gold to glut them;
And if they're obstinate fools,
In prison I can shut them.
Men without a coat—
If only I describe them—
A moderate leak-note
Will say morning take them.
Only say, &c.

I've got a little fame
By love of peace declaring;
I've got my uncle's name,
A little worse for wearing.
I've got some gooseberry wine,
With samaras and palleas,
To make the soldiers nice
Where'er I want their bullets.
Only say, &c.

I've got a million pounds, (tis—
(That's what I'm to be paid
A sum so very round,
I'm sure will charm the ladies.
I've got the crown to wear,
And never advent' with pooles!

A boy—I've got—to share,
Of not exactly roses,
Only say, &c.

I've no oar in my eye,
A wife alone I'm needing,
Who's got—what have not I—
The real Royal breeding,
I've wealth! that all will own,
No matter how I get it!



THE EAGLE IN LOVE.

I've got, besides, a throne,
As long as they don't upset it,
Only say, &c.

For a wife—till death—
I'll take the first will please me;
But oh! I waste my breath,
You every one despise me,
I'm just beginning to reign,
No wife I can discover

But that young girl from Spain—
So I'll be her constant lover.
Only say, &c.

The marriage was solemnized a little later, the civil celebration in the Tuileries by M. Fould on the 29th Jan., and the ecclesiastical on the 30th in Notre Dame, by the Archbishop of Paris.

(See *Cartoon*, "The Eagle in Love.")

FEB. 10.

PARLIAMENT reassembled for the first time after the adjournment of the 31st of the previous December. The chief measures announced in Lord John Russell's statement as intended to be introduced during the Session, were those with reference to the National Defences and to Jewish Disabilities. The dis-

cussion about the National Defences elicited vigorous protests from the Peace Party—called in derision the Peace-at-any-price Party—represented by Messrs. Cobden and Bright, who at this period came in for much popular odium and a good deal of ridicule at the hands of Mr. Punch.

(See *Cartoon*, "Strait Waistcoat.")

PEACE AND WAR.

(BRING A DUET BETWEEN RICHARD COBDEN AND THE BRITISH LION.)

SAYS R. Cobden to the Lion, "French assurances rely
Never mind their Maud rifles and their sabres:—Jon,
It's all a vile invention to assert they've the intention
Of doing any mischief to their neighbours."

Says the Lion to R. Cobden, "My house I won't be
robbed in;
Not have it broken into or plundered;



STRAIT WAISTCOAT.

WORKED BY THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND FOR THE OPPONENTS OF NATIONAL DEFENCES.

And I'm very glad to say, I can quite afford to pay
The constables to keep it safely guarded."

Says R. Cobden to the Lion, "Napoleon's noble prin-
Will feel hurt at all your warlike preparation;
So your claws put in their sheath, let the Quakers draw
your teeth,
And trust, instead of Arms, to Arbitration."

Says the Lion to R. Cobden, "In France I've seen &
job done
By that very noble icon you refer to, [ing,
Which assures me there's no harm in a little quiet arm-
If the Arbitrator's finding be demur to."

Says R. Cobden to the Lion, "I assure you I've my eye
on
The French nation, and I'm not the least afraid, Sir;
For, throughout their vast dominion, the popular opinion
Is that war would play the devil with their trade, Sir."

Says the Lion to R. Cobden, "What might be by French
rich done
Matters little; though they're friends from north to
south, man;
Be the general voice unwarlike, the General's voice is
more like
To be talking to us through the cannon's mouth, man."

Says the Lion to R. Cobden, "Army estimates look shy
on;
To your soldiers pray give neither love nor money;
Land forces or aquatic—they're a swarm aristocratic
Of drones, who fatten idle on your honey."

Says the Lion to R. Cobden, "Ordnance charge, & say be
jobbed in;
But if folks have force, they must have men to back
'em;
History teaches us (we'll tell 'em) 'Si vis pacem, para
bellum';
Not (as you say) 'Si vis bellum, para pacem'."

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bellum';
Not (as you say) 'Si vis bellum, para pacem'."

Says R. Cobden to the Lion,
"Tears the Press set this
and cry so."

Talk of gun-boats, prizes, flotillas—why not 'coracles'?
If a man would live in quiet, he
should join the Peace Society,
And take my friend John Bright
and me for oracles."

Says the Lion to R. Cobden,
"The papers you've been
unbuckled in,
And critics aren't so pleasant
as reviewers:
And we know that there are
lawless, which produce upon
their readers
More effect than other leaders
on their hearers."

Says R. Cobden to the Lion, "I
beg you'll cast your eye on
The Pamphlet I've produced
on Peace and Warfare,
Where I've made it clear that
we caused the war of ninety-
three,
And have set distorted facts
in aspects more fair."

Says the Lion to R. Cobden,
"Your Pamphlet I have
just bobbed in:
And if ninety-three were only
eighteen two, Sir:
Had Nap. never mounted throne,
or no'r' campol beside
Boslogne,
I won't say but your conclusions
might be true; Sir."

"But unhappily, you see, Eight-
een two's not ninety-three:
Nap. 's a fact, and so 's his
winter at Boslogne, Sir:
But all talk 's not worth a title:
I told all Napu—great and
little—
That the British Lion will be
let alone, Sir."

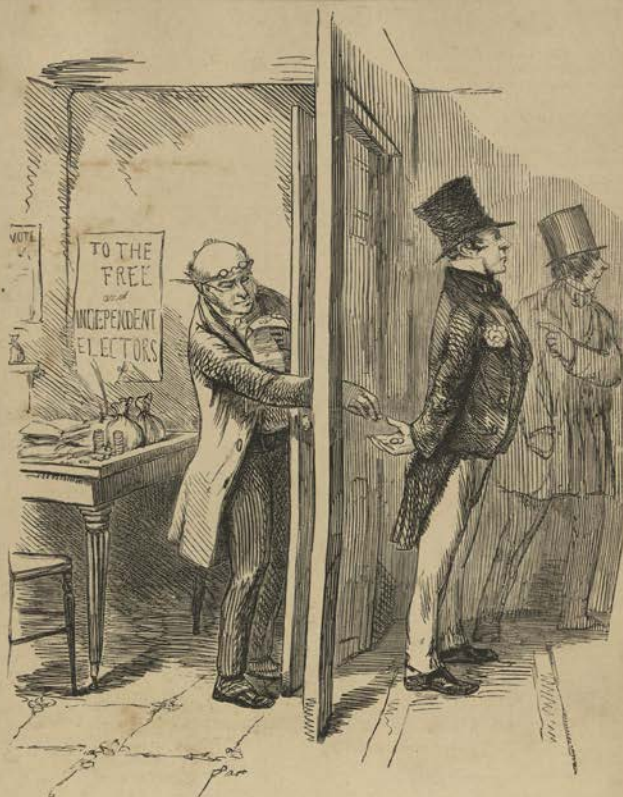
"He begs to state most fully he
don't intend to bully
(Wrong he knows, although
triumphant, brings its Ne-
mesis):
But waving brag and bounce,
one thing he *does* announce,
He will NOT STAND AN
INTRUSION ON HIS PRE-
MISES."

MARCH 19.

THE fact that several of the Members elected to the new Parliament had subsequently lost their seats for bribery, had called public attention to the prevalence of Electoral Corruption.

(See Cartoon, "The Ordinary Legal Expenses of an Election.")

Mr. Punch satirically proposed that votes should be put up to auction. "It is easy," he



THE PARTY WHO, ETC.

FREE AND INDEPENDENT, ETC.

THE ORDINARY LEGAL EXPENSES OF AN ELECTION.

said, "to see what bribery at Borough elections will come to. Open dealing in votes is better than clandestine corruption. Englishmen hate all underhand transactions; and the spirit of frankness that reigns in British boroughs will, if unrestricted, very soon assert itself in the sale of electors, without reserve or secrecy, by public auction."

ST. STEPHEN AND HIS CHERUBS.

ST. STEPHEN sat late at his new chapel gate.
In a state of resigned expectation
Of the winding up of a lengthy debate,
Not the least affecting the nation.

When, up in the air, the Saint is aware
Of a sound as of wings and of voices,

X

And he lifts up his eyes in pious surprise,
To see what the cause of the noise is.

It comes from a roost of cherubim stout—

Parliamentary apothecaries—

Those cheeks once so chiselled, bearded and grubby
With the hairs that have run down their noses.

With agonised wrings of their poor little wings

They try vainly to wipe their fat faces.

With bitter complaint, o'er the head of the Saint,
Flying out from their late pleasant places.

"What means this wild grieving?" said holy St. Stephen,
Quoth they, "We are victims to law, Sir."

"Won't you sit and explain?" But they answered again,
"How sit? when we have n't *de quai*, Sir!"

"The seats are all gone that we late sat upon—
Ta'en away by our hard-hearted brothers!"

And the worst of the ill is, that, do what we will,
There's no chance of our meeting with others.

"Here's the Church of Clitheroe, whither, oh whither, oh,
Is he to go look for a bough?"

Here's the Church of Chatham, they all went in at him,
Though they'd play just the same tricks to-morrow.

And the Lancaster Cherub 'll feel his loss terrible,

As his seat to get warm was beginnin'!

And the Hull Cherub 'twain must go canvas again,
With the Cherub of Rye, young Mackinnon.

"They who over the same bridge of gold is for Cambridge

Walked triumphant—one rich and one clever,

Before they can meet with as easy a seat,

May go wand'ring the kingdom for ever!



HOW TO INSURE AGAINST RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.

TIE A COUPLE OF DIRECTORS A LA MAZEPPA TO EVERY ENGINE THAT STARTS WITH A TRAIN.

And what adds aggravation to our sad situation,
Is the fact—which all folk must admit, Sir,
That the few that ill-treated by being uninsured,
Are no worse than the many who sit, Sir!"

Then the Saint with a grin stroked the beard on his chin,
And with voice, than which none could be blander,
Said, "In my house, you see, the proverb should be,
"Sauce for geese is not good sauce for ganders."

MARCH 26.

A NUMBER of Railway Accidents occurred about this time, and there was much public dissatisfaction at the want of care on the part of the Railway Companies.

(See Cartoon, "How to Insure against Railway Accidents.")

Mr. Punch had the following hit at the Companies:—

RAILWAY ASSURANCE.

We understand it is in contemplation, by some of the principal Railway Companies, to try the experiment of starting, daily, a guaranteed train, for the accommodation of those who are desirous of being secured against accidents. There will be no difficulty in carrying out this arrangement, as it has been proved that caution is the only thing wanting to prevent the sacrifice of life; and preference tickets may be easily issued at an advanced price, entitling the holder to safe conduct to the end of his journey.

MARCH 29.

ON this day a meeting was held at Newcastle, where it was resolved to memorialise the Government on the Turkish question. There were premonitory mutterings of the storm which was a little later to break forth in the Crimean War. Lord Russell, in reply to the memorial, promised that "the utmost vigilance should be shown, as the independence of Turkey could not be subverted without serious injury to British commerce."

It was felt however (as the *Times* at the time stated), that owing to Turkish misgovernment "the time is fast approaching when the maintenance of the Ottoman Empire in its present form will be found to be impracticable, acknowledged to be undesirable."

On the 9th January the Emperor of Russia, in a confidential conversation with Sir Hamilton Seymour, had made some significant remarks concerning the condition of Turkey. "The sick man," said the Emperor, "is dying, and we can never allow such an event to take us by surprise. We must come to some understanding, and this we should do. I am convinced, if I could hold but ten minutes' conversation with your Ministers—with Lord Aberdeen, for instance, who knows me so well, who has full confidence in me, as I have in him. And, remember, I do not ask for a treaty or a protocol; a general understanding is all I require—that between gentlemen is sufficient." Some days later

the Emperor intimated to Sir Hamilton Seymour that he would not consent to the permanent occupation of Constantinople by Russia, but at the same time would not allow it to be occupied by the English or French, or any other great nation. Rather than that he would go to war, and fight while he had a man or a musket left. A dispute had taken place between Russia

and Turkey concerning the Holy Places, as they were called, which had reference to certain privileges claimed by Russia in favour of persons professing the Greek religion in Jerusalem and elsewhere. Prince Menschikoff, appointed Russian Ambassador at Constantinople, had quarrelled with Foad Effendi and other Turkish officials. Altogether the relations between

Russia and Turkey were decidedly "strained." The phrase "Sick Man" was to pass into a proverb, and concerning him and his ailments, his foes and his friends, much more was to be heard in the immediate future.

(See Cartoon, "Turkey in Danger.")



TURKEY IN DANGER.

APRIL 4.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL obtained leave to introduce a National Education Bill, the principle and provisions of which he explained. It included an extension of the existing system, and a plan for dealing with educational charities.

He declared against what was called "secular" education.

There was a good deal of hot sectarian dispute on the subject, especially between High Churchmen and Dissenters.

(See Cartoon, "Who shall Educate?")

OLD ENGLAND'S BABES IN THE WOOD.

In a nurse's uncouth telling, in a broadside's random spelling,
Or in staidest garb of story-book, with binding and
For ages has that story set Young England's tears a-
welling,
That sanctifies the red-breast on our window-sills and



WHO SHALL EDUCATE? OR, OUR BABES IN THE WOOD.

How oft with tear-drenched pinafore, has he sat and lost
his dinner for
The drath of those good parents, in that uncle too
confiding,
And wondered, in his innocence, what he was such a
sinner for,
As to hire those cruel ruffians who took the babes out
riding.

How oft the nursery's rattle has been hushed before the
prattle
Of those pretty babes which wrought so on the mildest
mindful *Walter*,
That in the lonely forest he gave his fellow battle,
And slew him, thereby cheating the gallows and the
halter.

And then, instead of staying to keep the babes from
straying,
He weakly left them, with command to "stop there
like good children!"
For Young England well remembered his own manner of
obeying
The like order from the nurse-maid whom he gloried
in bewitching.

With what bursts of tender soldiering he blessed the gentle
robin,
Who the forest leaves their faces laid with pious beak
and claws on,
And how heavily in school-days was he visited with
coddling
Who the robin's sacred nest laid his sacrilegious paws

That old tale with a new dress on, for Old England has
its lesson;
Touching *his* "Babes in the Wood" he a hint from it
may borrow—
In the wood through whose entanglements scarce manly
strength can press on—
The wood of sin and suffering, of ignorance and
sorrow.

There the little children wander, while in mortal combat
yonder
Those who call themselves their guides for the mastery
are fighting;
There in striving for that wood's sour fruit their infant
strength they squander,
Deep and deeper in its hideous depths body and soul

received with popular approval, but there were, as usual, many misgivings in the public mind concerning the ability of the Naval Departments to deal satisfactorily with the situation.

(See *Carton, "Portrait of an Admiralty Board."*)

JUNE 12.

COUNT NESSELRÖDE addressed a Circular Note, designed, as he said, "to rectify the false

statements which may have been circulated about Prince Menschikoff's mission to Constantinople."

A note was added specifying the terms Russia was ready to accept for "the protection of the orthodox religion of the Orient, its clergy, churches, and possessions."

Mr. Punch replied to Count Nesselrode in the following manner:—

RUSSIAN REASONS.

(Being the English Change for Count Nesselrode's Circular Note.)

As Prince Menschikoff's mission has caused a great rumour,
And a notion prevails that the Czar's in the wrong,
And as England and France may be able to stamp us,
These our reasons you'll state, Courts and Cabinets among.

You need scarcely point out that of truth there's no particle
In the monstrous report, that our threatenings of war



PORTRAIT OF AN "ADMIRALTY BOARD"
(AFTER A DESIGN BY THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND.)

Are meant to enforce on the Sultan an article
Which puts twelve million Turks 'neath the thumb of
the Czar.

As no Cabinet gravely can hold such a notion,
You will go on at once to impress, at your Court,
The Czar's Christian care and unselfish devotion
For the Russo-Greek Church in the realms of the Porte.

You will say that his feelings are strictly parental [head :
Towards that Church, of which he is the father and
That the influence he wields is all moral and mental—
A fact proved by all he has done—at least, said.

Describe the Czar's wish to know wherefore this heat is
At demands which existing conventions allow ;
Cite Kaimardji's and Adrianople's two treaties,
And point out that they give all we're asking for now.

Show how, from beginning to end of the business,
All about Holy Places the question has been ;
That, if 'twixt us and France there was some slight un-
easiness,

The horizon on that side is now quite serene.
That the Russo-Greek rights have been clearly admitted,
And secured by a firman, and Hatti-Scheriff ;

So that France and the Latin Communions outwitted,
Yield the *fauc* to the Russo-Greek Church and its chief.

Recapitulate then, as these rights—in the first place—
Are what Russia has always enjoyed, beyond doubt ;
And as—secondly—France is now put in the worst place
In the matter, whereon she and Russia fell out ;

And as—in the third place—the Sultan has granted
All we asked by a Firman, which clearly maintains
The rights of our Church, which was all we ever wanted ;
And as—in the fourth place—my note thus explains.

The duplicity, weakness, and tergiversation
Which the Porte through the whole of this business has
shown,
And proves, too, the Czar's great forbearance and patience,
Guided, as he has been, by his duty alone:—
We cannot conceive what he's taken to task for,
If on the offensive he ventures to act.

Seeing that we have always had all we now ask for,
And have since got a firman confirming the fact.
Submit the above, as a full demonstration,
That no option we've had, 'twixt disgrace and a war,
And ask if the Porte had to used them, what nation
But must have done just what's been done by the Czar?

JUNE 14.

A MILITARY Camp was formed on Chobham Common, where manoeuvres and displays were carried on up to the 20th August. The Camp became very popular with the public, who flocked thither in large numbers, and dis-



A GENTLE REPROOF.

GENERA. "I say, Bill, I wonder what them ladies would say, if we was to go looking 'em their way?"

played a sometimes almost too intrusive curiosity; and the "humours" of the scene gave plenty of work to the pens and pencils of the time. The season was a very wet and windy one.

(See *Carlson*, "A Gentle Reproof.")

JUNE 26.

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA issued a Manifesto stating that having exhausted all peaceful means in the endeavour to bring the Porte to reason, he had found it necessary to order his

troops to occupy the Danubian Principalities, not as a beginning of war, but as an earnest of resolute determination to maintain the just rights of Russia. On the 2nd July accordingly the Russian troops crossed the Pruth and occupied the Principalities.

JULY 27.

ON this day occurred a great Cab Strike in London. A new Act had been passed reducing cab fares from 8d. to 6d. per mile, and the cabmen resented the reduction.

SAPPHICS OF THE CARSTAND.

Friend of Self-Government.

SEEDY Cab-driver, whether art thou going?
Sad is thy fate—reduced to law and order,
Local self-government yielding to the grip of
Centralisation.

Victim of Fitzroy! little think the M.P.'s,
Leaving it o'er cabs, 'bus, lodging-house and graveyard,
Of the good times when every Anglo-Saxon's
House was his castle.

Say, hapless sufferer, was it Mr. Chadwick—
Underground foe to the British Constitution—
Or my Lord Shaftesbury, put up Mr. Fitzroy
Thus to assail you?

Was it the growth of Continental notions,
Or was it the Metropolitan police force
Prompted this blow at *Latitudes-faire*, that free and
Easiest of doctrines?

Have you not read Mr. Toulmin Smith's great work on
Centralisation? If you haven't, buy it;
Meanwhile I should be glad at once to hear your
View on the subject.

Cab-driver.

View on the subject? Jigger'd if I've got one;
Only I want no centrylism, I don't—
Which I suppose it's a crusher standin' sentry
Hover a cabstand.

Whereby if we gives e'er a word o' cheek to
Parties as rides, they pulls us up like winkin'—
And them there blessed beaks is down upon us
Dead as an 'ammer!

As for Mr. Toulmin Smith, can't say I know him—
But as you talks so werry like a gen'man,
Perhaps you're a goin' in 'anome style to stand a
Shillin' a mile, Sir.



THE BEAR AND THE BEES.—A NEW VERSION OF AN OLD STORY.

Friend of Self-Government.

I give a shilling? I will see thee hanged first—
Sneapce a mile—or drive me straight to Bow Street—
Idle, ill-mannered, dissipated, dirty,
Insolent rascal!

JULY 31.

THE representatives of the four great Powers
(England, France, Austria, and Prussia,) met at Vienna and agreed upon a Note to be submitted to Russia and Turkey, which it was hoped would form a basis for a settlement of the dis-

puted questions between them. The Note was accepted by the Emperor of Russia, and it was hoped for a time that peace would be maintained.

(See Cartoon, "The Bear and the Bees.")

AUG. 8.

A GRAND Naval Review was held at Spithead, attended by the Queen and her suite. A naval demonstration on so large a scale was

unprecedented, and caused considerable public excitement and enthusiasm.

THE BATTLE OF SPITHEAD.

Or Cochrane and the Court,
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to Spithead did resort
All that London could send down;
Where they lodged the night before, is unknown—
Room to sit, or sleep, or stand,
Fancy prices did command;
With the houseless, street and strand
Thick were strawn.

Many a cockney was afloat,
Unaccustomed to the line;
But no wind to speak of blew,
And the day was bright and fine;

It was ten of Thursday morn by
the chime,
And no ripple curled in
wrath,
As they steamed upon their
path,
And snuffed old Neptune's
breath.
Oh, 'twas prime!

Old penny boats, new-brushed,
Till they looked quite smart
and clean.

Their bows piteously pushed
More nobby craft between—
"Give 'em coke!" the captains
cried; and each one
Changed his furnace to the
lips.

Till steamers, yachts, and
ships,
The funnel's clouds eclipse—
Dark and dim!

In vain! in vain! in vain!
All attempts to keep 'em
back!

With a turn a-head, again
They were right across the
track—

Underneath some first-rate's
bows, or frigate's boom—
Spoke of angry captain's hail,
And passengers grown pale,
When did Thames' steamers
fall
To find room?

The well-bred yachting men
Much better did behave,
With six pounders and c'en ten
Their salute they duly gave,
And their burges to the breeze
did smartly fling—
While Solent's shores repeat
The thunders of the fleet,
That Her Majesty to greet,
Loudly ring!

Till to the great relief
Of eyes and ears and nose,
At a signal from the chief
The salutes came to a close,
And we thought the firing over
for the day;
While Cobden and friend
Brightly sight
Asked themselves "if such a
Of powder we'd a right
To fire away?"

When sudden through the haze,
The foemen heave in sight,
And again those broadsides blaze
In the mimicry of fight—
But yet, from out the cannon's
harmless roar,
Spoke a warning true and deep,
Of the floating powers that sleep,
The curse of war to keep
From our shore!

The friends of peace may chide,
But not the few 'tis true,
There's a time our strength to hide,
And a time to show it, too;
Tis not always true economy to save—



THE SHAM FIGHT AT SPITHEAD.

BOARDER. "ART 'EE all verry well, but O, JACK—if you had been a Russian?"

Then wherever ocean rolls,
From the equator to the Poles,
May our hearts of oak bear sail,
True and brave!

(See Cartoon, "Sham Fight at Spithead.")

AUG. 16.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL, in the House of Commons, gave a long and detailed

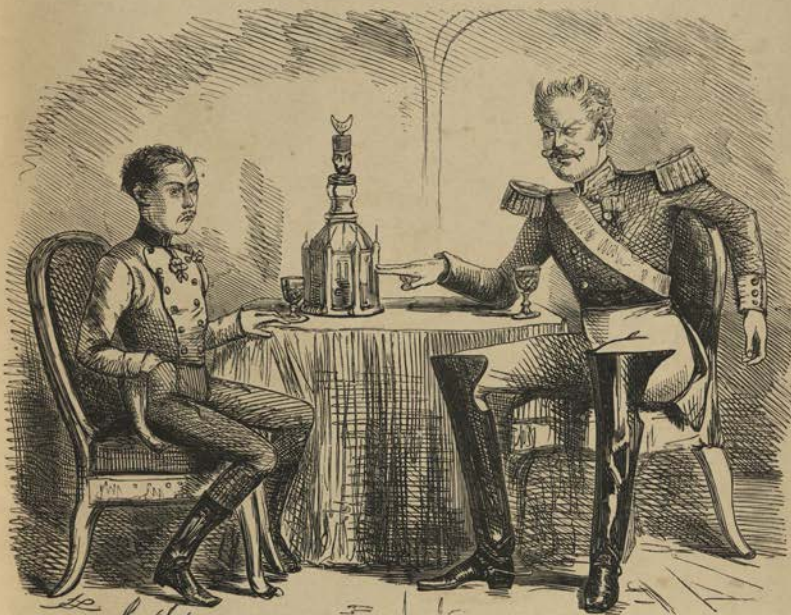
explanation of the recent course of events and the existing situation of affairs in connection with the Russo-Turkish question. Whilst expressing his regret at Prince Menschikoff's ultimatum, and at Russia's occupation of the Principalities, he referred to Russia's acceptance of the joint Note, and said he "thought we had now a fair prospect, without involving Europe in

hostilities, or exposing the independence and integrity of Turkey, that the object in view would be secured in no very long space of time." He said however, "it was quite evident that no settlement could be satisfactory which did not include, or immediately lead to the evacuation of the Principalities."

AUG. 20.

PARLIAMENT was this day prorogued by Commission. The Royal Speech contained the following somewhat reassuring passage concerning the Russo-Turkish quarrel:—"It is with deep interest and concern that her Majesty

has viewed the serious misunderstanding which has recently arisen between Russia and the Ottoman Porte. The Emperor of the French has united with her Majesty in earnest endeavours to reconcile differences, the continuance of which might involve Europe in war. Acting in concert with the Allies, and relying on the



THE OLD 'UN AND THE YOUNG 'UN.

OLD NICHOLAS. "Now then, AUSTRIA, just help me to finish the PORTE."

exertions of the Conference now assembled at Vienna, her Majesty has good reason to hope that an honourable arrangement will be speedily accomplished."

SEPT. 4.

A SEVERE visitation of Cholera came this autumn, breaking out at Newcastle on this date, and in London a little later.

SEPT. 23.

ON this date Lord Stratford de Redcliffe received instructions to have the British Fleet taken to Constantinople.

SEPT. 24.

ON this day the Emperors of Russia and Austria had an interview at Olmutz.

(See Cartoon, "The Old 'Un and the Young 'Un.")

Mr. Punch said at this time: "The Chinese Revolution progresses in a peculiar manner. Heads are not falling, as was the case in France, but tails are with marvellous rapidity in this Celestial Reign of Terror, the Robespierres of which are sending Mandarins by thousands to the scaffold to be deprived of those appendages."

This had reference to the rebellion of the self-styled Taepings, or "Princes of Peace," which under the Pretender Tien-teh (Celestial Virtue)

had broken out early in 1851, and had since given great trouble to the Imperial party in China. The object of the insurgents was to drive out the Tartars and remove the Emperor from the throne.

(See Caricature, "Subject for a Chinese Historical Picture.")

MR. PUNCH IN CHINA.

SINCE each *gale-manche* is speaking of Nanking or Peking,
And as each critic, wit, or professional diner,
Explains that you can't choose but see that the Manichew
Must soon be entirely driven from China,
And that a high price on our Pekoe and Hyson
Must be the infallible end of the clatter,
Mr. Punch, who's a strong gill for Souchow and Congow,

Determines to go and see what is the matter.
It boots not to say *any* he goes; for to-day
Young and old, grave and gay, so affect locomotion,
That the press every hour produces a shower
Of "Rough Notes of a Skid on the Great Frozen Ocean,"
Or "A Misadventure's Skid on the Great Frozen Ocean,"
Or "The Steppes of the Conacka, by one who has
walked in 'em!"
And I'm sure that whate'er Mr. Punch's plans were,



SUBJECT FOR A CHINESE HISTORICAL PICTURE.

THE BROTHER OF THE MOON AND PARTICULAR FRIEND OF THE SUN HAVING HIS TAIL CUT OFF BY THE REBELS.

(All the horrible details from very scarce Plato's.)

If these tourists could prosper, he wouldn't be hauled in 'em.

Like the witches, perchance, he might choose to advance,
And so order his coachman to bring out his brougham;
Or ask Phobus to lend forth that spirited steed,
Which is furnished, in turn, by each Muse, with a groom;
But, however, we'll fancy him safely in Quana,
Or Quansong, where, taking his place 'mid the great, he,
Like any philanthropic son of a manakin,
Sits enjoying his opium *can dignitate*.

Rich and stately pagodas he finds on the road, as
He goes through the land, for the most part erected,
When the smallest house-tax on Gail, Briton, or Saxon,
Would have stood not the least chance of being collected.
Wide canals, dykes, and sluices he sees, too, whose use
Were applied both to traffic, to drainage, and tillage,
When a hard rain had undone both Paris and London,
To the mud they were made of covering each village.
And they show him the pages of China's first 1200,
Which were printed for sale in the towns of the Tartar;

When, with us, scarce a spark of wit gleamed in one clerk,
And De Montfort "his mark" set to our Magna Charta,
They declare, too, that banking quite flourished in Nanking.

And that printed bank-notes were in vogue at the hour
When our yeomen and reeves exchanged hannocks for boovers.

And seldom bought less than a sheep's-worth of fairs,
And he learns their silk factories furnished phylacteries,
Robes, handkerchiefs, tapestry too, in the jolly days

When our sires wore a quaint but
light coat of blue paint,
With a few streaks of red upon
high days and holidays;
And that long, long 'ere Bacon
and Bungay were taken
Unawares by the sudden blow
of their cruckle,
Each Chinese fire-eater had
found "sic salpêtre"
To the purpose of killing "tall
fellows" inflexible.
Then the more he enquires con-
cerning their dices,
The greater the reason he sees
to anticipate
That much of the mystery shroud-
ing the history
Of Europe, the records of China
will dissipate;
For as old Hoang Ti built the
wall, strong and high,
To check the fierce Huns as it
now checks the Tartars,
Not long after old Hannibal
conquered at Cannæ,
And then wasted his time in his
long winter quarters;
And as if China's sons had not
driven those Huns
Into Europe by many a sub-
sequent battle, a
Longer struggle, I ween, for old
Rome there had been,
Nor Europe so early had bowed to
an Attila.
It is clear that a stranger and far
greater danger
Threatened Rome when on
Carthage her wrath she was
wreaking;
And that Cæsar the Censor had
shown greater wisdom, of
Discernment, by crying "*De-
lenda est Peking!*"
But alas! all those stories of
China's old glories,
Mr. Punch plainly sees it is vain
to recall,
Since the course of the nation in
civilisation
Has for ages been typified best
by its wall.

OCT. 5.

THE Porte on this date
issued a declaration
demanding the evacuation
of the Principalities within
15 days as the sole alterna-
tive to war. The Russian
General replied that he had
no orders to commence
hostilities, to conclude
peace, or to evacuate the
Principalities.

(See *Cartoon*, "A Terrible Turk.")

OCT. 14.

THE combined fleets of England and France,
at the request of the Sultan, left Besika
Bay and entered the Straits.



A TERRIBLE TURK.

"I WILL FIGHT! HE HIT ME FIRST."

NOV. 1.

ON this date the Emperor of Russia de-
clared war against Turkey, on the grounds
that "amicable persuasion" had failed to elicit
from the Ottoman Porte "inviolable guarantees
in favour of the sacred rights of the Orthodox
Church," and that therefore it was necessary
by force of arms to compel Turkey "to respect

treaties," and to obtain "reparation for in-
sults."

NOV. 4.

THE first engagement between the Russians
and the Turks took place at Oltenitza.
The fight lasted four hours, and the Russians
were defeated and put to flight by the Turkish
troops under the command of Omar Pasha.

On the 13th the Turks
blew up the works at Olteni-
nitza, retiring afterwards
across the Danube to Kala-
fat, where they held the
Russians in check.

See Cartoon, "A Bear with a
Sore Head."

NICHOLAS'S DREAM.

I WANDERED in a rosy dream,
Where Danube's waters pour;
And there I saw the Crescent
gleam
Upon the farther shore.

When to it seemed to pale and
wane.

And through the sky go down;
Ashore the flood I leaped
again,

And clutched a Turkish
Crown.

Oh! trust not visions, when, to
thine

Ambition they incline;
That Crescent bright its horns
will fill,

Whist I shall draw in mine!

Nov. 30.

ON this day occurred
what was called "the
Massacre of Sinope." A
Russian squadron entered
the harbour of Sinope where
the Turkish fleet was lying,
completely destroyed it,
and fired a portion of the
town. This outrage ex-
cited great indignation
amongst the Powers, and
greatly prejudiced the
cause of Russia in the
public mind.

Lord Clarendon wrote
to the British Minister at
St. Petersburg:—"It would
have been a matter of sin-
cere satisfaction to Her
Majesty's Government, that
the combined fleets should
have remained at anchor
in the Bosphorus, while
negotiations were pending.
But this has been rendered
impossible by the attack
on the Turkish squadron
at Sinope."

The Russian fleet thereupon retired within
the defences of Sebastopol.

DEC. 15.

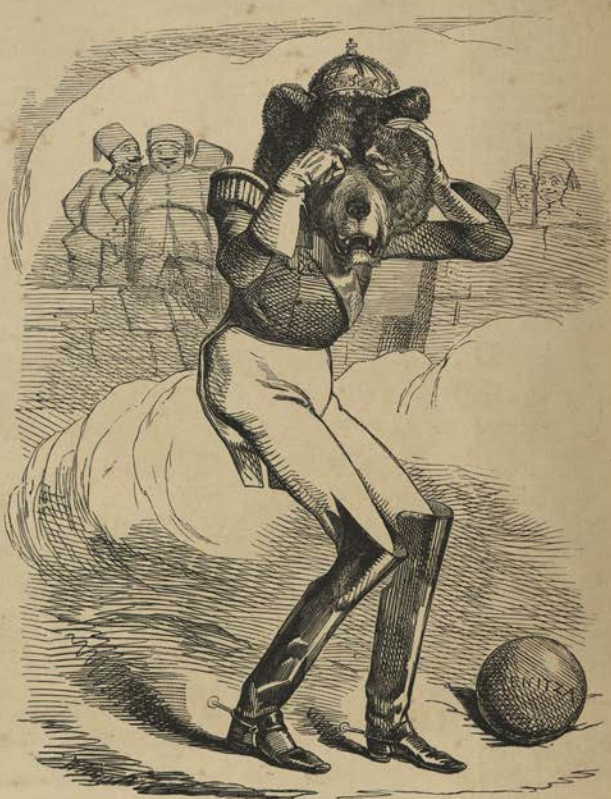
THE Ambassadors of the four great Powers,
England, France, Austria, and Prussia,
communicated to the Ministers of the Sultan

a Note embodying the conditions on which
peace should be restored between Russia and
Turkey. Reschid Pasha, on the 31st, accepted the
propositions of the Allied Powers, and
hoped that a definite answer might be expected
from Russia within 40 days. In this condition
was the case left at the end of 1853.

Meanwhile, on the 16th December, Lord

Palmerton's resignation of the office of
Secretary of State for the Home Department
was announced. It was suggested that the
cause of his withdrawal was his hostility to a
Reform Bill in preparation.

The loss to the Government was the more
serious because Lord Aberdeen's management of
the Russian difficulty was thought to be dilatory



"A BEAR WITH A SORE HEAD?"

and indecisive, and he was popularly suspected of too marked leaning towards Russia.

[See *Cartoon, "Aberdeen in his Un-popular Act of the Courier of St. Petersburg."*]

The following lines from *Mr. Punch's* pages pretty clearly sum up the situation at the end of the year:—

OUR BOTTLE-HOLDER.

So, Palmerston's cut! and the classic Scotch Peer
Whom he cuts, is in haste to be first with the story.
And, to poison our Pam in the popular ear,
Proclaims that for years our old friend's been a Tory.
But *Punch* is afraid that another Scotch null
Is marking the course of the friend of St. Nicholas;
For the good Mr. Bull is by no means so dull
As not to perceive that the charge is ridiculous.

What! Palmerston, Liberty's champion in need,
Who confronted oppressors with England's broad eagle,
And haughtily ordered the despots to read
On its blazon, the duties that Lords owe to Lieges

Who has flattered, not pigeons (like us, dear Lord A.,
Who all "pigeon-livered, lack gall" to sustain us)
But Eagles, Spread, Double, Red, Black, White, and
Grey,
And cried "kennel!" to Kings with his *Cicero Romanus*.



ABERDEEN IN HIS UN-POPULAR ACT OF THE COURIER OF ST. PETERSBURG.

Whose name gives the sign for a chorus of groans,
Where, crowned and anointed things gibber in ermine
And, where slaves crawl and slaver the footsteps of
throne, [vermin,
Sends them off to their holes, as the light does night

It really won't do. To your patron, the Czar, [he
When the new forming file of the newspapers comes,
Will laugh out in scorn with a royal "Ha! ha!"
To think Aberdeen was so helplessly clumsy."

So, call him what you, for about forty years,
Hips—a Tory—or aught that comes into your noddle,
One only regrets that in these days one hears
Of so very few Tories who've built on his model.

He remembers the service by Palmerston done
Since he took the portfolio, but yesterday hawked
about:
How, shoulder to wheel, he went through at a run,
The work that all others had dawdled and talked
about.

The grail for "six moons" to the wife-beating laundress;
The foot on the dens where turf-gamblers would
cozen;
The foul furnace throats made to swallow their soot;
The yet fouler charnel yards closed by the dozen.

The lecture your Lordship's Scotch friends would not
print,
Who against Sabbath-breaking so tipsily hiccup;

And the scourge he was knotting, by way of a hint
To bid ruffians reflect before taking the stick up.

All this, my dear Lord, in our tablet's enrolled;
And we'd very respectfully say to your Lordship,
That the tales of your organs had better be told
To those worthies, the resident soldiers on board ship.

For all the Scotch Lords who e'er blessed Duke Argyll,
Pouring out all their spleen by the gallon—Scotch
measure,
Could not poison John Bull from his jolly frank smile,
When he says, "*Punch*, here's the Pam!" and *Punch*
says, "John, with pleasure."
[And they drink LORD PALMERSTON'S health.

+1854+

"AT the beginning of 1854," says *Mr. Punch's* Political Summary, "there was but small hope of the continuance of peace, and a war with Russia appeared to be inevitable. The fearful massacre at Sinope had destroyed all confidence in the Czar, and

"coming events" began "to cast their shadows before."

JAN. 13.

THE Plenipotentiaries of the Allied Powers assembled at the Conference of Vienna approved of Redschid Pasha's answer to their joint Note, and it was forwarded to St. Petersburg for the consideration of the Russian

Government. Meanwhile the Russian Chancellor, Count Nesselrode, had been verbally informed of the intention of the Western Powers to cause their combined fleets to enter the Black Sea, for the protection of the ports and coasts of Turkey. The Russian reply to the Turkish proposition was carried to Vienna by Count Orloff on the 28th January, but the Plenipotentiaries declared its terms unsatisfactory.



"DANGER!"

JAN. 17.

MR. GREVILLE, clerk to the Privy Council, wrote to the *Times* explaining the precise position occupied by the Prince Consort in that Council. This was rendered desirable by the persistent prevalence of rumours that the Prince was interfering unwarrantably in public, and especially in foreign affairs and with the army. Lord Aberdeen subsequently in Parliament defended him from such charges, denouncing

indignantly "the persevering manner in which these scandalous and groundless imputations have been cast on the illustrious Prince."

(See *Cartoon*, "Dangerous!")

JAN. 31.

PARLIAMENT was opened by the Queen in person. The Royal Speech contained the following passage:—"I have continued, in reference to the Eastern difficulty, to act in

cordial co-operation with the Emperor of the French, and my endeavours, in conjunction with my allies, to preserve and to restore peace between the contending parties, although hitherto unsuccessful, have been unremitting." The foreign policy of the Government, however, was in many quarters considered as vacillating and unsatisfactory, and the Earl of Aberdeen came in for considerable popular odium, as may be seen by *Mr. Punch's* pages at the time. A Cartoon about this date, for instance, entitled

"The Compliments of the Season to my Lord Ab—rd—n," represents the Premier on a snowy day being 'bonneted' by a falling man of snow labelled "Public Opinion." Another, "What it has come to," shows him trying to hold back the infuriated British Lion from pursuit of the Russian Bear, and crying helplessly, "I must

let him go." This indicated the prevailing set of public opinion in the matter, though the "Peace-at-any-price party" of course made their voice heard loudly on the opposite side. Indeed, on the 10th February, a deputation from the Society of Friends, composed of Messrs. Sturge, Pease and Charlton, waited upon the Emperor

of Russia to express to him their horror at the idea of approaching war. Of course Nicholas claimed to be as good a friend of peace as themselves, but for all that declared he must insist upon Turkey fulfilling her treaty obligations.

(See Carlton, "What it has come to.")



WHAT IT HAS COME TO.

ABERDEEN, "I must let him go!"

A FEW WORDS TO THE BRITISH LION.

THY'VE roused thee then at last,
Thou old, majestic beast;
Did they think thy strength was past
Because thy roar had ceased?
By St. George! despite thy dose,
(And a long one it has been),
Few would dare to rub thy nose,
Or to get thy paws between!
After years of tranquil life
Gnawing calmly at thy bone,
Thou art loth to wake to strife
In a quarrel not thine own;

But the cause of the oppress
Has been thine from day of birth,
And you cannot tamely rest
Whilst a despot walks the earth.
Boldly walked he, noble brute!
Whilst he fancied that you lay
Too torpid and too mute
To care to cross his way.
In features so benign,
In attitude so still,
He marked no latent sign
Of defiance to his will.
You have misdeceived him now,
And aghast he stands before

The anger of thy brow
And the thunder of thy roar;
For he feels that thus irate,
Both the power and will you bring,
To fix at once his fate
If he tempt thee to thy spring.
Stand up then for the right,
And in war, if it must be,
Strike out with all thy might
Till thy foe is on his knees.
Then take thy rest again,
Leaving safe the Russian Bear,
Tethered by too tight a chain
To break it—if he dare.

FEB. 4.

BARON BRUNOW, the Russian representative in London, announced to Lord Clarendon "the formal suspension of diplomatic relations between the Emperor of Russia and the British Government." This was announced to the House of Commons by Lord John Russell on the 6th, and on the 7th Lord Clarendon wrote to Sir G. Seymour at St. Petersburg directing him to withdraw the Embassy. A like course was taken by the French Government.

Baron Brunow left the Embassy on the 7th of February.

(See Cartoon, "Black Monday.")

FEB. 13.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL introduced a Reform Bill. It was, however, but coldly received, and was subsequently withdrawn. Other matters than the amendment of the Representation occupied the public attention at this time.

REASONS AGAINST REFORM.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL (*sings*),
 LOAN, Mr. Speaker, it was not
 my wish
 To cook, in this fashion, our
 kettle of fish,
 But my family motto impels me
 to state
 That a wise man will yield to
 the dictates of fate.
 And since the Reform Bill meets
 slight acceptance
 From those I see here, or, in-
 deed, from the nation
 (Which can't take its eyes from
 the war in the East),
 Why, we'll put off Reform "for
 the present at least."

Because my Lord Aberdeen's
 patron, the *Cox*,
 Has gone out of his wits (though
 the walk is not far),

Because *Oniz Pacha* received a smart salute,
 Wherewith the *Dun Cosacka* he vows to labour;
 Because these few *Mohammeds* won't work at the dell—
 (But they've got some new officers, now, though, who
 will);

And because in the *Baltic* the ice has decreased,
 We will put off Reform "for the present at least."

In short, I avow (with some pain to myself,



BLACK MONDAY—BRUNOW DEPARTING FOR HIS SCHOOL IN THE NORTH.

CLARENDON. "There, don't cry, we shall have you amongst us again if you're good."

That the place for Reform is, just now, on the shelf.
 The Bill's been more useful than might be supposed,
 For Benjamin's mouth for the moment is closed;
 The people don't seem at this crisis to care
 For aught that's not warlike; well, that's their affair;
 Mine's only to add, that my duty has ceased
 When I've put off this Bill "for the present at least."

[*Moves that the second reading be taken on the
 27th April.*]

FEB. 17.

ON this date Lord John Russell made a spirited speech in the Commons on the Eastern Question, in the course of which occurred the following passage:—" . . . If peace is no longer consistent with our duty in Europe and our duty to the world—if the ambition

of this enormous Power has got to such a pitch that even its moderation is more ambitious than the ambition of other States—if Russia will not be contented with anything less than the subjugation of the whole empire of Turkey and the possession of Constantinople itself—if such are her feelings and such are her objects—then we can only endeavour to enter into this contest with a stout heart. May God defend the right! And for my part I shall willingly share the burden and the responsibility."

(See Cartoon, "God Defend the Right.")

"GOD DEFEND THE RIGHT!"

STIRRING our English pulses out of their even beat,

Flashing our English faces with an unwonted heat,

From heart and tongue, of old and young, rises that high appeal,

To wake a might which in the fight defies shot and steel.

From humble homes and stately houses that cry goes through the air,

With the loftiness of challenge, the lowliness of prayer.

Honour to him who spoke the words in the Council of the land,

To find faith in old England's heart, force in old England's hand!

Who said that peace had eaten out the manhood from our race?

That love of gain, and lust of gain, for valour left no place?

That leave to spin and gold to win, was Englishmen's sole prayer—

Which as we got it mattered not how all besides might fare?

Back in the slanders' hateful we fling the cold and craven words:

Never of old with manlier hold our fathers clutched their swords!

Never in hour of Agincourt, or Cressy's desperate fight,

With louder breath, defying death, sang "God defend the right!"

Nay, all the more—that, oft of yore, when rose that battle cry,

"Twas kingly strife that staked men's life, nought recking 'how' or 'why'—

Ambition's game of sword and flame, verily played as sovereigns chose,

Whose right or wrong seemed weak or strong, by sheer event of blows.



"GOD DEFEND THE RIGHT!"

Look JOHN RUSSELL.

'Tis not as now; the knee we bow, as those who, kneeling, see

That war's event is ever bent by an all-wise decree.

That we who fight for truth and right, must win, whatever be the side,

For that the God of battles goes forth upon our side.

That right is old which we uphold, and call God to defend;

It took its birth with new-born earth, with our worn earth shall end;

Mis-shapen Wrong, however strong in means, in minds,

In men,

Before the power of Right must cower to the almighty again!

What wonder, then, if Englishmen are in this faith so bold?

That each man's hand grips to the brand his father drew of old?

What wonder that, with hearts elate, our soldiers seek the fight,

To the great cry—from the nation's heart—of "God defend the Right!"

FEB. 21.

In a War Manifesto issued on this date, the Emperor of Russia indulged in the sort of pious patriotic outpouring that aggressive autocrats so greatly favour. "England and France," he said, "have ranged themselves by the side of the enemies of Christianity against Russia, fighting for the orthodox faith. But Russia will not alter her divine mission . . . Are we not now the same Russian nation of whose deeds of valour the memorable events of 1812 bear witness? May the Almighty assist us to prove this by deeds! And in this trust, taking up arms for our persecuted brethren professing the Christian faith, we will exclaim with the whole of Russia, with one heart, 'O Lord, our Saviour, whom have we to fear?'"

(See Cartoon, "Te Deum!")

THE COURAGE OF THE CZAR.

"Go, for our persecuted brethren fight!"
 Veiling the last of rule with holy seal,
 Smiles the Czar: he means,
 "Go forth and steal!"
 "Whom shall we fear?" the
 Imperial hypocrite
 Exclaims, and of his eyes upturns
 the white.
 Fear, of a truth, to him should
 be unknown,
 Brave man! who dares before
 the eternal Throne.
 To lift his hand, and words like
 these to speak,
 And then to thrust his tongue
 into his cheek; [groan
 Eternal Justice whilst the dying
 And curse of myriads on his
 head invoke.
 Hero! with aspect so composed
 and meek,
 (tone
 flashering, and in such a pious
 Uttering defiance to Heaven's
 thunderstroke.



TE DEUM!

FEB. 22.

On this day the first detachment of Guards, consisting of the Grenadiers, started from Waterloo for Southampton, where they were joined by the Coldstreams. The Fusiliers followed on the 28th, watched and cheered by the Queen and Royal Family from a balcony in

Buckingham Palace, and by multitudes of an enthusiastic populace which thronged the streets all along the route.

"UP GUARDS, AND AT THEM!"

THE voice that spoke those fiery words hath into silence passed,
 But the words are words for ever—an eternal trumpet-blast.

That rings in every English heart—as, to burst of drum and fifes,
 The gallant Guardsmen take their way unto the field of strife.

'Tis long since London streets have seen battalions bound
 for war;
 Their heads are grey, their blood is this that have looked
 thereon before—

Big the grey heads rise erecter,
and the thin blood runs less
cold,

As along the Strand to the clashing
band their march the
Gentlemen held?

"Ye are young and know not
warfare—its price and its
pain!

The names from household re-
cords it wipes out with
bloody stain:

With what pressure upon labour
it sets its iron heel;

In what deep draughts it sucks
away the best blood of the
land.

"Have we not read in history
its lesson writ in gore?

Most we not pay, still, day by
day, its price in taxes more?

How many a heart it widowed,
yet its widowhood is chill?

How many a hearth whose fire
it quenched, its black and joy-
less will?"

All this we feel—but feel, nathe-
less, great as war's price may
be,

There are prices worse of pay-
ment of men that boast them
free.

Such as honours paid for safety,
or life redeemed by lies,
Easy taxes bought by crouching
—or wealth of workmen's price.

Weak Right stands forth 'gainst
giant Might?—and shall Eng-
land brook a doubt,

Upon which side we take our
ground, and draw our good
sword out?

What matter names in such a
strife? be the man judged by
his work;

'Tis the ill-faith of the Christian
'gainst the good faith of the
Turk.

The sword he draws for God's
own laws who draweth it
'gainst Wrong;

In his good faith—through life
and death—the people still
are strong!

Let rulers glow and statesmen
prize, the people's heart is
true,

And go forth to the battle, good
soldiers, forth with you!

Then drums, roll loud, as when
ye cover our foremen's hearts
of old.

String nerves to strife, ear-
piercing life—speak, trumpets,
loud and bold!

Shake your war-rags, em-
broidered flags, till your glorious names of yore
Show added to the deathless list one deathless title more!

[See Cartoon, "Throwing the Old Shoe."

FEB. 27.

ENGLAND delivered her ultimatum to Russia,
declaring that unless the latter Power "by
return of messenger" undertook that her armies



THROWING THE OLD SHOE,
AT THE PARTING OF HER MAJESTY AND HER GUARDS.

should recross the Pruth so that the Principalities
should be evacuated by the 30th April, the
British Government must consider her silence
or refusal equivalent to a declaration of war.
Russia declined to give any reply, Count Nes-
selrode saying that she "would not declare
war," leaving the result to "the course which
Her Majesty's Government may adopt."

MARCH 6.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER intro-
duced the Budget, having selected an early
date for the purpose "that foreign nations might
be aware of the promptitude with which Parlia-
ment was prepared to find the ways and means
for carrying on the struggle in which we were
about to embark."

MARCH 11.

THE Baltic Fleet, in command of Sir Charles Napier, left Spithead.

MARCH 22.

THE EARL OF ABERDEEN read in the House of Lords a "Message from the Queen" constituting a Declaration of War against Russia. Her Majesty said she "felt bound to afford active assistance to her ally the Sultan against unprovoked aggression." Declaration of the cause of war was on the 28th published in the *London Gazette*.

APRIL 10.

A TREATY of Alliance was this day signed between England and France. The parties to the treaty engaged to do what lay in their power for the re-establishment of a peace which should secure Europe against the return of the existing troubles, to receive no overtures of peace except conjointly, and to seek no separate advantage. They also expressed readiness to receive any other European Powers into their alliance.

THE UNION JACK AND THE TRICOLOR.

The Union Jack and Tricolor see waving side by side, Where France and England's fleets upon the Euxine billows ride,

Their two flags never thus have flown since famous days of yore,

When ours was not the Union Jack, nor theirs the Tricolor.

To win the holy Sepulchre, beneath the Eastern sky, Did then the golden lilies with our English lions fly,

True Christian from false Paynim to defend was then our work,

Tis now against false Christian to protect the faithful Turk.

But larger is the cause wherein our banners are unfurled,

Free thought, free speech, just government; the freedom of the world, [advance, Not priests', but man's] crusade to fight, our ensigns now The Union Jack of England and the Tricolor of France.

Well met, ye noble standards! and never may ye part; May you be always emblems of the French and English heart.

To those united colours true, we trustfully may fight; Thus let the Right assert itself, and Heaven will help the Right.



THE "MONTAGNE RUSSE."—A VERY DANGEROUS GAME.

On the following day Lord Raglan left England, to take his post as Commander-in-Chief of the British expedition, accompanied by the Duke of Cambridge.

APRIL 17.

SIR HAMILTON SEYMOUR, lately the British Ambassador at St. Petersburg, said "he

was satisfied that if any friend of the Emperor Nicholas had been courageous enough to explain to him the real feeling of other nations as to his interference in Turkish affairs, His Majesty would never have followed his present unfortunate course."

(See Cartoon, "The Montagne Russe.")

APRIL 18.

Mr. BRIGHT wrote respecting the Russian war as follows: "I believe the war to be altogether unnecessary, and that nothing can be said either for its justice or its expediency. I believe, further, that after having permitted the country, by a series of blunders, to drift into war, the Ministers who have chiefly spoken on the subject, with the exception of Lord Aberdeen, have misrepresented the facts of the case, or have thereby misled public opinion. With regard to the professed objects of the war, I believe them to be impossible of attainment; and that Russia in her wildest dreams of ambition, never imagined so many calamities to Turkey as have been brought upon that devoted country in a single year by the friendship which our Government has professed to towards her." This and similar utterances of himself and his friends made John Bright and the Manchester party exceedingly unpopular in the country.

(See *Cartoon*, "Pet of the Manchester School.")

THE RIGHT SIDE OF THE QUESTION,

THE "BRIGHT" SIDE OF THE QUESTION.

"Grapple with wrong, however strong. Whatever the struggle may cost us!"

"Think nothing gain while wrong does remain. Nothing less till honour is lost too."

"Nail the flag to the mast, and fight to the last! (Shout.) Submission like the post Oh this is the voice of England's choice."

And "the Right side of the Question."

"Costs well the cost. What in honour's lost Will be made up to us in money!"

"Buy beer as we, and singlers should be, Intem but on storing honey."

"Meddle not with war between Sultan and Czar;"

"Think how income-tax we may best shun."

"Oh this is the rule of the Manchester school,"

"And the Bright side of the Question."



PET OF THE MANCHESTER SCHOOL.

"He shall have a little Turk to pull to pieces—that he shall."

"The strong bully who'd wreck his wrath on the weak

Must be taught there is a stronger!"

The thief in his course of fraud and force

Must be left to prove no longer.

Should protocols fail, lead pills like hail

Of our offers will aid digestion."

Oh this is the voice of England's choice,

And "the Right side of the Question."

"Ne'er ask of two foes, which provoked to blows;

With the stronger make alliance.

Pocket sneer or flout, if it come to the know,

You may dodge, but don't offer defiance.

If the Czar we resist down goes cotton twist;

Non-resistance is our suggestion."

Oh this is the rule of the Manchester school,

And "the Bright side of the Question."

"These Calmuck slaves, these Calmuck knaves,
Would tread out thought and culture;
But the talons we'll snip, and the wings we'll clip
Of the black Carpathian vulture,
The cartoon bird, from the swowly deterred,
Henceforth shall the Turkey's nest shun."
Oh this is the voice of England's choice,
And "the Right side of the Question."

"The Russians sell corn and tallow as well,
And also hemp and bristles;
Raise their prime cost, how much is lost,
Dear payment for warlike whistles!
Let *L. & C.* our standard be;
And every other test shun."
Oh this is the rule of the Manchester school,
And "the Right side of the Question."

"There are worse things far than blood or war,
Higher things than cotton-spinning;
Such as Right and Truth, and Honour and Ruth,
And Glory for the winning!
There's a duty to do, and we'll carry it through;
Nor, Levite-like, the opposite shun!"
Oh this is the voice of England's choice,
And "the Right side of the Question."



FELLOW-FEELING—THE BOMBARDMENT OF ODESSA.

ABERDEEN. "Bombardment of Odessa! Dear me, this will be very disagreeable to my Imperial Friend!"

NICHOLS. "Bombardment of Odessa! Confound it! This will be very annoying to dear old Aberdeen."

"Spin—spin—spin—spin! Tin—tin—tin—tin!
Man makes money and *vix* vix!
As twist Turkey and heat, for contentment,
Though an ugly one, best have *Ursa*.
Ne'er fash your thumbs, so the money comes;
To ask whence it comes we'd best shun."
Oh this is the rule of the Manchester school,
And "the Right side of the Question."

APRIL 22.

As outrage having been committed on a flag of truce, the allied fleet bombarded

the fortifications of Odessa, and destroyed or silenced most of its batteries. The news was of course joyfully received in this country, but the Earl of Aberdeen was still popularly suspected of certain Russian leanings, and it was more than hinted that it might be less welcome to him.

(See Cartoon, "Fellow-Feeling—The Bombardment of Odessa.")

Mr. Punch, in a note to the Cartoon published on hearing the news of the bombardment, said, "The Earl of Aberdeen had some family connection residing at Odessa, and had been very tolerant of the proceedings of Russia." The popular opinion of the time, rightly or wrongly, established some connection between the facts, and this did not tend to increase the public toleration of Lord Aberdeen's dawdling policy.

APRIL 26.

THIS day was set apart for a general fast and prayer for the Divine blessing upon our arms, and for the early restoration of peace.

(See *Cotton, "England's War Vigil."*)

ENGLAND'S WAR VIGIL.

By solemn custom in the knightly time,

The spirit deemed worthy to be dubbed a knight

Kept vigil here, from evening to prime,

Within the church—all in his armour dight.

And standing reverent, or kneeling low,

For past misdeeds did Heaven's forgiveness pray,

And goddess ask that he might hear him so

As true knight ought—in deed and word alway.

And, when the shadows of the night had waned,

And while the matin mass the priests arose,

He on the altar laid his sword unsheathed,

As delicate thenceforth to God alone.

So kneels our England ere she goes out

A knight—in battle in a godly cause,

Handling himself—but not as she in doubt,

If God will bless the weapon that she draws.

She layeth down the burden of her sin,

Knowing it great, and hard to be forgiven;

And, for the strife that she must now begin,

Looks up for strength where true strength is—to Heaven.

And Heaven will hear her prayer and aid her hand,

For it is fited to defend the weak;

To put down force and falsehood from command,

And Heaven's own vengeance for ill deeds to wreak.

Then wand by, selfish scoffer, with thy sneer

Of "Cross and Crescent"—creeds to deeds belong.

The Holy Symbol we then most revere

When we deny its power to anction wrong!

APRIL 28.

ON this date it was announced by Sir James Graham in the House of Commons that since the 4th February the Government had despatched to the seat of war 830 officers, 21,119 men, 7,179 horses, 2,800 tons of provisions and

commissariat stores, and 3,000 tons of ordnance stores. Already, however, there were rumours of deficiencies and bad management as regards the commissariat and the dress equipment of the troops. The following article, which appeared in *Punch*, will show the feeling of the hour as regards the absurdities and discomforts involved in army regulations.

TIGHT LACING IN THE ARMY.

THE press occasionally favours us with an estimate of the number of female lives that are sacrificed to tight lacing; but we wish that somebody would furnish particulars of the mortality arising from tight lacing in the army. Efficiency is not now a failing with which our officers can be charged, but the military practice of tightening the waistband to a most uncomfortable degree, is less adapted to the stalwart wearer of the coat of mail



ENGLAND'S WAR VIGIL.

than to the slim occupant of the petticoats of the female.

We hear sad accounts from the seat of war of gaunt guardsmen fainting under the effects of night-lining; and though there may be something interesting in a delicate young creature "going off" into a sufficient amount of swoon to justify the tender application of smelling-bottles and *Eau de Cologne*, there is a melancholy absurdity in the idea of a *laxative* Coldestream requiring a sprinkling of cold water on his mahogany brow, and having his lungs relieved from oppression by the application of a stout pair of shears to rip up the seams of his jacket.

Another grievance under which our army is groaning, or rather gasping, is the Regulation leather stock or black choker, which takes our gallant fellows by the throat in the most violent manner. It may remind the soldier of the ties of home, to have his neck encircled by one of those ties, the wearing of which is the stiffest job he has to perform on parade; but though it is desirable that the soldier should never bend the neck or bow the head to the enemy, it is a pity that apoplexy or suffocation should be the occasional price of his erect attitude. If our troops are left to faint under the tightness of their cravats and jackets, a whole regiment, instead of being able to "support," "carry," or "recover arms," will be obliged to use their best exertions in "supporting," "carrying," and "recovering" one another.

(See *Carlson*, "The Black Choker.")

SERENADE FOR HEAD QUARTERS.

Why alter the Soldier's Hat?

Pray, what is the use of that?

If you were wise,

Heaven mend your eyes!
You'd attend to the man's
Cravat.

In face he is almost black;
His eyeballs are like to crack;
To keep him upright,
As well you might,
Drive a ramrod down his back.

He won't strike a heavier stroke,
He won't give a harder poke,
Because the chap,

With a leather strap,
You are fool enough to choke.

You tell him to stand at ease;
You may tell him what you please:
Of course the word

Of command's absent,
While his neck you gripe and squeeze.

The fellow upon parade
That faints like a lady's maid,



THE BLACK CHOKER.

DEDICATED TO THE POWERS THAT BE.

PRIVATE JONES—"Here! Hi! Bill!! C-o-o-catch hold o' my musket! my head's c-o-o-coming off!"

Will have hard work
To defend the Turk,
Too warm for him, I'm afraid!
He drops in the sun's hot blaze,
Exposed to its scorching rays:
They're forced to unlock
His belt and stock,
As you'd cut a palmer's stays.
No odds British soldiers dress!

They have se'dom, or never, fled;
D'ye think they'd learn
Their backs to turn,
If you let 'em turn the head?

I request you to devote,
To the cut of the hat and coat,
Less thought and pains,
And exert your brains
To relieve the Soldier's throat!

MAY 22.

On this day the Baltic Fleet, under the command of Sir Charles Napier, opened hostile proceedings by bombarding Gustavus.

WHAT NICHOLAS HEARD IN THE SHELL.

"So have I seen a boy
... applying to his
The revolutions of a smooth-tipped
clank."
Walter Savage Landor.

AYE—press it to thine ear, till
confusion growing clear,
Thou canst read the mingled
voices that fill its womb of war;
Hearst sounds of fierce commo-
tion, like the distant roar of
ocean,
Drowning soba mixed with
hymns as of devilish devotion,
Sales clashing—houses
crushing—
Horse's hoofs at gallop
dashing—
And the thunder of great
guns from afar.

And thy pale cheek warms with
life at the melody of strife,
And thy firm lip is clenched
firmer, and thy knit brow
stronger grows—

The lark—what hawk is creep-
ing o'er that mad sound
onward sweeping?
And then upon the silence that
hast of later weeping!

How it swelleth! how it
hatheth!

How of broken hearts it
telleth!
Cursing thee up to Heaven,
as it goes!

Hark again to those faint groans!
—the fever-stricken moans
Of victims that are fattening the
dark Dobruitcha plains!

And mixed with that low moun-
ting chant of full-fed priests
intoning,

By the side of the Almighty their
Apostate embarking.

And now, hearing, English
cheering,

Mixed with French—unwel-
come hearing,

And a clank—as it were
filling chains.

Hark, still, unwilling ear, as
nearer and more near

War's music from the North
blends with roaring of the sea.
Hark! knowest thou that thunder? 'tis thy forts that topple
under;

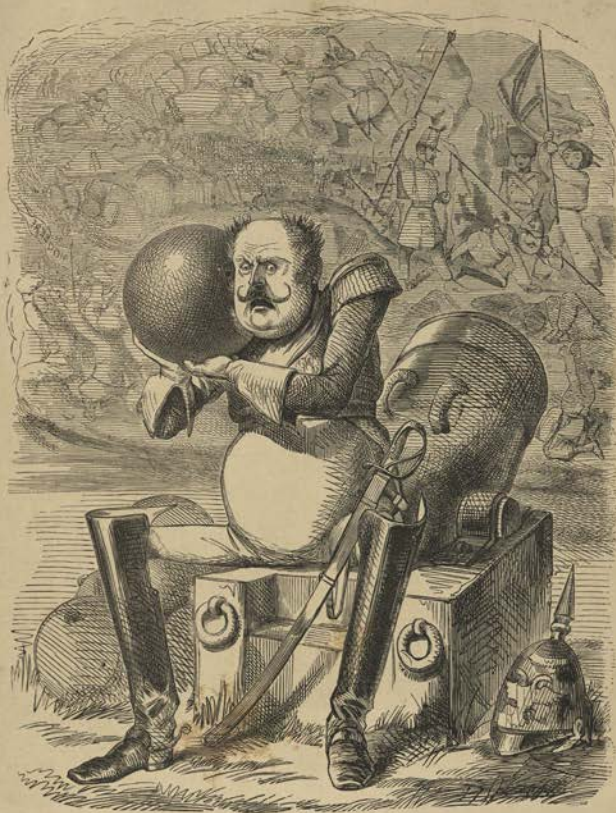
Brooklets that shake the piles of St. Petersburg
summer,—

And strange noises, like the voices

Of a people that rejoices

To be conquered into freedom by the free!

Clash of prison doors wide flung; bursts of joy in Polish
tongue;



WHAT NICHOLAS HEARD IN THE SHELL.

JUNE 10.

Francis greetings, as of those who ne'er thought to meet
again!

Hearken yet, with chafing patience, to those hymns of
up-ri'n nations,

On whose throat thy hand hath pressed like a vice for
generations,

And the clankers of the hammers,

And the levers and the rammers,

That are hurling Great Dagon to the plain!

(See Caricature, "What Nicholas heard in the Shell.")

The Crystal Palace, which as before ex-
plained had been transferred to Syden-
ham, being now completed there, was opened
by the Queen in state in the presence of 40,000
spectators.

JUNE 19.

THE *Times* had given expression to a widespread feeling that Sebastopol ought to be attacked by the Allies, and that fortress and the Russian fleet destroyed. Lord Lyndhurst, in a powerful speech in the House of Lords on this date, advocated the same policy, saying that the ambition and aggressive policy of Russia demanded more vigorous measures than a mere return to the *status quo*, suggesting that peace in no case should be declared until Russia was disabled from further aggression. The Earl of Aberdeen in reply said that the war was a defensive one, to preserve Turkey from encroachment, though contingencies might require the invasion of Russia. "War," said he, "should be waged merely for the sake of peace, though not less vigorously on that account, and should be terminated at the first moment that peace became possible on a just and honourable basis." This deliverance was thought to be too temporising, and not to promise well for an energetic and successful prosecution of the war.

(See Cartoon, "A Home and Foreign Question.")

"CAULD KAIL IN ABERDEEN."

"There's cauld kail in Aberdeen,"

When blood runs quick in all
veins;
The dilittante Scot serene
Shows his blank face, white'er
betides.

When Russian treason's dragged
to bar,
Despite each diplomatic
screen,—

When England brands the lying
Cass—

"There's cauld kail in Aberdeen."

"There's cauld kail in Aberdeen,"
When news of gallant deeds is brought,
Of Othenia's blood-stained green,

Citise's fight so stoutly fought;
When from Silistria's leaguerd hold,
The Russian turns with bang-dog mien,
And England bids "God speed the bold!"
"There's cauld kail in Aberdeen."

"There's cauld kail in Aberdeen,"

When Lyndhurst, with his load of years,
The same stout heart he still hath been,
Speaks out bold truths among his peers;
What though Russ lies to Europe's eyes
He bare and brand, with logic clean,
A joke—a sneer—will save replies—
"And cauld kail in Aberdeen."

Still "cauld kail in Aberdeen,"

At lies and truths—at loss and gain—
But what are we—thus meek and mean,
To brook command of such a lein?
Up—England—up! and with a shout
To startle e'en that Stoic spleen—
In honest Saxon thunder out,
Down with "cauld kail" and Aberdeen!



LORD ABERDEEN.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

A HOME AND FOREIGN QUESTION.

JOHANNA.—"When's the fighting gaid' to begin, GEORGEIANA?"

JUNE 23.

On June 23rd the Russians had relinquished the siege of Silistria, and retreated across the Danube, pursued by the Turks. The English and French armies were then transferred to Varna, where, during the months of July and August, the most unhealthy in the year in that pestilential locality, their sufferings were extreme, and the mortality among them terrible.

In the siege of Silistria the Russians were said to have lost 12,000 men. The Governor, Moussa Pasha, who was unhappily killed by a shell shortly before the raising of the siege, had made a brave defence, assisted by Gruch, a Prussian officer, and by two British officers, Captain Butler and Lieutenant Namph.

Already it was felt that the haughty Autocrat of All the Russias had entered upon an arduous and doubtful enterprise.

(See Cartoon, "The Russian Frankenstein and his Monster.")

JUNE 29.

THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE, writing to Lord Raglan, said:—"I have, on the part of Her Majesty's Government, to instruct your Lordship to concert measures for the siege of Sebastopol, unless with the information in your possession, but at present unknown in this country, you should be decidedly of opinion that it could not be undertaken with a reasonable prospect of success. . . . The difficulties of the siege of Sebastopol appear to Her Majesty's Government to be more likely to increase than diminish by delay."

This seemed delicately to suggest a certain impatience at the dilatory proceedings at the seat of war, an impatience which was certainly shared by the public.

On the 18th August Lord Raglan informed the Duke of Newcastle of his intention to attack



THE RUSSIAN FRANKENSTEIN AND HIS MONSTER.

Sebastopol, though more in deference to the desire of the Government than from his own conviction of the wisdom or practicability of the project.

JULY 21.

A MEMORANDUM was issued from the Horse Guards permitting the army to wear hair

on the upper lip, "as the practice had been found beneficial by the army in the East." This is worth reading in connection with what Mr. Punch called "The Moustache Movement," which about this time furnished him with material for many humorous cuts. The "Moustache Movement" was destined to be more permanent than most fashions, and to alter

the trim of "The British figure-head" for many years, indeed up to the present time.

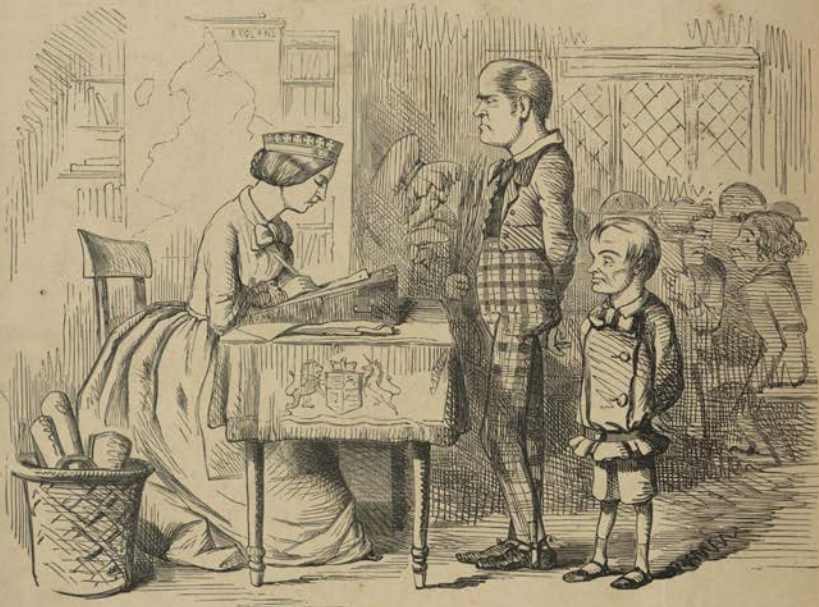
JULY 29.

On this day precise instructions to attack Sebastopol were sent to Lord Raglan.

AUG. 12.

PARLIAMENT was this day prorogued by the Queen in person. After thanking Parliament for the liberal war supplies, Her Majesty said:—"In cordial co-operation with the Emperor of the French my efforts will be directed

to the effectual repression of that ambitious and aggressive spirit on the part of Russia, which has compelled me to take up arms in defence of an ally, and to secure the future tranquillity of Europe." "The session just closed" (said Mr. Punch) "has been exceedingly unproductive." The public dissatisfaction at its barren-



THE HOLIDAY LETTER.

ROYAL MISTRESS (writes). "In the case of Masters AMERICA and RICHARDS, I regret to say that the most extreme illness has characterized the whole holiday."

ness was increased by the feeling that the campaign in the East was being tardily and inefficiently conducted.

(See Cartoon, "The Holiday Letter.")

BREAKING UP.

(Song for MR. BREAKER.)

BREAK up the Home,
No more of your mug;
Away to the grouse,
With a gun and a dog.

No more prone and plod
On each wearisome theme;
Take your line and your rod,
And be off to the stream.

Fling blue books aside,
And throw up reports,
Mount your horses and ride;
You're dismissed to your sports

Go out in your yachts,
Having out your debates;
Visit famed foreign spots,
Or your country estates.

By inhaling fresh air
In your drive, ride, or walk,
You the breath may repair
Which you've wasted in talk.

AUG. 16.

THE Russian fortress of Bomarsund in the Baltic, with 2,325 men, surrendered to the allied fleet. This was the first success in the war, and the news was welcomed joyfully by the English and French at home.

BOMARSUND TO BEGIN WITH.

Stra of the gallant Baltic Fleet,
Which, with our French allies,
did beat,
Thump, thack, whoys, wallop,
and retreat
The enemy at Bomarsund.

With speedy news of the down-
fall
Of Constantin and Sebastopol,
May Nicholas's ears be stunned;
And I wish he had been at
Bomarsund!

SEPT. 1.

THE inactivity of the Aberdeen Government caused it to become increasingly unpopular; complaint grew daily louder, and caricature more incisive.

[See Caricature, "You are requested Not to Speak to the Man at the Wheel."]]

THE MAN AT THE WHEEL.

With halyard and ratten the wild wind is battling.

The canvas is flapping from yard and boom;
The hail and the sleet on the skylights are beating.

In the teeth of the gale comes the thunder-cloud's gloom;
On our course as we're bounding, the breakers are scowling,
The water is shoaling beneath the ship's keel;

Ten to one we may touch on the reef and we're rounding—
What matter? "Don't speak to the man at the wheel!"

The rising and falling of the wind mocks the howling
Of the horse master's call, through the trumpet conveyed—
For hoarse and hoarse the passengers calling—

There are orders enough, so they were but obeyed.
Her bows wildly yawing—and snally sea-sawing,
Now to starboard, now larboard, haphazard we reel;

To the fast lee-shore near and near we're drawing—
What matter? "Don't speak to the man at the wheel!"

There are sailors aboard her who could bring to order
The chaos that reigns both above and below,
But never look your thumbs: soon the strait will get narrower.

And sooner or later the sea down will go:
The helmsman is hoary, well up in his Noie,
And all other authors of maritime "skel,"

But ere we're all sent, by his guidance, to glory—
Mr. Punch begs to "speak to the man at the wheel!"

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"YOU ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SPEAK TO THE MAN AT THE WHEEL."

"From your dreams, douse and dozy, your pilot-coat cosy.

Wake up, ancient mariner—wake while you may:
Tis a time for brave deeds, not for talk pert and proxy:
There are breakers to baffle and shoals in the way.

Vet we're strong gales to blow us, a good ship below us;
With a true British crew, hearts of oak, thwies of steel;
Only one thing we lack—and that one who will show us:

Give him space, in your place—tis "a man at the wheel!"

"Our sires have recorded what a helmsman before did—

They call him 'the pilot who weathered the storm';
Be his faults what they might, he was bold and unscrupulous;
Defied Revolution, and longed for Reform;

The sea you are leaving are summer-tides leaving
Calm shores, to the waves with which he had to deal;

Catch a strain of his courage, and change your behaving,
Or England will soon change "the man at the wheel."

Mr. Punch begs to "speak to the man at the wheel!"

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SEPT. 4.

PRINCE ALBERT was on a visit to the Emperor of the French, and was present when the troops were reviewed by the latter at Helfaut.

(See Carlson, "The Entente Cordiale.")

A propos of this visit, Mr. Punch summed up the Emperor's motley career in the following lines:

THREE EPOCHS OF HALF-A-CENTURY.

1804.

I wonder what his thoughts were—that sorrow, silent man—

As athwart the lines of bayonets the dancing sunlight ran.

Steeping in golden glory the white tents on the downs,
And the old gray Roman watch-tower that looms o'er
Boulogne town.
Did he think of all that he had done—or of what was
yet to do?—
Of nations he had conquer'd, or of one still to subdue?
Was he prouder that he stood there, acknowledged
Europe's lord,
Or angrier one small island should yet defy his sword?



THE ENTENTE CORDIALE.

EMPEROR. "Well, now you have found your way here, we hope we shall see you often."

PRINCE. "Oh, yes, and the next time we have a holiday, I hope our wives will be present!"

For from that tower by daylight, if seaward turn'd his
gaze,

Nelson's blockading squadron show'd its white sails
through the haze;

If after dark he peered the cliff—on the verge, but fall in
[light]
There were England's beacons blazing like red eyes,
through the night.

And he knew those ships were waiting, if his daring put
to sea;

And he knew those fires were lighted by men who still
were free.

And though his soldiers, ships, and guns were as twenty
unto one,

He knew what Englishmen could do—what Englishmen
had done.

1840.

I wonder what his thoughts were—that shabby, silent
man—

As thirty-six years later to shore a pinnace ran,
Bearing a homeless penniless adventurer, with his train,
A draggled pinioned Eagle, and some cases of cham-
pagne.

Was it trusting to the magic of his great uncle's name,
That on a desperate venture thus recklessly he came?

Or deemed he, like that uncle, he was following a
star.

That beckoned him still forwards, on a road no force
could bar?

Did he foresee the downfall of that throne that seemed so
sure?

Deem'd he that desperate evils would hail a desperate
cure?

Was it Fate, or was it Destiny that drove him on his
way?

To the maddest act that madman did ever yet essay?

How lured he on the scanty land that made his case
their own?

Saw he or they the shadow of Revolution thrown
From the dim Future forwards?—saw he the prison-
cell

Opening upon the palace? His thoughts—what man can
tell?

Might that to this shore in
came—landed and fought
and failed;
Nor is that man's enterprise
—was ever after—quailed:
A pleader for his father's life—a
prisoner—but still
Silent and stern and stern
and of an iron will.

We die the first Napoleon, when
a banished and banished
man,
With his handful of old grenadiers
he spang to shore at
Caen,
As one who threw a desperate
throw, and thereby won a
thame—
What was he unto his nephew—
in that landing at Boulogne?

1804.

I wonder what his thoughts were
—that self-eyed, silent man,
As, alongside Boulogne's jetty
England's royal steamcrum;
While with a King beside him,
this adventurer was seen
coming, as Emperor of France,
the Consort of our Queen?

The ships around are gay with
flags, the streets are green
with laughter;

The people press about him,
with cheers and prayers and
cows;

The court, the camp, the church,
its best, its bravest, holiest
brings;

There stands the madman of
Boulogne—a Kaiser among
kings;

What memories are sweeping
through that impulsive
brain?

Thinks he of that first landing—
of his out-at-elbows train?

Of the out-or of the halloo—or
of Jane's red hairdo?

Or thinks he of December's yet
bloody foillades?

Or turns he from the past—
with its head-mill of dark
doils,—

its desperate encounters with
yet more desperate needs,
To the present with its trials, its
triumphs, and its tasks,

Or it's of the veiled future, her
secret that he asks?

Is he thinking how what shall be
may wipe out what has been?

How the blood-stains may be hid
from sight under the laurels
green?

How King Prestige of Power may into silence sue
The still small voice of Nemesis, the claims of Right and
Why question thus? Heaven sends the scourge; but in
that guiding hand,

What chastens still to blessing turns. So doth this man's
Ours we in him an instrument, through sin, and pain,
and blood,

That worketh still, as all things work together, unto
good.



A WATER PARTY.

AUSTRIA.—"Come on, PRUSSIA! It's no jolly, and there's no danger."

'Tis due to him that France's flag floats side by side
with ours.
'Tis due to him that France's huts are leagued with
Thankful for this, 'twere out of place too curiously to scan,
Through the good deeds of the monarch, the ill deeds of
the man.

SEPT. 5.

There were rumours at this time of a treaty
of alliance between Great Britain, Austria,

and Prussia; rumours which, as regards Austria,
were not without foundation. Prussia as usual,
under "King Cluquot," hesitated and equiv-
cated. The policy of Austria and Prussia from
the commencement of the Russian difficulty
had been timid and tentative, that of Prussia
especially so.

(See Cartoon, "A Water Party.")

SEPT. 14.

ON the 3rd of September the order had been given for the embarkation of the allied forces for the Crimea. Never was order more welcome than was this to the weary, despondent, disease-decimated soldiers at Varna. On

the 13th, the ships carrying the troops anchored in Eupatoria Bay. The town surrendered. A French boat was the first to land its crew, raised the tricolor, and took formal possession of the Crimea. No one was in sight, save a mounted officer and three Cossacks; but Sir George Brown and the Quartermaster-General, whilst recon-

noitring, narrowly escaped capture at their hands.

Before nightfall of the 14th, 20,000 British infantry, with nearly a corresponding number of French troops, had been landed near Old Fort. Shortly the allied forces, consisting of 24,000 English, 22,000 French, and 8,000 Turks, had



SEBASTOPOL—A PRAYER FOR THE BRAVE.

been safely disembarked, and by the 18th Sept. were ready to march to Sebastopol. On the 19th, in fact, the order was given to advance.

(See Cartoon, "Sebastopol—A Prayer for the Brave.")

SEPT. 20.

ON this day was fought the Battle of the Alma—the first serious engagement in what became popularly known as "the Crimean War." Gallantly led, and fighting gallantly, the allied

forces achieved a brilliant victory. The Russians fled to the south-east. They lost about 8,000 killed and wounded, and left 700 prisoners behind them. The loss of the Allies was 619 killed and 2,860 wounded.

Punch thus describes the fight:—

THE BATTLE OF THE ALMA.

BRIGHTLY, briskly runs the Alma, cold and green from mountain snow;
Pleasant shade, along its borders, oak and plane and walnut threw,

Where the Tatar shepherd shelters with his flock from noontide heat,
In a silence only broken by the browsing goat's faint

On the twentieth of September—they had march'd from early morn—

As our armies near'd the Alma they were weary men
But the heaviest tread grew springy, strength was in the weakest hand,

As the word "Halt!—Form!" was given—for they There, along the southern heights, in entrenchments lay the foe,

With his batteries in position—seven-score great guns, level'd low,

There was little time to count
 ' them ere their roar the
 silence woke—
 And the dell has grown a hell—
 all fire and sulphurous
 smoke.

Now Zouaves and Tirailleurs!—
 now Rifles and Chasseurs!—
 Scatter wide, finding shelter
 where you can;
 Fire steadily and slow, till the
 distant foemen know
 That every Minie bullet has
 its man!

Again—again—again—those
 batteries from rain,
 And thick, alas! our gallant
 fellows fall!

For the river it is deep, and the
 banks they are steep,
 And the heights there beyond,
 are like a wall;
 But a hoarse British cheer, and a
 thundering British charge,
 and the foremost are already
 in the flood,

Though the great guns ever roar,
 down upon them from the
 cliffs, and the water that
 was green turns to blood!

Through the shallows, in the
 deeps, o'er the boulders, up
 the slopes,
 British, French and Turk, eager
 for the work.

Are flourishing and clambering
 and rushing with mad
 leaps—

On again—on again—some are
 left, though many die—
 Your powder may be damp, but
 your bayonets are dry!
 Let it come but to the stake, and
 the Moscovite shall feel
 With what men he his prowess
 hath to try!

Hark to those ringing cheers!
 'Tis the bold Welsh Fusiliers,
 Ever foremost where there's
 work to be done—
 They're won footing on the bank
 —they are closing rank on
 tank,
 Scores of dying, but of flying
 never one!

Now, fiery Celtic blood, to our
 French allies make good
 The oaths of the lineage that
 you share!

They have gained the heights! bold
 crowns!—Now they stagger
 —now they're down!

But, hark, another cheer, and
 the gallant Guards are
 near!

And with glorious tartans stream-
 ing, and Highland lagpipes
 screaming,
 The Black Watch to the rescue appear!

At length the crest is won! Stab the gunner at his gun!
 Ere to take up new ground the batteries wheel;
 On—Britons, Turks and French—o'er reboots and over
 trench,

Surge on like a wave of flashing steel!— (break,
 Lo, they waver—lo, they shake—lo, their line begins to
 With the tramp of flying men, flying horses, Earth
 doth quake.



VICTORY OF THE ALMA.

You have fought a desperate fight, you have crushed a giant
 And four hours ere the setting of the sun, [might,
 The triple flags wave high, bullet-rant against the sky,
 And the Battle of the Alma hath been won!
 (See Cartoon, "Victory of the Alma.")

SEPT. 23.

THE Russians sank seven vessels—a portion
 of their Black Sea Squadron—at the en-

trance to the harbour of Sebastopol, "effectually
 barring the entrance against any force for a
 month to come."

SEPT. 29.

MARSHAL ST. ARNAUD, commander of the
 French troops in the Crimea, died.

OCT. 1.

This day (Sunday) was observed as a General Thanksgiving Day for the unusually abundant harvest with which England had been favoured in this year of storm and peril. It was observed with much earnestness, the news of the victory at the Alma intensifying public gratitude. The farmers, however, it was suggested, did not take quite the same jubilant view of the bountiful corn crop.

(See Caricature, "Agricultural Distress.")

Mr. Punch sang:

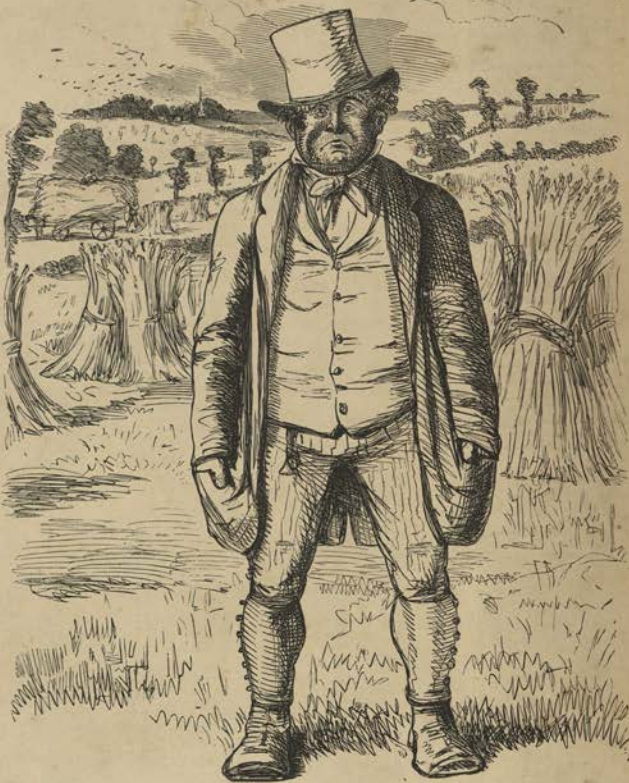
That the income of thanks
should ascend is most meet
For the harvest that brings in
such plenty to eat.
May the good food give strength
to our hearts and our hands,
To win peace from the Coss and
his villainous lands.

OCT. 15.

In the record ("Annals of Our Time") for this day, we meet, for the first time, with an illustrious name ever to be gloriously associated with the terrible tale of the Crimea. "Mr. Sidney Herbert solicits, on behalf of the Government, the assistance of Miss Florence Nightingale, of the Sick Governors' Institution, Harley Street, to organize and superintend the nursing department of the Soldiers' Hospital, Scutari." That name was to become a household word in England, and a message of peace and healing to the hearts of our suffering soldiers. Not even the gallantry of our heroes is more splendidly and more inseparably associated with the story of the Crimean war than the womanly sweetness and strong devotion of Florence Nightingale.

THE NIGHTINGALES' SONG TO THE SICK SOLDIER.

**LISTEN, soldier, to the tale of the tender Nightingale,
Tis a charm that soon will ease your wounds so cruel,
Singing medicine for your pain, in a sympathetic strain,
With a jig, jig, jig of monade or grael.**



AGRICULTURAL DISTRESS.

BRITISH FARMER.—"Well! here's a pretty business! I've got so much corn, that I don't know where to put it."

Singing bandages and list; solve and cerate without stint,
Singing plenty both of liniment and lotion,
And your mixtures pushed about, and the pills for you
served out,
With alacrity and promptitude of motion.

Singing light and gentle hands, and a nurse who under-
How to manage every sort of application, stands
From a practice to a trick: when you haven't got to
The way to make a poppy fomentation. [teach

Singing pillow for you smoothed, smart and ache and
anguish soothed.

By the readiness of feminine invention; [made
Singing fever's thirst allayed, and the bed you've tumbled,
With a careful and considerate attention.

Singing succour to the brave, and a rescue from the grave,
Hear the Nightingale that's come to the Crimea,
Tis a Nightingale as strong in her heart as in her song,
To carry out so gallant an idea.

OCT. 16.

"THE Russian prisoners" (says a note of Mr. Punch) "were almost fêted on their arrival in England, and the *Invalide Russe*, as a matter of course, asserted to the contrary."

(See *Carlton*, "CrUEL Treatment of Russian Prisoners in England.")

OUR RUSSIAN GUESTS.

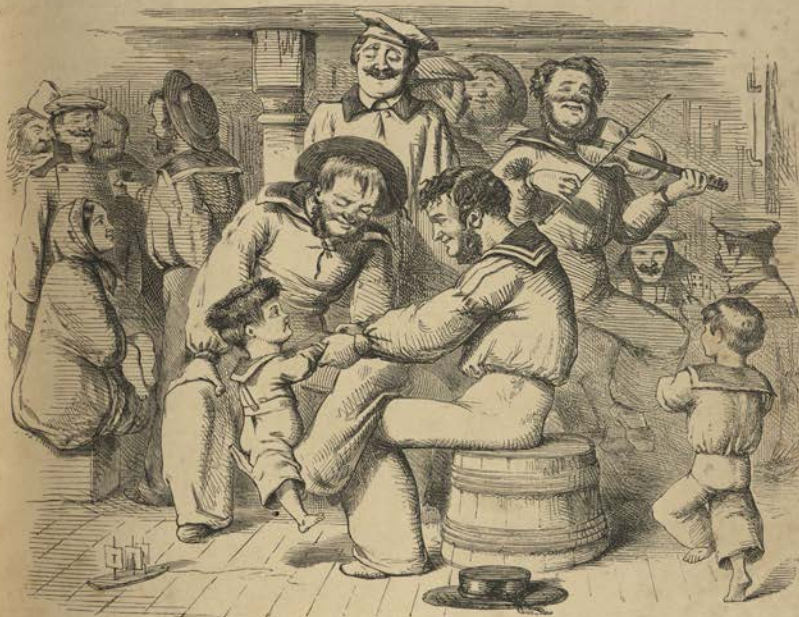
Poor fellows, whom Nicholas no more commands
Having laid down your arms, give us also your hands,
We forget you were foes—and in truth you were not,
Any more than the stones that were crushed with our shot.

You were only a Tyrant's unfortunate thralls,
With your bodies for bricks who built ramparts and walls,

Which if we, to hit at him, were forced to strike through,
'Twas with sorrow and pain and compassion for you.

He piled you, like sandbags, or cloths of mere dirt,
The blows which we aimed at his power to avert;
He cares not what swarms of his rascals may fall,
When yet he has more to oppose to our fall.

Should a score of his serfs stop a shot or a shell,
That, your monarch considers, will do pretty well,



CRUEL TREATMENT OF RUSSIAN PRISONERS IN ENGLAND.

Plate "Invalide Russe."

For he thinks his loss less in the slaves that we slay,
Than our own in the missiles which we shoot away.
Come; you're out of the clutch of your savage old chief,
Here's some bread for you: here are potatoes and beef.
And to wash it all down here's a jug of good beer;
We'll make you all jolly now we have you here.

May our nations soon cease this sad warfare to wage,
And your Czar have been caught and confined in a cage,
May you then to your country take back all you've gained,
While by we'll happily fortune you here were detained.

May you take the plumpdodder wherein you have fed,
And the notions that each has had put in his head,
That by you Holy Russia delivered may be,
You, through being made prisoners, who learned to be free.

We shall make your captivity easy to bear,
And may our own people as happily fare,
As many as—but, may their numbers be few!
Are, or shall be, in like situation with you.

OCT. 22.

D^{R.} RAE, the Arctic traveller, brought an account of his discovery of the bodies of what were doubtless Sir John Franklin and his lost expedition.

THE FATE OF FRANKLIN AND HIS MEN.

LET us draw around the fire:
Embers ruddy glowing,
What a comfort they inspire,

Whilst the litter tresspass roars,
And it freests out of doors,
And the wintry haze is blowing,
And the keen North-West is blowing!

Sir and listen to the gale;
Frost without is stinging;
What a cold and solemn wail
Runs throughout its gusty squalls,
As it rises and it falls
Ever with a death-pain ringing
What a dirge the winds are singing!

Reddened in the heart's light warm,
From the great fog yonder;
Housed and sheltered, safe from harm,
Tracing pictures in the soul,

On the poor unhappy soul
Homeless in the cold who wander,
Is it not a time to ponder?

Whose that wild wind's requiem,
Desolately sighing?
Has it not swept over them,
Whose unrepentant remains

Now bestrew the icy plains,
Where for Science martyrs dying,
Franklin and his crew are lying.

There they starved among the snows,
Mid the icebergs heavy,
There to death they slowly from
On each errand let brave men
Never be dispatched again;
Keep them for the strife of glory;
What a farside winter story!



SIR EDMUND LYONS GOING IN HIS BROUGHAM TO THE OPERA AT SEBASTOPOL.

"The Agamemnon got about in places where no line of battle ship ever thought of going before. Sir Edmund Lyons's Brougham, as it is called, is not at all a bad one; it has been described of the Times."

OCT. 23.

ADmiral Sir Edmund Lyons was in command of the British Fleet in the Black Sea. His ship, the "Agamemnon," was very active, and was nick-named "Sir Edmund Lyons' Brougham."

(See *Cartoon*, "Sir Edmund Lyons Going in his Brougham," 55.)

The fleet, however, had really very little to do, and the sailors, weary of inactivity, and pining for "a go at the Roushans," were only too ready to volunteer for any service ashore.

"JACK'S HOLIDAY."

The fleet was anchored tant and trim,
Beneath the Russian forts so grim,
When on the *Aggy's* gun-deck dim,
Says Jack the topman unto Jim,
Says he, "Let's go a shootin';
Blest if I couldn't pipe my eye,
To think like lubbers here we lie,
While them there sojers high and dry,
Ashore, gets all the shootin'."

Says Jim to Jack—"I'm blest," says he,
"If with that 'ere I don't agree;
But them the skipper wexed might be,
If when all hands was piped, I've seen."

He found we'd gone a-shootin',
Sir Edmund he's dead o' game,
And thof we toymen in the name,
Blow'd if it wouldn't be a shame
To spoil the skipper's shootin'."

"Avast!" says Jack, "do you suppose
I ain't a man my dooty knows?
For liberty shore we goes,
To ax the skipper I propose."

Bein' he's fond of shootin',
In our shore-going togs we'll dress—
Blest if the skipper can do less
Than give us a day's shootin'."

Next day, the holystoning done,
Jack and his mosses, every one,
All from the captain of the gun,
Down to the powder-monkey, run

To ask for their day's shootin',
"No," says Sir Edmund, with a grin,
"For liberty the crew's too thin;
But here's the ship; let's take her in,
And all have a day's shootin'."

So tall, so stout; the anchor's
weighed;
All till the rusty *Agar* made;
Longish Port, Constantine
she's back;
And then her big broadsides
she played,
As cool as if saluting;
My Jack, as his gun's breech,
all hot,
He slugged after a well aimed
shot.
That sent ten Russians to pot,
"My eyes, Jim, ain't this
shootin'!"

(See *Cartoon*, "Jack's
Holiday.")

OCT. 25.

At Battle of Balaklava
fought. It was re-
dered for ever memorable
by the heroic if mistaken.
"Charge of the Light Bri-
gade." The battle resulted
in a victory for the Allied
forces.

Mr. Punch thus de-
scribed it:—

THE BATTLE OF BALAKLAVA.

For wind of dawn is breath-
ing the mists of night are
wreathing.

Up from the valley, in white
swells the mountain ranges
shrouding.

Watch-fires are burning dimly;
Hill-batteries frowning
grimly.

Troop-horses in the plain below
at the pickets tethered
timidly.

And the Turks in the redoubts,
and the sailors on the hill,
And the Highlanders, within
their tents in the gray
dawn, sleeping still.

When is with hot haste riding,
strident-*scouts* being riding,
That the Russians in force with-
in the Eastern gorge are
hiding.

Boat and "saddle," and "re-
sulted," in the cool clear-air
ring gully,

And horse and foot are forming,
all eager for the battle;
Marine and sailor batteries
are alive with fire and match;
Every English heart's a-fire,
every English eye's a-watch.

Manned by our Turkish ally free redoubts command
the valley;

From a gorge, a short mile distant, the Russian van-
guard ally;

Tirailleurs and Cossacks dashing o'er the plain, with
hance-points flashing—

Now they open! Two fold-batteries their showers of
grape and crashing!

Now they open! Two fold-batteries their showers of
grape and crashing!

Now they open! Two fold-batteries their showers of
grape and crashing!



JACK'S HOLIDAY.—A SCENE OFF BALAKLAVA.

JACK:—"Ask yer Honor's pardon, but may me and Tim GLENNES have a liberty day ashore, to go a-shootin' with them *Soots*!"

The redoubts with shell they're plying. By Heaven, the
Turks are flying! flying!
Under Cossack lance and sabre, by scores, like cowards
Cours the slaves, and never mind them! there are British
hearts behind them,
With British bayonets sharp and sure—and so the foe shall
find them. [burst.]
Two deep the gallant Ninety-third are formed to bear the
And the Russian horse come thundering on that un-
shaken frost!

They're at six hundred paces—wait till you see their
faces—
Down go the rifles, with a fire, that empties scores of
places;
Big on their knee still dashes, when a second volley flashes,
And as lightning cleaves a cleft, through the Russian
squadron crashes! [with the slain—]
Down, rear and van, go horse and man, the wounded
That mounted best will count the cost, ere they charge
our Scots again!

Meanwhile their chargers reining, and their own hot
hearts restraining;

Our heavy horse upon the right inactive are remaining—
The hill their squamous hiding, when o'er its summit
riding,

All a-dress with blue and silver, and in their strength
contending,

The Russian horse, in triple force, to what our line can
show,

With loosened rein, upon the plain dash, shouting as they
go.

In apers, and out sales! Now head to your labours,

Emmickillen, and gallant Scots Gray!

Full oft in the fight you've aforeside stood neighbours,
But ne'er in more desperate fray.

The First Royal Irish are hard on your track,

With the Fourth Dragoon Guards at their side,
And the gallant First Royals, that never showed lack,
Nor found for that their onset lacked.

On they dash, hoist to hoist, fended lance and bare blade—

What care they for the numbers against them arrayed?

In *pile mille* on the foe, like a bolt from a bow,

With a cheer, loud and clear as a trumpet, they go.

Through a line, twice their length, and three deep for
their foe,

They have past, like a blast—but their work is not done.

Fresh squadrons close round them; 'tis one man to three!

Out-dashed and out-numbered, what rescue may be?

Hurrah! the Dragons and the Royals so true,—

They'll finish what work you have left them to do!

Soon they clear all the rest, with the sweep of their blades,

And that shout tells the fate of the Russian brigades.

Oh, would to God that gallant charge had closed the
bloody day!



ENTHUSIASM OF PATERFAMILIAS,

ON READING THE REPORT OF THE GRAND CHARGE OF BRITISH CAVALRY ON THE 25TH.

Then clear of blame had shone the fame of Balaklava's
fray!

But who is there, with potent tongue the sorry tale to
tell, [Denour, fell!]

Honour our Light Brigade, true martyrs to the point of
"Twas sublime, but 'twas not warfare," that charge of
wee and wick, [hundred lack!]

That let six hundred to the guns, and brought two

Enough! the order came to charge, and charge they
did—like men; [the fire]

While shot and shell and rifle-ball played on them down
Through thirty guns were ranged in front, not one drew
bated breath.

Unflinching, unquenching, they rode upon their death!

Nor by five times their number of all arms could they be
stayed!

And with two lives for one of ours, e'en then, the Russians
paid; [ing few,—]

Till torn with shot and rent with shell, a spent and blood-
soaked and worn—

With slanted arms and weary steeds—all bruised and
sore!

Is this the wreck of all that rode so bravely out this morn?
Where thirty answered muster at dawn now answer ten,

Oh, woe's me for such officers!—Oh, woe's me for such
men!

Whose was the blame? Name not his name, but rather
seek to hide [Glad!]

If he live, leave him to conscience—to God, if he have
But for you, true band of heroes, you have done your duty
well! [you fell!]

Your country asks not, to what end; it knows but how

The news of this victory, and especially of the
memorable "Charge of the Light Brigade," was
received in this country with unbounded en-
thusiasm.

(See Cartoon, "Enthusiasm of Paterfamilias.")

Nov. 5.

THE Battle of Inkerman was fought at early morn in cold and clinging mist, the first roar of the Russian artillery sounding two hours before sunrise. It was called "The Soldiers' Battle," because the result rather turned upon the stubborn bravery of the men than any skill of leadership, which was indeed impossible in the circumstances of the fight. The battle raged nearly all day fiercely and doggedly, but late in the afternoon the Russians were in full retreat, to the bitter disappointment of Prince Menschikoff, who had informed the Czar that in a few days the invaders of his dominions would "perish by the sword or be driven into the sea." It was the hardest-fought fight of the campaign, and that involving the greatest losses, the British losing 2,612 and the French 1,726 killed and wounded. Florence Nightingale and her nurses, who arrived at Scutari on the same day, found plenty of work for their womanly hands. Then was made manifest the hideous mismanagement, born of imbecile routine, which was the scandal of the war. "Medical as well as all other stores had been sent in profusion from England; yet even lint was wanting, or could not be found, for the dressing of the wounds. Medicines and medical appliances lay rotting on the beach at Varna, or buried in the hold of vessels in Balaklava Harbour." Reports of this mismanagement, and its resulting horrors, reaching England, sickened and shamed the public, and pride in the valour of our troops was blent with burning indignation at the needless sufferings inflicted upon them by unpardonable mismanagement.

DEC. 12.

PARLIAMENT was opened by the Queen in person, being called together at this unusual

time, said Her Majesty, "in order that, by your assistance, I may take such measures as may enable me to prosecute the great war in which we are engaged with the utmost vigour and effect." The opinion of the country was by no means favourable to Lord Aberdeen and his Ministry; and the indignation at the deplorable condition of things in the Crimea, as revealed

by the *Times*, was fast rising to fever heat as 1854 came to a gloomy close.

When Parliament separated for the Christmas Recess, it was felt that the doom of Lord Aberdeen was only deferred, and this view *Mr. Punch* suggested in the Cartoon entitled "Remanded."

(See Cartoon, "Remanded.")

C C



REMANDED.

JOHNNY RUSSELL. "Well, Old Boy, what Luck?"

ABERDEEN. "Well, I'm just Remanded till next Session."

DEC. 12.

THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE on this day introduced the Foreign Enlistment Bill. Its object was to permit of the raising of a force of 15,000 foreigners, to be drilled in this country. Although opposed by some as a dangerous

measure, it was carried, with some modification, both in the Commons and the Lords.

(See Cartoon, "Foreign Enlistment.")

SERJEANT KITE.

They're nobly consistent, these Statesmen of ours,
In begging Recruits from all neighbouring powers!

And assert the great principle, thanks to whose aid
Their own Coalition was easily made.

You're only to pocket your private opinions,
You Germans, Greeks, Spaniards, Danes, Poles, and
Sardinians,
You Belgians, you Switzer, you Dutchman, you Finn,
Come, join the Queen's Service, and take the Queen's
tin.



FOREIGN ENLISTMENT.

IF WE MUST HAVE IT—FOR GOODNESS SAKE BEGIN WITH THE ORGAN MEN.

Your betters have done it—some folks had their views
About Franchise, Reform, Oath, School, Bally, and Jews,
About Taxes, State-Churches, and Social Conditions—
But *that* has with all that, when we make Coalitions!

Come, Pole, take the coin. What you want, we dare say,
Is to fight for the kingdom crowned thieves take away—
You'd better be practical, list, if you've sense:
You cannot get Poland, you can Eightpence.

Hi! *Sprechen Sie Deutsch!* Here! you, Sindent von
Kroat—
You want a Republic, like Plato's, no doubt,
Put that in your pipe, man, and fall into rank.
"But for what?" For your money—it's safe at the Bank.

Come, Spaniard, enlist. Here's the cash. Join the herd.
What, all the blue blood in blue flame at the word?
"Not be coupled with those you've professed to despise.
And for gain?" You're a Donkey. Some Dons are
more wise.

Now, Greek! True, or Scio and Cyprus's take
You abhor the fierce Turk—but the drachmas you'll take?
Ay, you've not a scruple—on you we rely,
You're ours, till some new, better bidder shall buy.

Here, Russian deserter, your kopecks and gun,
And blaze at the cause from whose ranks you have run.
Of course. Why it's not the first time we've been told
How "later convictions have modified old."

You Dane, though we gave you our *Kiss-to-Vie-Nun*,
You can't forget Nelson—we've shown that we can.
Well, we don't ask your love, flabby son of a skate,
Take our side, and the money, and help where you
hate.

Come, tender your service, you consciences tough.
King Mammon's drum beats, and all scruples are stuff;
To expedite things in our grand Expedition
We'll send my Lord Raglan an armed Coalition.

If in taking of places it only can do
As well as some people in sticking thereto,
Mr. Russell will write—(and how well he will do it)—
"I am happy to say that Sebastopol *suit*."

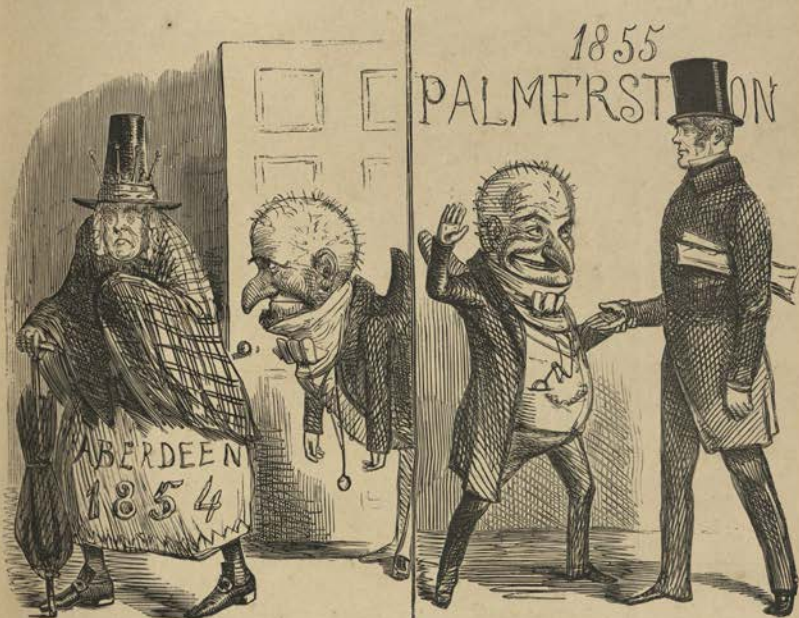
+ 1855 +

THE year began sadly. "The progress of the Campaign" (says Mr. Punch's Summary) "and the condition of our Army in the

Crimea engrossed the attention of all classes to the exclusion of all other topics, and the conduct and capacity of Ministers and commanders were loudly condemned in and out of Parliament." Lord Aberdeen in particular was regarded with deep distrust, and Punch and the public

looked forward with eagerness to his supersession by the more energetic and spirited Palmerston. Punch indicated this in a prophetic Cartoon.

(See Cartoon, "Seeing the Old Year out and the New Year in.")



SEEING THE OLD YEAR OUT

AND

THE NEW YEAR IN.

JAN. 13.

THE sufferings of our Army in the Crimea during the latter months of 1854 and the early part of 1855 were terrible indeed. They were greatly aggravated by the scandalous break-down of the Commissariat and Land Transport departments. The Camp, it is said, became a quagmire, the roads were almost impassable. "Public opinion" (says Mr. Molesworth's History, vol. iii., chap. 1, p. 54) "at home was loudly demanding that our brave soldiers should be supplied with everything

necessary to maintain them in health, if not in comfort; but it was only very slowly that the improvements demanded could be introduced; and even when the supplies did reach Balacava, it was only with great difficulty that they could be sent forward to the men who were in the Camp, and with still greater difficulty to those who were labouring in the trenches. The old track-road from Balacava to the Camp, never sufficient for the purpose, was so worn by the transit of artillery and heavy carriages that it had become a sea of mud, through which vehicles could with difficulty force their way.

It was determined therefore to lay down a railway; and about Christmas a large body of engineers and navvies, with all the material necessary for its construction and working, were sent out, and reached Balacava towards the end of January. While the engineers were surveying the country, planning the proposed line, and making their preparations, the labourers they had brought with them were very usefully employed in clearing away the filth that cumbered the streets of Balacava; which had been the fertile source of cholera and other diseases, and if allowed to remain would

no doubt have proved still more fatal. Having rendered this great service, they next set to work on the railway; and in the course of a very short time it was laid down and in full operation, conveying all the ammunition which was required for the operations in front of Sebastopol, and ministering to the wants of the troops."

(See *Cartoon*, "Spades are Trumps.")

JAN. 23.

PARLIAMENT re-assembled after the Christmas Recess. Lord John Russell on the same day resigned his post in the Aberdeen Ministry, not feeling prepared to resist Mr. Roebuck's announced motion "for the appointment of a Select Committee to inquire into the condition of our army before Sebastopol, and into the conduct of the departments of the Government whose duty it has been to minister to the wants of that army."

(See *Cartoon*, p. 197, "The Dirty Doerstep.")

"THE SMASH IN THE FAMILY;"

OR, "THE VIRTUOUS FOOT-MAN."

(SCENES FROM A DOMESTIC DRAMA—AS PERFORMED BY THE TRIO, THE ROYAL WEIGHTWIGGERS.)

JAUNTY (a Gentleman's Footman).—LORD PAMPHLET.

JOHN SHAAL (Groom of the Chamber).—LORD JOHN KIMBALL.

BRASS (a Footman).—MR. BENJAMIN OAKS.

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BRASS (a Footman).—MR. BENJAMIN OAKS.



SPADES ARE TRUMPS.

NAVY (TO ABERDEEN). "Now, old Stick-in-the-mud, let me try if I can get you out of the mud."

SCENE I.—The Butler's Pantry.

JAUNTY and BRASS discovered over a bottle of Twenty Claret.

BRASS. And so you really

think, Mr. Jaunty, the family

must come to grief?

Jaunty (breathing a sigh),

Case of smash, Brass.

BRASS. Well, my wages is pail.

Jaunty. And you've had a godish place of it while

it did last.

BRASS. Yes, to-day; in fact, between ourselves, Mr.

Jaunty, I don't care 'ow soon I gits another as good,

especially the wind.

Jaunty. "Wines," Brass, not "winds."

BRASS. Well, wines, then. I ain't particular. But I

thought what it would come to up-stairs, considerin' how

we've been a-givin' it down 'ere this two year.

Jaunty. Speak for yourself, Brass. The steward's room ain't answerable for the servants' all.

BRASS. In course not. Every man in his place—that's my motto. Though I wish you'd 'a-come among as a

little freer, Mr. Jaunty. We've had werry pleasant times, I can tell you, at the second table. My songs 'as been

admired, and though I say it, there ain't many chaps as

can top me at a recreation ora bit of chaff. (Pours out a glass of wine.) Well, here's to our next werry meetin'.

Jaunty (sips his claret thoughtfully).—H'm.

BRASS (anxiously). I s'pose, though, it is a case of

Queer Street? (Pointing over his left shoulder.)

Jaunty. Execution put in to-morrow, I hear.

BRASS. An't the governor 'a' settle it this time, now?

Jaunty. No; the creditors are tired out.

BRASS. Ah, well, we've 'ad jolly times, any way. I

s'pose you've given warning, Mr. Jaunty?

Jaunty. No.

BRASS. No—Eh? You don't say so.

Jaunty. I means to stand by the fam'ly, for the present.

Brass. Do you, though? (Aside.) Then they can't be done for yet.

Jaunty. You see, Brass, I've seen a good deal of this sort of thing, and I've never found that sticking by a family in difficulties stood in a man's way to a new place—that is, when he couldn't do better.

Brass. Well—but such a damp'n, run-down, sick as nothin' family as this 'ere? Don't you think it'd look better if a feller was to wash his hands of 'em—come the virtuous dodge—afore the creditors, you know?

Jaunty. You can do as you like—I've taken their money, and eat their *entrees*, and drunk their wines, and I mean to see 'em through it. But I've to make up my books. You can finish the bottle.

[Exit JAUNTY, cheerfully.]

Brass. Thank you, Mr. Jaunty (drinks, and reflects). Now, that's a long 'eaded chap, and knows the world. He's a coming on the attached dependant lay, he is—feelin' for the family—and such like. 'Praps I'd better come that game after all! I think I could gammon 'em.

Enter JOHN SMALL.

Brass. Well, Mr. Small?

Small. Ah, Brass! would you oblige me by stepping out for a cab, while I fetch down my boxes?

Brass. Your boxes! What, you ain't goin'! Are you?

Small. Yes.

Brass. Have you given warnin'?

Small. Under the distressing circumstances to which my Lord has been reduced—by his own imprudence, I am afraid that warning from me would be thrown away. But in fact I have given warning—as far back as last November. I told my Lord that if things was allowed to go on as they was a goin', I couldn't stop.

Brass. Well—but you didn't go.

Small. No. I changed my mind and stopped. But little Wenona puts in execution tomorrow, and my regard for my own character won't allow me to be mixed up with that sort of thing. I'm a domestic man, Brass, I've lived in steady families.

Brass. But Mr. Jaunty's agoin' to see 'em through it.

Small. Mr. Jaunty is a glib young man, and he can do as he likes. I must consider my future prospects, and keep clear of such messes. Besides—(he pauses).

Brass. Well (curiously).

Small. Between ourselves, I can't abide the 'ouse steward—

Brass. What, Mr. Merrybubbles! I 'ates him; he's a serious cove—Ar is.

Small. It's not that I dislike seriousness. But I can't bear intrigues—and if I'd been in his shoes—

Brass. You'd a kept things straight, eh?

Small. It's not for me to boast; but I remember in my great grandfather's time, when the great Lord Chatham—

Brass. Oh—stow that—I don't know anythink about 'istory; take a glass of wine. [Presents the bottle to him.]

Small. I never drink. But about that cab?

Brass. I'll tell the porter so call one.

Small. By the way, Brass, you needn't mention to any of the servants that I'm going.

Brass. All right. I'm fly. (Aside.) Don't want his boxes overhauled, I'll bet a pound.

[Exit BRASS.]

Small. Yes—there's that great city man, Mr. Bull, wants a Butler. He's one of my Lord's chief croppers, and if he hears that I left my Lord's because I couldn't stand the goin' on in this 'ouse, he'll think all the better o' me when I apply for the situation. Jaunty's got an eye on it, I know, and if I can only steal a march on him—and then my character's all I have to depend on.



THE DIRTY DOORSTEP.

PALMERSTON (an active lady). "Well! this is the greatest mess I ever saw at anybody's door."

LITTLE JACK RUSSELL. "Ah! I found there once—but I was obliged to leave—it was such a very irregular family."

Re-enter BRASS.

Brass. All right! Cab's at the rear gate, and there's nobody in the front kitchen. You can slip out unbeknownst.

Small. You won't peach?

Brass. Oh, honest bright! You done me a good turn when I applied for this 'ere place; and then I'm like you, I can't abear that 'ere Merry-pebbles—a sanctified, argufying beggar!

Small. Good-bye, Brass. If you'll take my advice, you'll cut this too, before the row comes.

Brass. Thank you, Mr. Small. But I've my dodge, too. Only you wait till to-morrow. But you'll want a hand with your boxes. You ain't werry strong in the back, you know.

Small. Thank you—if you would be so kind. They're outside. (*Exit BRASS*) How astonished they'll be to-morrow, when they find I'm gone! The best thing is

not to get into a mess. But, when you are in, the best thing's to get quietly out of it, and leave other folks to shift for themselves. [*Exit*]

JAN. 29.

THE Government was defeated on Mr. Roebuck's motion, the division showing the



MR. BULL WANTS TO KNOW "THE REASON WHY."

Mrs. JAMES GRAHAM (a Housekeeper). "Really, Sir, this 'INQUIRY' is so very 'UNCONSCIENT' that we should like to leave it over."

enormous majority against the Ministers of 157 in a House of 453. The *Times* wrote:—"It would tax the best-read historical student to produce a more complete case of political collapse than that which is England's ill fate, sore cost, and we had almost said foul dishonour to witness this day."

FEB. 1.

THE Ministry announced its resignation in consequence of its defeat on Mr. Roebuck's motion. Lord John Russell essayed to form a Ministry, but failed, as did also Lord

Derby. On the 6th Lord Granville announced in the House of Lords that Lord Palmerston had succeeded in forming an Administration. It proved to be to a large extent a reconstruction of the old one, with Lord Panmure as War Secretary in place of the Duke of Newcastle, Sir G. C. Lewis as Chancellor of the Exchequer in place of Mr. Gladstone, the Earl of Clarendon remaining at the Foreign Office, and Lord John Russell taking the Colonial Office in place of the Presidency of the Council. Indeed, on the 19th Mr. Layard complained that although the House had declared its want of

confidence in the late Administration, the new Ministry merely presented the same men in different offices. What the country wanted was "not septuagenarian experience, but more of youthful activity and energy." The country, however, had considerable confidence in the "septuagenarian experience" and youthful energy of the veteran Premier. Sir James Graham, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Sidney Herbert thought it right to withdraw from Lord Palmerston's new Ministry.

(See Cartoon, "Mr. Bull wants to know 'the reason why.'")

FEB. 14.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL, who had joined Lord Palmerston's new Ministry as Secretary of State for the Colonies, was appointed Plenipotentiary to represent England at the Conference about to be held at Vienna.

FEB. 16.

THE accession of the popular and patriotic Lord Palmerston to the Premiership inspired the public mind with hope that the hitherto sorely muddled Crimean Campaign would now be prosecuted with energy and success. He pledged his Government to a strict investigation into the conduct of the war.

(See Cartoon, "New for it!")

THE MANAGER IN DISTRESS.

THE Manager of a certain Theatre Royal has lately been considerably embarrassed by a division in the Company, which has led to the throwing up of their parts by several of the principal characters in the grand annual spectacle, which is got up at an enormous expense for the amusement of the public.

The Company had for some time been working rather uncomfortably together, when Mr. John Fussell, the "low man" of the establishment, who from the constant opportunity of doing the leading business in his line had become a favourite, wrote to the Stage-Manager, saying, that in consequence of a party having been made up for the purpose of "damning" a farce in which he, Fussell, would have to take a part, he should throw up his situation and retire from the company. The Stage-Manager called the company together, when it was determined to risk the intended opposition, and the farce was played, the character of Fussell being "read" by another performer. Fussell himself did all he could to assist the opposition in an indirect way, by declaring he had always objected to the distribution of the parts, and the whole piece was such a dead failure that the Stage-Manager on the next morning resigned his functions.

In this emergency the popular Pomicestooner, who, though he has been many years on the stage, has still more dash and energy about him than some of the younger actors, was asked to assume the management. He at once



NOW FOR IT!

A SET-TO BETWEEN "FAM, THE DOWNING STREET PET," AND "THE RUSSIAN SPIDER."

accepted the task, not without a knowledge of the petty jealousies among the performers, but with a determination to do without those who attached any absurd and unreasonable terms to the offer of their services. It is supposed that his intentions are to go on as well as he can to the end of the season with his present company, and to weed it of some of the second-old men, who are all waiting to do leading business, and to get rid of as many as he can of the mere walking gentlemen.

The grand coup of the present season, upon which all

the resources of the establishment will be employed, is the Grand Historical Drama of the *War with Russia*, which is to replace the miserable and expensive spectacle that has long been presented to the public under the title of the *Siege of Sebastopol*. Various minor novelties will be brought forward, but there is no truth in the rumour that the Manager will endeavour to secure the well-known "brau-lund," though it is believed that they are always open to an engagement.

MARCH 2.

THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS OF RUSSIA died very unexpectedly, from the result of a severe attack of influenza. He was succeeded by his son Alexander II.

(See Carlson, "General Février turned Traitor.")

The paper falling from the drooping hand of the dead Autocrat, refers to the defeat of 40,000 Russians by Omar Pasha in an attack on Eupatoria on the 17th of February. The British Fleet assisted in the Turkish defence. This defeat, it is said, was a sore blow to the sick Emperor, and probably hastened his end.

The Emperor had shortly before said that "Russia had two Generals in whom she can confide—Generals Janvier and Février."

DAGON.

SMITTEN—as by lightning—
smitten

Down, amid his armed array;
With the fiery scroll scarce
written

Bidding myriads to the fray;
There—but yesterday defying
Europe's banners, linked and
flying

For her freedom—see him
lying—
Earth's Colossus—earth's own
clay.

But no triumphs should be given,
Knee to earth and eye to heaven!
God hath judged the day.

Ark of Freedom! lightly
spoken

Vows to thee vain kings have
said,
Many an oath thy priests have
broken,

Many a fight thy guards have
fled;
But thine ancient Consecration,
Sealed so oft by stern libation,
Lifeblood of a struggling nation,
In thy foeman's doom is read.

Sill, O Ark! the hand that gave
thee
Shrines, in peril's hour, to save thee—
There lies Dagon—dead!

MARCH 15.

A CONFERENCE of the Great Powers at Vienna, which Lord John Russell had been appointed to attend on behalf of England, endeavoured to find a basis for peace between

MARCH 20.

THE veteran Lord Lyndhurst made a spirited speech in the House of Lords, called by

Russia and the Allied Forces but failed, owing mainly to Russia's refusal to submit to a limitation of her fleet in the Black Sea. On April 26 this conference, long protracted, ceased its sittings.

Mr. Punch in his "Essence of Parliament" "a most lucid, logical, and crushing address upon the mean, shuffling, cowardly conduct of King Cliquot of Prussia." Punch had long given the nickname of "Cliquot" to Frederick William of Prussia, on account of his alleged fondness for champagne. He was one of Punch's special butts at this time. The following



"GENERAL FÉVRIER" TURNED TRAITOR.

"Russia has two Generals in whom she can confide—Generals Janvier and Février."—Speech of the late Emperor of Russia.

lines indicate concisely the reasons for his unpopularity with *Punch* and the British public:—

KING CLICQUOT.

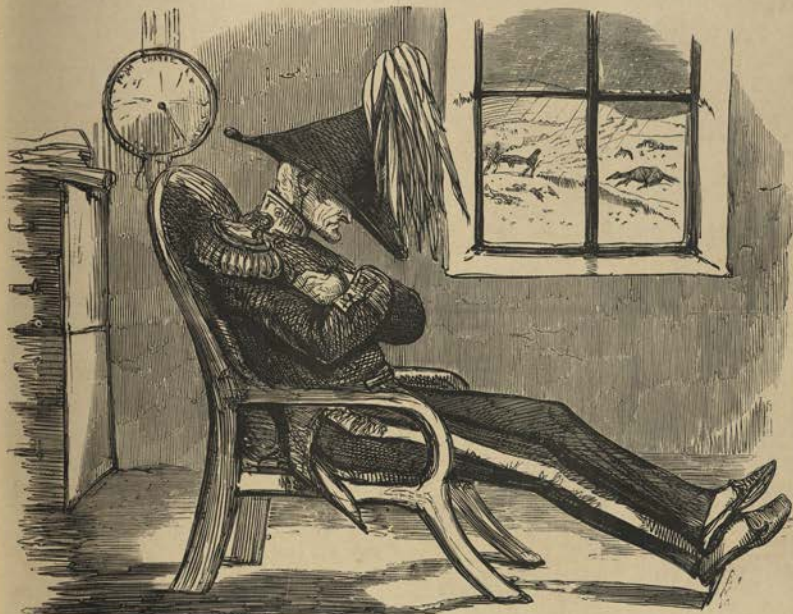
Who rules the kingdom, till of late
Which was a leading German State,
But he has made it second-rate?
King Clicquot.

When Nicholas the Turks attacked,
Who joined the league against that act,
Then out of his engagement backed?
King Clicquot.

Who feigned to hold with the Allies,
But to co-operate denies,
And, underhand, to thwart them tries?
King Clicquot.

Swayed by domestic feelings weak,
His people's good who does not seek,
But plays the traitor and the sneak?
King Clicquot.

By private ties who only bound
Breaks those of honour, like a hound,
And yet his head continues crowned?
King Clicquot.



THE GENERAL FAST (ASLEEP), HUMILIATING—VERY!

Who has a crafty project planned,
Denmark and Holland to command,
Meanwhile betraying Fatherland?
King Clicquot.

Who Russia would abet, as loose
Accomplice, to endure his nose,
If he but dinst the danger face?
King Clicquot.

Who, double-minded, double sees?
Whose conduct with his gait agrees?
Who breaks his nose 'gainst apple-trees?
King Clicquot.

Whose dirty tricks have brought about
His nation to be quite shut out

From Europe's Council? Germans, shout—
King Clicquot.

Who vacillates 'twixt knave and fool?
Who's the Czar's satrap, pander, tool?
Who is no longer fit to rule?
King Clicquot.

MARCH 21.

THIS day was by proclamation set apart as
a Day of Fasting and Humiliation on
account of our Crimean disasters.

(See Cartoon, "The General Fast (asleep).")

Mr. Punch, in a satirical counter-proclamation, proposed—

"That each and every member of the late Government, and all and sundry other persons concerned in the mismanagement of the War, and exhorting, persuading, or assenting to the appointment of the aforesaid Fast Day, shall, on that day, set apart and contribute, severally and respectively, one entire day's income, and as much more as in their conscience they shall deem due, in aid of the National Patriotic Fund for the relief of the Soldiers' Widows and Orphans: to the end that Fast and Humiliation on their behalf shall be a Truth and Reality, and no a Pretence, a Hypocrisy, and a Sham."

MARCH 24.

ALEXANDER II. had succeeded to the throne of Russia, a troublous heritage at the moment.

(See *Cortina*, "The Young Czar coming into his Property.")

Curiosity was of course excited as to the new Autocrat's character. Mr. Punch had the following comments thereupon:—

A PORTRAIT AND A PUZZLE.

M. DE CUSTINE took the portrait of Alexander, the new Emperor of Russia, when he was twenty years old. It is now on exhibition in certain columns, for the exercise of the curious. "He looks his exact age!" says Custine—"which is twenty." A singular piece of sincerity on the part of the then Grand Duke, to look exactly what he was! "The habitual frown of his face now denotes is mild and benevolent." Nevertheless, between the "smile of his eyes and the constant contraction of his mouth, there is a discrepancy that speaks very moderate frankness." We are next told that "the prince's expression is one of kindness"—with small frankness! Smiling as a peach and just as close as the stone!

"His step is light and gracefully noble—truly that of a prince. His air is modest without timidity, which is a great point for all about him, since the embarrassment of the great is really an annoyance to the rest of the world. If they fancy themselves demigods, they are incommoded by the opinion they have of themselves, and which they despair of making others partake."

How the awkward demeanour of a king should embarrass the rest of the world, we can hardly discern. There have been lions and boons even in purple, and the world has not yet gone to pieces. An "acknowledged demi-god" may be incommodious to himself; but we fear the animal is very rare, if it ever existed in Russia.

M. Custine has a second look at the present brash Emperor, whose phases of character would seem to charge like the colours of a dying dolphin.

"The eyelid droops over the outer corner of the eye with a melancholy betraying already the cares of a more advanced age. His pliancy is not without courtesy, and his Grecian profile recalls the medals of the antique or the portraits of the Empress Catherine; but beneath that air of kindness, almost always conferred by beauty, youth, and German blood, it is impossible not to recognize a force of dissimulation that terrifies one in so young a man. This trait is doubtless the seed of destiny, and makes me believe that the prince is fated to ascend the throne."



THE YOUNG CZAR COMING INTO HIS PROPERTY.

Destiny—especially in Russia—always decreeing that a hypocrite should sit on the throne of the Cæars. Nevertheless, there is so much contradiction in M. Custine, so much of the middle jumbled up with and contending with the despicable, that at best, Alexander the Second—if M. Custine can be trusted—is but a puzzle. His manifesto, his maiden utterance as an Emperor—is at least a good specimen of imperial adroitness. He assures his loving subjects (otherwise loving subjects might revolt, and the Kalanz, brother Constantine, show a

grim front in St. Petersburg) that he invokes Providence to be "our guide and protector that we may maintain Russia on the highest standard of power and glory, and in our person accomplish the incessant wishes and views of Peter, of Catherine, of Alexander, and of our father." With such lights to guide him, the new Emperor's path can hardly tend in the direction of the Temple of Peace, hired by Mr. Bright and friends in Manchester; but must rather continue by the shores of Sinope, and in the war-fields of Golgotha.

However, it is for the very reason that Alexander the Second talks canoe-balls to his subjects, that he may even now be chewing the olive. He may, after all, have nothing about him of the bear, but the skin.

APRIL 14.

As the Sebastopol Inquiry Committee was now sitting, and further revelations concerning

the misconduct of the war increased the public indignation, already at fever heat. On the 24th February the Queen had received a company of wounded Guards at Buckingham Palace. The incident suggested to Mr. Punch the subject for a scathing Cartoon.

(See Cartoon, "The Queen Visiting the Imbeciles of the Crimea.")

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO THE CRIMEAN IMBECILES.

HER MAJESTY, accompanied by His Royal Highness Prince Albert and suite, has followed up her womanly and Queenly visits to the Crimean Invalids, by a similar mark of interest shown to a class of sufferers, if not as numerous, at least as severely afflicted. We refer to the Crimean Imbeciles. Her Majesty has only anticipated the feeling of the country in visiting these unfortunates;



THE QUEEN VISITING THE IMBECILES OF THE CRIMEA.

and we trust that the examination of the worst cases will be followed by some permanent mark of Her Majesty's wise of the claims of these unfortunate persons.

As it has been found impracticable to lodge all these imbeciles together, no public building being spacious enough to accommodate their unhappily large number, they have been distributed hitherto pretty equally among all the public offices connected in any way with the conduct of the war. Several of the worst cases have found accommodation—we trust only temporary—at the office of the Army Medical Department in St. James's Place, to which Her Majesty in her inspection proceeded first.

Among the most serious cases which here attracted the Royal attention, may be particularised that of Dr.

Andrew Smith. This unfortunate gentleman labours under general paralysis of the active powers, which has been gradually growing upon him during forty years' service, but has been brought to a head by the exigencies of the War. He has suffered greatly from exposure, during several days, to all the rigours of a cross-examination by Mr. Roebuck's Select Committee. This exposure coming upon an official constitution, already shattered by the heavy fret of the *Times*, has reduced the poor man to a truly pitiable state, and the Medical Board, on which he has so long sat, having at length sat upon him, has pronounced him incurable, and recommended his immediate and final retirement from the department he has so long and so successfully mismanaged. Her Majesty

spoke to Dr. Smith, but his answers were incoherent. His imbecility has taken the form of a fixed idea, that the Hospitals at Scutari are all that they ought to be; and he becomes very violent when any doubt is expressed on this point. Dr. Smith's imbecility is accompanied by a total loss of the faculty of hearing reason. He still, however, writes a great deal, and is very obstinate, protesting, in a strong Scotch accent, against any attempt to administer salve or medicine, while the night of a *Times* newspaper rouses him to frenzy.

The next case which attracted her Majesty's attention was that of Dr. Menzies, whose imbecility had manifested itself throughout the whole campaign, by the most unmistakable symptoms, though he has been cruelly

compelled to continue at an arduous post, long after every one knew him to be utterly unfit for his duties. The poor sufferer was placed in charge of the great hospital at Scutari, though unable to leave the desk at which he was kept writing from ten to twelve hours a day, on more than one or two occasions, for inspection of the wards; and when he did visit them he was entirely incapable of exerting the senses of sight, speech, or smell. Dr. Menzies labours under a total loss of memory, and is quite incapable of comprehending his own duties, or the value of money—particularly in comparison with human life. The attentions of the poor sufferer in explain himself were painful in the extreme, and Her Majesty was evidently much grieved at finding that such severe duties had been thrown on one so obviously unfit for their discharge. She conveyed this opinion to the Prince and her suite, as well as to Lord Panmure in the most energetic manner.

Her Majesty subsequently visited the ward occupied by the Imbeciles of the Commissariat. Here a melancholy spectacle presented itself. The sufferers are almost all advanced in life, and equally feeble in mind and body; and it is obvious at a glance that to impose the task of feeding the Army on men unable to feed themselves without the aid of the Government, was a cruel mockery. Her Majesty's dearest interest, however, was reserved for the Commander-in-Chief, who has a ward to himself. That Noble Lord has long been known to be labouring under a complicated form of mental disorder, combining the worst features of fatuity and delusion. His memory for recent events has long been utterly gone, though he remembers a great deal that occurred during the Peninsular War.

The Royal Inspection of the Military Imbeciles was followed by that of the Imbeciles who have broken down in the Naval Service of the War. We regret to say that Admiral Boscawen and Captain Christie, whose cases were both brought in. Her Majesty's special notice, are in the habit of using language so foul and offensive, that the Royal party was forced to leave a precipitate retreat. This, however (as was explained to Her Majesty), is a frequent accompaniment of mental imbecility, and implied no personal disrespect to the Illustrious Visitor, the same style of language being addressed by the sufferers to all who may come in their way, whether medical men, clergymen, or others. It is needless to add that the Imbeciles did not express the least satisfaction at Her Majesty's gracious examination of their several cases. But the Prince is gratified to Her Majesty on their behalf, for it transpires that now that these instances have been brought under Her notice, in which the Military and



WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT IT!

Naval authorities have shown the most cruel disregard of the mental and bodily state of those employed under them, she will see that her future men like these unfortunate Imbeciles are not saddled with labours taxing to the utmost all the powers both of mind and body.

Her Majesty, before leaving, was pleased to express her entire dissatisfaction with all the arrangements in relation to the War up to the present time—a feeling in which, as usual, she is unanimously supported by her loyal subjects in general, and Mr. Punch in particular.

APRIL 16.

THE EMPEROR and Empress of the French arrived on a visit to the Queen.

(See Cartoon, "Who would have thought it!")

That Louis Napoleon, the *ex-départ* exile, man-about-town and grotesque adventurer of Strasbourg and Boulogne, should visit the English Court and "ring at the visitors' bell,"

struck *Mr. Punch*, as it did many others, as a curious instance of the "whirligig of time" and its "revenges."

APRIL 17.

On this day Lord Robert Grosvenor obtained leave to introduce a Bill for the prevention

of Sunday trading in the Metropolis, a measure which was destined to bring a veritable hornets' nest of stinging satire about the ears of that noble Lord, who was more distinguished for Sabbatarian zeal than for saving common sense.

APRIL 20.

The Budget was introduced by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir G. C. Lewis. He estimated that there would be a deficiency of £20,000,000, which he proposed to meet mainly by a new loan.



GREAT EXHIBITION OF STRENGTH.

PALMERSTON. "He will now take the sack between his teeth, and walk round the apartment, notwithstanding the great weight he has to bear already."

"Into the Commons" (said *Mr. Punch* in his "Essence of Parliament.") "came the Chancellor of the Exchequer with his War Budget. These are no ordinary times, and *Mr. Punch* is unable to control his feelings sufficiently to treat Sir George prosaically. The mighty heart must have vent in immortal song, and has it as follows:—

Would you know the extra taxes
Lewis lays on people's backs?
'Tis a load to bend a porter—
Five round Millions—and a quarter.

Early bird—who by this week fast
Catches Johnny at his breakfast.
On his Ten Penceforth he'll find
Threepence extra—ain't it kind?
On his Coffee doth Sir G.
Levy but the "penny fee,"
On his Sugar (dear of late)
Just three bob per hundred weight.
On the Dram that helps digestion
(Taken at his Wife's suggestion)
If it's Scotch, (the right M'Allan)
One and tenpence on the gallon;
If it's Irish (the O'Tigger),
Then two shillings is the figure.

Is that all? Oh! no such luck,
For a bold stroke he struck;
And Sir George's proposition
Is—an Income-Tax addition—
One per cent.; which will be found
Twopence extra on your pound.
So your income now must pay
Seven per cent. —-hoy, hoy, hooray!
Add a charge that cannot vex—
Penny stamps on bankers' cheques,
And you know the extra taxes
Lewis lays on people's backs."

(See *Carlton*, "Great Exhibition of Strength.")

MAY 3.

LORD R. GROSVENOR'S Sunday Trading Bill was on this day read a second time in the House of Commons without a division. *Mr. Punch* did not love it or its noble sponsor. "*Mr. Punch*," he said, "has not much patience with men who can bring forward such a measure, without dealing with the system that renders Sunday trading necessary. The workman is paid his wage on Saturday night, and if his wife is to provide his Sunday's dinner that night, she must do it by gas-light, and in a crowd, and under every disadvantage."

(See Cartoon, "*Sauce for the Goose is Sauce for the Gander.*")

GROSVENOR FOR EVER:

Song by an Elector of Middlesex.
I'm a Middlesex Elector; equal
rights, I say, for all;

Sauce for goose is sauce for
gander; make one law for
great and small.

That, I fancy what Lord Robert
Grosvenor calls his Sunday
Bill;

At the next Election won't I vote
for him?—of course I will!

Trade to check upon a Sunday,
to meure a day of rest.

For the servants of the trader, in
his Bill's intent professed,
Milk and mackerel crying after
noon on Sunday morn 'twill
stop;

And against the hungry close the
butter's and the baker's shop.

He, whose Act betimes to break-
fast will compel all common
men,

Will he take none on a Sunday,
should he lie abed till ten?

Will he, self-denyng, practise
the religion of the Turk?

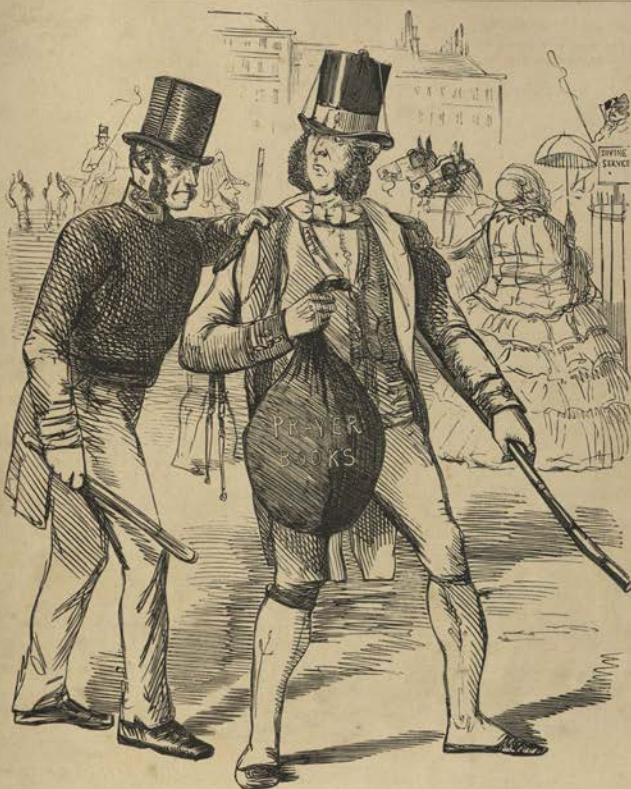
Poor folk of refreshment har-
ring, will this man frequent
his Club?

Brother Middlesex Electors, in-
dependent, though not free,
That's your Liberal Member!
shall he ever more your
Member be?

Oh by all means let us choose him us to represent again!
And he'll soon stop every Sunday steamboat, omnibus,
and train.

MAY 16.

GENERAL CASIMIROV resigned the command of the French Army in the Crimea. General Pélissier was appointed his suc-
cessor.



SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE IS SAUCE FOR THE GANDER.

POLICEMAN. "I say, this won't do. You mustn't follow your occupation on Sunday."

MAY 18.

HER MAJESTY received, upon a dais erected in the centre of the Horse Guards' parade, a number of Crimean heroes, and distributed war medals among them. It was a touching ceremony, some of the invalided heroes having to be wheeled before the Queen

in Bath chairs; and others bearing in their limping gait and their pallid faces memories of the miseries they had endured, and of the severity of their wounds.

MAY 27.

CAPTURE of Kertch by the allied troops, rendering them masters of the Sea of Azoff.

JUNE 3.

THE town of Taganrog was this day bombarded by an Anglo-French Squadron.

JUNE 5.

ON this day occurred what was known as "the Massacre of Hango," an event which

brought deep discredit on the Russian name, and excited intense indignation in this country. Lieutenant Geneste of H.M.S. Cossack landing at Hango, under a flag of truce, to restore to liberty some Russian prisoners, was fired upon by a body of Russian soldiers, 300 or 400 strong; the majority of his boat's crew were butchered, only one or two escaping, whilst Lieutenant

Geneste and Dr. Easton were captured. The Russians refused to give up their prisoners, and justified their brutal act on the pretext that the British were taking soundings, and that the white flag was not visible, both excuses being palpable subterfuges.

(See Cartoon, "Russian Savages preparing to receive a Flag of Truce.")



RUSSIAN SAVAGES PREPARING TO RECEIVE A FLAG OF TRUCE.

JUNE 18.

THE Report of the Sebastopol Inquiry Committee was presented to the House. It came to the somewhat lame conclusion "that the suffering of the Army resulted mainly from the circumstances under which the expedition to the Crimea was undertaken and executed. The Administration which ordered that expedition had no adequate information as to the amount of the forces in the Crimea. They were not acquainted with the strength of the fortresses to be attacked, or with the resources of the country to be in-

vaded. They hoped and expected the expedition to be immediately successful; and as they did not foresee the probability of a protracted struggle, they made no provision for a winter campaign." The passage in italics is suggestive if not satisfactory.

Mr. Punch, in his "Essence of Parliament," had the following comment on these proceedings:—

"The Report of the Sebastopol Committee has been presented this week. What Mr. Punch thinks of it, he may say elsewhere. What Mr. Roebuck thinks of it may be gathered from the following resolution, which he

introduced, like a thunderbolt, at Lord Palmerston's head. On the third of July Mr. Roebuck will move

"That this House, deeply lamenting the sufferings of our army in the Crimea during the winter campaign last year, and considering, in accordance with the Committee, that the conduct of every member of the Government engaged in the management of the war was the first and chief cause of those sufferings, does hereby censure the conduct of every member of the Cabinet."

(This was the effect though not the exact wording of Mr. Roebuck's motion.)

"Mr. Punch need not remind his friends that, except the Peelite, almost everybody whose 'conduct' is thus re-

be 'censured' is a member of the present Administration. On the whole, therefore,—and considering that Mr. Roebuck habitually fulfils all his menaces—*Mr. Punch* may congratulate his friends abroad (he alludes to the civilised world) upon the prospect of an unmistakeable obliquity."

JUNE 24.

A riot took place in Hyde Park. Lord Robert Grosvenor's Bill to prevent Sunday trading had given great offence to the populace, and on this and following Sundays tumultuous crowds assembled in Hyde Park to protest against this interference with their liberties. *Mr. Punch* espoused the popular view of this question, and laid the lash with much severity on Lord Robert and his Sabbatarian backers. The Bill had to be withdrawn. In the words of *Punch's* "Essence of Parliament," "the Sabbatical homoeopathist, Lord Robert Grosvenor, manifested an infinitesimal quantity of sense by withdrawing the Sunday Trading Bill, as reluctantly, however, as if he were a martyr making a sacrifice, instead of a muff retracting a blunder."

(See Caricature, "The Excursionist as Mr. Hall would have him—Thank you, Mr. Hall!")

ECLOGUE (SOME WAY) AFTER VIRGIL.

SUNDAY.

LORD PUNCH. . . British Noblesman.
Mr. Jones. . . British Tailor.

Mr. J. My lord, on Sunday,
at your Club reclined,

You chat and sip your claret,
having dined.

We *men* can get no beer; you
swells, at ease,

May drink as many ladies as you
please.

Lord P. Ha, Jones! a Saint—
a jolly Saint to me—

This licence granted Aristocracy;
By Jove! I'll burn wax candles at his shrine.

Thank him! our Clubs keep open, and our wine
A waiter, all day long, at call supplies.

Mr. J. I hear that witless crew than surprise,
The country starves on Sunday all around.

I, with my kids, on an excursion bound,
Could no refreshment anyhow obtain:

No, hence a bit, your lordship; not a drain;
The youngest nearly fainted by that way!

Forfeeling often this unhappy day,



THE EXCURSIONIST AS MR. HALL WOULD HAVE HIM—THANK YOU, MR. HALL!

"Mr. Hall, Chief Magistrate at Bow Street, cannot dinner any 'Inconvenience' in the present working of the Act, but recommends that the poor Sunday Excursionist should 'Strip a Knapsack on his Back, with Two or Three Bottles of Beer, and the Child to Rest, sooner than the Sunday should be Desecrated by Opening the Public-Houses.'"

To my deaf ear, as from the British oak,
Did Mrs. Gamp and Mrs. Harris creak.

But that same Saint, my lord, whom do you call?

Lord P. The City, you suppose, you people small,
Is like out place, where surprised shepherds keep.

In Pusey's fold a flock of noble sheep;
So gosse with goslings; great and little pig;

You tailors so compare small fens to lay—
But know Belgravia's district caps Bow Bells,

High as St. Paul's each neighbouring church exalts.

Mr. J. What in Belgravia does your lordship see?

Lord P. The land of Liberty—so such as me,—

There did that holy man of whom I spoke;

Whose image I'll illuminate and smoke,

Say, whilst his Beer Bill closed the Tavern door,

"Enjoy yourselves, lords; revel as before."

Mr. J. Fortunate Nob; with Sunday Churchroom free,

And wine in plenty—though no beer to use

The her affords, my burning thirst to quench—
You'll ne'er be driven to quaff the mid-side drench,

Polluted by a close adjoining
pool.
Fortunate Nob! there, you'll
enjoy the cool,
At well-known windows, and
the sparkling flow
Of soda-water; or to sleep will
go.
Over some paper in a grave re-
view;
Or lounge and watch the mob,
and vulgar crew:
Nor will the cabmen cease below
to growl,
Nor drowsy artisans to groan
and howl.
But hence we others to the
thirsty sands
Of Hampstead shall resort with
vain demands:
Nowood, or Stratford by the
Lea shall try,
Or that quite insulated isle, Eel-
pie.
Ah! I shall I ever on a Sunday
more
The fanning porter from the
tankard pour?
Some long time hence enjoy my
go of gin,
Out in a quiet arbour of mine
I'm
Admire the bowling-green and
gardens trim,
Whence we're excluded by the
Mawworms grin,
Must we be govern'd by that
caneing crew?
See what fanaticism has brought
us to!
There's not a drop of beer to cool
our throats,
And these are they for whom we
gave our votes!
Fill high, my lord, your goblet
of champagne,
Go, my once happy kids, ahurst
remain.
No more I, seated in my cosy
box,
Shall see you p'ay 'mid artificial
rocks:
No pipe to smoke; no glass of
grog for me:
In the meanwhile for you no
shrimps and tea!

JUNE 28.

DEATH of Lord Raglan,
Commander-in-Chief
of the British forces in the
Crimea. He was succeeded
in the command by General
Simpson.

JULY 9.

THE filthy state of the
Thames still excited
the indignation of sanitary reformers. Sir Benjamin
Hall had abandoned his Public Health
Bill, despairing of getting it passed so late in
the Session. Mr. Walter, referring to a
report which Professor Faraday had lately
made upon the state of the Thames (of
which the Professor "gave a hideous ac-
count"), asked whether any plan had been



FARADAY GIVING HIS CARD TO FATHER THAMES;
AND WE HOPE THE DIRTY FELLOW WILL CONSULT THE LEARNED PROFESSOR.

decided on by Government for diverting the
sewage of the Metropolis away from the river
which it now poisoned. Of course no satis-
factory reply was forthcoming, and filthy Old
Father Thames, despite Faraday's Report, was
left to be filthy still.

(See Cartoon, "Faraday giving his Card to Father
Thames.")

JULY 16.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL, whose action at the
Vienna Conference had been the subject
of much attack, and was threatened with formal
Parliamentary censure, resigned his office as
Colonial Secretary, being succeeded by Sir
William Molesworth.

JULY 17.

Mr. ROBERT brought on his long-threatened motion of censure upon the Administration under whose government the Crimean disasters had occurred. General Peel moved "the previous question." After a hot debate of two nights "the previous question" was carried by 289 to 182.

JULY 30.

THE subject of Food Adulteration was at this time much canvassed.

(See Caricature, "The Use of Adulteration.")

Mr. Punch, through the mouth of "Mrs. Grundy," expressed his views on this "burning question."

MRS. GRUNDY ON THE ADULTERATION OF FOOD.

THE coppers that's in this world, the frauds in every trade and business!

I do declare my head seems terrible, totem-like with woe and dizziness.

Those impostures and their cheats as often as I gets a-thinking of,

Especially the stuff we eats, and nasty-mess we're-drinkin' of.

Oh! I've no patience with such ways, such awful, mean and shameful trickery!

And now so high a price we pays to mix the coffee up with chicory!

The good-for nothing stuff itself the wretches even mess and muddle up.

With things still worse, for love of pelf—mingles it with black Jack and ruddle up.

I can't enjoy my cup of tea, for there's "le tea" instead of true in it.

They also puts shoe-leaves, I see, French chalk, black lead, and Prussian blue in it.

Don't talk to me of Best Souchong!—such rogues ought all to be a good lie.

Fin'Fink! Noname, guv'nor! 'Tis half on't indignant kaolin.

Your arrowroot's potato meal, and so's your cocoa and your chocolate.

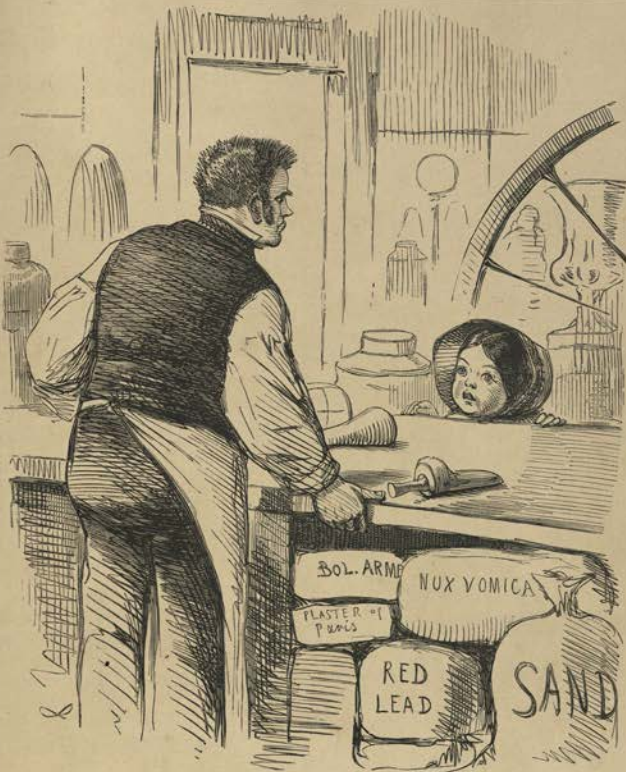
And that with common chalk, and bran, and candle-tallow you incochate.

Your mustard—pugh!—there's no such thing; of mustard there is not a taste in it!

'Tis flour and sumerit—'twon't sting—there's no dependence to be placed in it.

Your pickles and preserves you stains bright green for to draw people's eyes on 'em, [they pizen 'em]

Whereby they verdigris contains, and them as eats on 'em



THE USE OF ADULTERATION.

LITTLE GIRL: "If you please, Sir, Mother says, will you let her have a Quarter of a Pound of your best Tea to kill the Rats with, and a Ounce of Chocolate as would get rid of the Black Boudier?"

Your sugar-plums you colours too—at least confectioners in general— [deadly mineral]

With copper, lead, that Prussian blue, arsenic, and every

Your Cayenne pepper is ground rice, sawdust, and mustard lunk and salt in it.

Mix'd with vermilion to look nice; or with red lead you hide the fault in it.

Though I might find Cayenne in gin, suppose I happen'd to desire it.

Which spirit landlords puts in, when they have lower'd it, to higher it.

They water porter just the same, and then to cause it to taste alkal to [truckle too,

Entire, put salt, oh, what a shame! and sugar into it, and Their ale the brewer's strength below with grains of Para-

dise they flavoured, They'll never go where these grains grow, unless they quits such bad behaviour.

Anchovy, shrimp, and lobster
sauce, is doctor'd up, and so's
tomato.

With bolts Armenian, drugs and
dross, which colours 'em but
didn't ought to,
And winegar, from what I hear,
henceforward I shall be afraid
of it.

With vitriol, 'cause that ain't so
dear, they makes the most of
what there's made of it.

No comfort from a pinch of snuff
can any longer be expected,

With lead, that nasty filthy stuff,
both Scotch and Brown Rap-
pee's infected,

Both mistle and dry, alike it
seems, that lead is always used
in makin' 'em,

And people of their precious
limbs have often lost the use
by takin' 'em.

The very water that we drink
the crawlytoads and creepers
swarm in it,

Bred in the sewers and the sinka
—I looks with terror and
alarm in it.

No bangles could make me
jolly like them queer crea-
tures in a drop on it,

My house, thank Evins, has a
Pump, or otherwise I'd never
stop in it.

And if sick things should make
you ill, your physic aint to be
relied upon.

In vain you takes your draught
or pill, so many tricks the
drugs is tried upon;

What shop to trust I'm quite in
doubt, their goods is such a
wild miscellany,

Dread them that makes the laws!
Get out, Ugh! I've no pa-
tience with such villany.

AUG. 9.

BOMBARDMENT OF Swea-
borg by the allied
fleets in the Baltic. Above
1,000 tons of shot and shell
were thrown into the forts
by the English fleet alone,
prodigious explosions took
place, and great damage
was done. The bombard-
ment ceased on the morn-
ing of the 11th.

AUG. 14.

PARLIAMENT was prorogued by Commission.

"The *coup de grâce*" (says "Essence of
Parliament") "was given to about as useless a
session as the annals of our legislature record.
The war paragraph (in the Queen's Speech)
is, however, worthy of being lifted out of the

limbo of oblivion in which most speeches, royal
and popular, are deservedly interred.

"No other course is left to her Majesty, but to pro-
secute the War with all possible vigour. And her Majesty,
relying on the support of her Parliament; the manly
spirit and justification of her People; upon the never failing
courage of her Army and Navy, whose patience under
suffering and powers of endurance her Majesty has seen

with admiration; the steadfast fidelity of her Allies; and
above all, upon the justice of the cause—humbly puts her
trust in the Almighty Disposer of events for such an issue
to this great contest as will secure to Europe the blessing
of a firm and lasting peace."

(See Cartoon, "The Ministerial Whitebait Dinner—
In Vino Veritas.")



THE MINISTERIAL WHITEBAIT DINNER—IN VINO VERITAS.

PER LORD PANNIER. "I shay, ole Fellow?—Whit a jolly lot of Hamburg we are!"

AUG. 16.

BATTLE of the Tcher-
uya. The Russians
under General Liprandi
made a vigorous attempt to
raise the siege, but were
repulsed by the French,
aided by the Sardinian con-
tingent. The Russians left
on the field 2,500 killed, and
1600 wounded. The Allies
had 180 killed, and 810
wounded.

AUG. 18.

THE QUEEN. Prince
Albert, the Prince of
Wales and the Princess
Royal went to Paris on a
visit to the Emperor and
Empress of the French.

They were splendidly
received, a magnificent en-
tertainment being given in
their honour by the Muni-
cipality of Paris at the
Hôtel-de-Ville, a ball at
Versailles (given by the
Emperor) which (says "An-
nals of Our Times") "in
magnificence eclipsed every-
thing since the days of
Louis XIV.," and military
displays on the Champ de
Mars and at Boulogne.
Lord Clarendon writing to
Sir George Grey said,
"The Queen is profoundly
sensible of the kindness
with which she has been
received by the Emperor
and Empress, and of those
manifestations of respect
and cordiality on the part
of the French nation by
which she has been greeted.
On personal and political
grounds the visit to Paris
has afforded the highest
gratification to her Ma-
jesty."

[See Cartoon, "La Belle Al-
liance, 1855."]]



LA BELLE ALLIANCE, 1855.

TWO KINGS AND TWO COUNTRIES.

Foes in arms, when sculls were swaying in the push of
battle;

Foes in arts, when pens were weighing claims with
critic penance;

Foes in trade, at every haven, Jack 'gainst Tricolor;

Foes in habits, in the tavern of their lives, all o'er:
France and England, foes no longer, hand in hand are
cloving;

For their ancient feud the stronger be that tardy
gargling!

Thick within my brain are clustering dim historic fancies
Of our Henry, bluff and blustering, kissing Liguish
Francis;

While the Cardinal, prime mover of those puppets royal,
By Anne Boleyn's broad-back'd lover rears his low di-
loyal.

Times are changed. Nor 'naak our tourney gills our
solar days;

Kings, like common folks, most journey by the iron way.

For our Queen, of outward honours, make we small
salo;

Yet a splendour waits upon her bluff Hal never knew.
With no shewn nor pageants pressing round her though
she move.

She has gems—a people's blessing; she has guards—
their love.

In their Sovereigns' courteous meeting France and
England share,

And the nations are repeating vows the monarchs swear.

SEPT. 8.

FALL of Sebastopol. The bombardment by the Allies began on the morning of the 5th, and the "feu d'enfer," as Prince Gortschakoff called it, from our batteries went on without inter-

mission day and night. The 8th September was fixed for storming the enemy's works. The French were to attack the Malakoff, the English the Redan. In a quarter of an hour the French flag flew from the former fort. The English assault on the more dangerous and difficult Redan

was at first repulsed. After an hour's tremendous fighting, it was resolved to renew the attack next day. But in the night the Russians withdrew; at daybreak they were in full retreat from the south side of the town, and Sebastopol was in flames "from the sea to the Dockyard Creek."



THE HARVEST OF THE WAR.

(Times), fired by the Russians themselves and riven into ruins by the prodigious explosions of mines and magazines. When the Allies could enter the town a terrible spectacle presented itself to their eyes. "It cannot," said the eloquent Times correspondent, "be described, and the imagination of a Fuseli could not conceive anything at all like unto it." The siege of Sebastopol had lasted 349 days. The news of its fall was received in England with proud joy and with patriotic rejoicings. The Queen was at Balmoral, and by her orders an immense

bonfire soon flamed on the summit of Craigcowan in honour of the welcome news.

(See Cartoon, "The Harvest of the War.")

THE HARVEST OF THE WAR.

Thy heart of Britain beareth with an universal gladness,
From the Land's End to the Orkneys, from the Wash
to Arran-moore :

The voice of Britain cleaveth the air in jubilant madness,
And the clashing of her steeple,

And the shouting of her peoples,

Beats a burden to the cannon as they roar !

'Twill be time for tears to-morrow, o'er their names that
conquering peris'd ;

But now let those who mourn for their loved ones
Like Spartans hide their sorrow, in the thought that
those they cherish'd

Fell, with the foe before them,
Their country's banner o'er them,
And hands clench'd in death upon the crown.

We knew they would not fall us—that flower of our
brave nations—

Though the struggle might be stubborn and the con-
quest dearly bought ;

Coward dishonours might assail us, and pettish in-
But we knew that no contriving

When Wrong and Right
were striving,
Could bring God's rule of
justice into nought.

All though the winter dreary,
when the clouds were at
their blackest,

We felt the sun behind them
—soon in radiance to
appear:

When inaction seem'd most
weary, and progress at
its blackest, [stated,
With heart and hope un-
The tidings we awaited,
That at length burst on Eu-
rope's listening ear.

Sebastopol is taken! spread the
news till it engender
A fear in all enslavers, a hope
in all enslaved:

Till the Czar's proud heart be
shaken, in his terri-
fied splendour,
And he own the wrath of
Heaven,
Embodied in the levins,
That scathe where his flag
so lately waved.

Sebastopol is taken! as the
scorpion glit by endures
Dark death upon itself with
sacred sting,

So Moscow's blazing beacon the
Mauvritze remembers,
And in ruin lays the city,
While his second
scream for pity,

As the fire round them
draws its hungry ring.

Sebastopol is taken! its stored
accumulations

For long-plann'd schemes of
conquest in the air are
sifted hither,

Or blaze, or stand forewarned for
the victorious nations,
To break them or to burn
them,
Or to smother them turn them,
For the freest, not the fet-
tering, of the world.

Sebastopol is taken! Those walls
whose teeth of iron,
Guarded retreat and harbour
and war-ships, frown
no more:

Red tongues of fire unladen the
hastens environ,
Whose glare lights victors
going! [ing,
On Russian halls a blaze
And her army to the north-
ward pouring o'er.

Sebastopol is taken! But the
work is not completed,
While a foot of the Crimea
the Czar dares call his own:

While a race with heart to waken under Russian rule is
While Georgia Russian wrong holds,

And the Baltic has its stronghold,

Where the double-headed vulture sits in store.

Sebastopol is taken! Peace is the cry already
From those who crier that cry, ere War's flag was
well unfurled:

"No Peace"—say we. The Kraken, though stunn'd,



A DAY'S FISHING AT SEBASTOPOL.

JACK. "Hi! Fox, bring the Landing Net—Alas! if I hadn't hooked another *Seventy-four*."

With force or subtle action,
To fold to their destruction
The onward-moving nations of the world.

SEPT. 11.

It was announced in the morning papers that
Sebastopol was in the possession of the
Allies. Lord Lyons, telegraphing to Sir Charles
Wood, said:—"During the night the Russians

have sunk all the remainder of the line-of-
battle ships in Sebastopol Harbour."

(See Cartoon, "A Day's Fishing at Sebastopol.")

"The capture of the south side of Sebastopol"
(says Molesworth's History, vol. iii. p. 64.)
"practically terminated the war. It had gained
for the Allies their great object—the safety of
the Turkish Empire, which was no longer men-

aced, now that the Black Sea fleet and the fortress from which it issued had ceased to exist."

Despite the fall of Sebastopol, however, the conduct of the campaign in the Crimea, especially on the part of the Generals, was far from giving satisfaction to the public. *Mr. Punch* in his Cartoon of "The Split Crow in the Crimea," published immediately after the evacuation of Sebastopol, had represented the Imperial Double-headed Eagle winged, and followed by two soldiers, one English, the other French. "He's hard hit! Follow him up!" was *Mr. Punch's* advice. It had not been followed. Indecision and delay marked the action of those who were responsible for the conduct of that brave but badly-handled army, which had been appropriately called "An army of lions led by donkeys."

OCT. 27.

At this time, when the popular mind exulted in the success of the Allied forces, and was eager for pushing on operations until Russia was disabled from further mischief, three English politicians, John Bright, Benjamin Disraeli, and William Ewart Gladstone incurred much odium by their public utterances in deprecation of such a course, which utterances in fact led to their being charged with pro-Russian proclivities.

(See Cartoon, "The New Coalition.")

DIZZY BREWED A KIND OF PLOT.

Dizzy brew'd a kind of plot,
And Bright and Gladstone
came to see it.

Three downy birds; a Quaker one,
And two ex-heads o' Chancery.

We are nae friends, we are nae friends,
But when we catch the Speaker's e'e,
What ane may say the twa ane may say,
And over goes the Ministree.

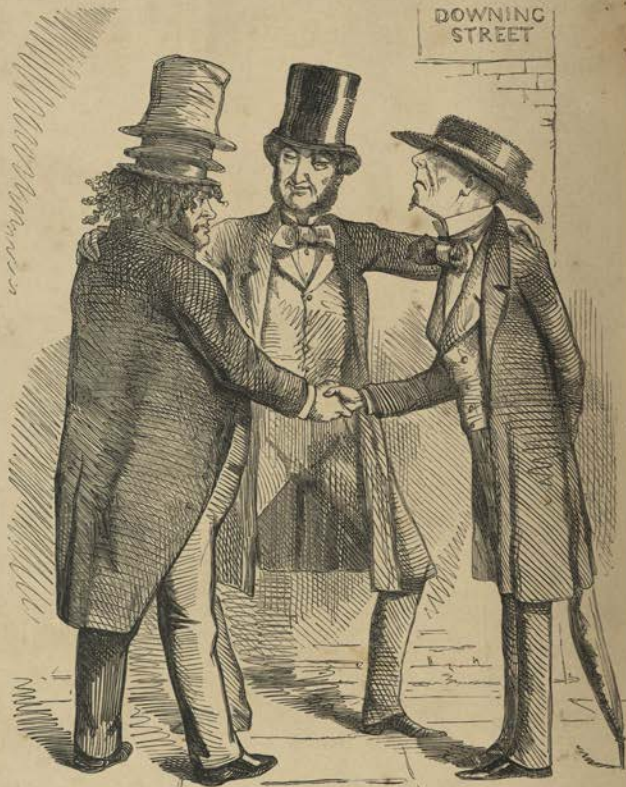
Here we are met, three fluent boys,
Three fluent boys I trow are we;
And mony a night we've kept the floor,
And wearied out stenographers.

We are nae friends, we're nae that friends,
But when we catch the Speaker's e'e,
We'll cry for peace at any price,
And over goes the Ministree.

It will nae do to blaw our horn,
Proclaiming unanimitee;
The nation might sue like the game;
So, by my truth, we'll wait a wee.

We are nae friends, we are nae friends,
But when we catch the Speaker's e'e,

DOWNING
STREET



BRIGHT.

GLADSTONE.

DISRAELI.

THE NEW COALITION.

We'll all gae in for making peace,
And praise the Russian's honesty.

Wha first shall rise must say the War

Is urged with sad ferocity;

The next on Taxes foul shall fa';

The third shall preach a' Policy.

We are nae friends, we're nae that friends,

But when we catch the Speaker's e'e,

The House shall find a union form'd

To overset the Ministree.

Nov. 8.

On this date the Czar visited his army in the Crimea. He inspected the troops, and doubtless endeavoured to inspire them with hope. Things however still went against the Russian

arms. On the 6th Omar Pasha, who was marching to the relief of Kars, had defeated an army of 16,000 Russians and forced the passage of the Ingour. In no direction did the outlook look favourable to the Muscovite cause.

(See Cartoon, "All but Trapped.")

Nov. 10.

GENERAL SIMPSON resigned the command of the British Army in the Crimea. He was succeeded by General Codrington.



ALL BUT TRAPPED.

Nov. 21.

On this date a Treaty was concluded between England, France and Sweden, for the avoidance (says "Annals of Our Times") of any complications which might arise from the interference of Russia in the affairs of Northern Europe.

Nov. 28.

TO-day the garrison of Kars surrendered to the Russians. The long and gallant defence of that citadel by the Sultan's troops,

directed by General Williams, is one of the most stirring incidents in the story of the Russian war. The Russians had invaded Asiatic Turkey in 1854, and had gained some advantages over the brave but ill-led Turkish army. General Williams had been sent out from this country to re-organise that army, and enable it to hold the Russian invader at bay. He had reached Kars, after much official delay, on the 24th September, 1854, accompanied by Dr. Sandwith, a medical man, and by several young English officers.

Since then, in unfavourable circumstances and ill supported from home, he had done wonders in

the way of reform and re-organisation. Kars and Erzeroum had been prepared for attack. When General Mouravieff with his 50,000 Russians advanced, General Williams threw himself into Kars and prepared to defend it. Again and again the Russians were repulsed with great slaughter, nor was it until the heroic defenders had suffered the extremest horrors of prolonged siege that they surrendered "with all the honours of war." General Williams and other English officers were taken to St. Petersburg as prisoners of war, but were treated with every consideration.

Mr. Punch, in a suggestive cartoon, called attention to the mischief of the Billeting system as then existing. The picture very clearly and forcibly illustrates the evils incidental to a system which, as *Mr. Punch* said, was "unjust to the Publican, and corrupting to the Soldier."

(See *Caricature*, "The Billeting System.")

NOV. 20.

ON this day a meeting was held in Willis's Rooms to arrange for presenting a testimonial to Miss Florence Nightingale for her invaluable services in the hospitals of the Crimea. *Mr. Punch* marked the occasion in some earnestly eulogistic lines, from which the following are extracts:—

"When England, mad with glorious wrath, but not less impotent to have,

Saw her great army take its path, slowly, to a sanguinary grave—

Stays, calm and humble to the front, a young and saintly volunteer,

And—as those maiden martyrs went, whose name the Church doth still revere,

Who to the arena for their faith did rage of raving beast confront—

She, face to face with pain and death, bore bravely a worse battle's brunt

Thus any soldier of all there who on their bloody pallets east,

Too thick for speech, but not for care, could kiss her shadow as she past.

Upon the darkness of the night how often, gliding late and lone,

Her little lamp, hope's beacon-light, to eyes with no hope she has shone!

Not stood she single—that true heart attracted kindred hearts, a band

That with her chose the better part— young— gentle— ladies of the land!

Who through those miles of wretchedness wrought with her both by night and day!

And blessing, tired of gentleness, went with them ever on their way,

Falling like hail on passion wrung from fostering wound of fever-pain,

Checking the foul ward on the tongue, calming the fierce thought in the brain!

Till all about those crowded wards a gradual gracious change befell.



THE BILLETING SYSTEM.
UNJUST TO THE PUBLICAN AND CORRUPTING TO THE SOLDIER.

Some holy influence bringing guards of Heaven, where, till they came, was Hell.

And with that gentleness such strength, wisdom, and force of will were lent,

That chafed authority at length, obey'd her rule and was content.

So she and they, her sisters true, blessing and blest, gave loving care,

Till Order out of Chaos grew, and Hope was kindled from Despair.

For service such as this, what need? What trophy can the people raise.

That shall not fall below the need? What tongue or pen shall reach her praise?

The Marquis of Lansdowne said Miss Nightingale had declared that while the war lasted and the necessity for her services continued, and as long as her own health remained unimpaired, her "private affairs" should not

become "urgent," and she would not abandon her self-imposed duty.

The allusion here was to the too common plea of "urgent private affairs," advanced by those who sought leave of absence from their duties in the Crimea. The phrase indeed had become a by-word of ironical reproach.

(See *Carlton*, "The New Game of Follow my Leader.")

"URGENT PRIVATE AFFAIRS."

Brown, Jones, and Robinson, three gallant fellows
As ever held Her Majesty's commission,
Through perils vast and various as *Othello's*,
Served the campaign out, each with his division;
Contentedly eat ration beefs and muttons,
Contentedly drank ration rum-and-waters,
Durst their own socks, and sew'd on their own buttons,
And fried in summer, froze in winter quarters.

Each at home might be something of a dandy,
Swell at "the Rag," or Ladies'-man-in-parade;
But, by Crimean needs and knocks made handy,
Each had outgrown his old self past comparison,
Reminced with summer's sun and winter's drenches,
Their smooth and shaven cheeks now bearded and
bushy Vans.

At Alma, Inkermann, and in the trenches,
Bearded themselves, they bearded the Russians.



THE NEW GAME OF FOLLOW MY LEADER.

"Please, General, may not the other chaps have leave to go home on urgent PRIVATE affairs?"

Each of the three had fairly earn'd his winter rest,
(Provided duty was not too urgent);
But only Robinson, at home, had leisure,
So his "private affairs" alone were "urgent."
The friends of Brown and Jones made vain objections,
They had affairs as urgent quite as Robinson's;
But urgency with youths of good connections,
Is none with your mere cotton-twist-and-tobacco's sons.
Brown and Jones stay'd; while Robinson more lucky,
For Malta by the earliest steamer started,
To grudge their friend's luck, Brown and Jones too plucky,
Wish'd him "no end of luck" as he departed.
To home and Christmas fare, and fostering beauty
He went, while Brown and Jones screw'd up their patience
To bare hot life, and dreary routine-duty,
Log-bush, violet-up, short pipes, rum-punch and rations.

Last night on Captain Robinson I stumbled,
In clove, after a Belgravian dinner, ("I grumbled")
How Brown and Jones had sigh'd—"I don't say
To see their comrade, then,—the happy dinner!
There the young hero sat, amidst a levy
Of fair Belgravians, cluster'd three deep round him:
While his war-medal'd highness held his drink,
There was no chance for us black cuts, confound him!
Not the least chance for us, smooth, smug civilians,
Against his sun-brown'd cheek, and beard so martial;
Swell, poets, sated men, and men of millions,
Had such been there, had met with snail impartial.
Those girls had ears and eyes but for the Captain,
For him the rogues put on their daintiest graces;
His tales of breach and field their hearts were rapt in,
As round him paled and flush'd their pretty faces.

And once I thought to go up straight, and shame him,
Comrades and camp and hardship for forsaking
But then I felt I couldn't fairly blame him
For the immense sensation he was making.
Under Crimean lute, snow, sludge and dirt in,
Brown and Jones grudged not Robinson's enjoyment,
And Robinson wish'd Brown and Jones, I'm certain,
Could be employ'd in just his own employment.
Tis easy for us, in our fireless leisure
Of our young soldiers to be banished judges.
Ancy, if, fighting o'er, they seek home-pleasures—
A Pleasures which no less lucky comrades grudge.
To happy Robinson let us be lenient,
Nor sneer his Christmas mirth to melancholy;
But rather let us wish it were convenient
That every Brown and Jones could be as jolly.

The advantages which officers "of birth" possessed over "Brown, Jones, and Robinson" were subject of much caustic comment at the time. Even His Royal Highness Field Marshal Prince Albert did not altogether escape the suggestive pen and pencil of the patriotic satirist.

(See Cartoon, "More Noble Conduct of H.R.H. F.M. P.A.")

THE TOY OF THE FIELD-MARSHAL'S CHILD.

Translated from the original German of an Illustrative Personage, by Professor Punch, of Fleet Street.

It is the Royal Castle—a castle high and strong,
The Walk by which you may approach is more than three miles long!
[Datchet one,
The Railroad's much your better way, the Staines and Forthen you rent the Castle gate before your day's halfgone.

'Tis the Field-Marshal's daughter—of daughters he hath four—

In childish mirth she wanders near her father's armoury door,

And peeping in, her sweet blue eyes are lighted with a glow
To see his implements of war that make us fair a show.

In a more splendid Uniform no soldier e'er hath worn,
More curious forms were ne'er combined than make this wondrous Ha,



MORE NOBLE CONDUCT OF H.R.H. F.M. P.A.

HE WISHES TO BE PLACED ON THE SAME FOOTING AS HIS MORE FORTUNATE BRETHREN IN THE LINE!

And there is that he never yet has fail'd to draw, at Jack—
[in Cheque.

A sword? There is a sword, no doubt, but she behold
And on a crimson cushion lies a polish'd ivory stick,

Some two feet long, in velvet clad, with rich embroidery thick!
[done,

A Blasen, such as Fings bestow when the red light is
And he-oes take the garden for a kingdom saved or won.

"Oh, pretty plaything," cries the child, "I'll walk thee
off with me,

My Daddy will be very glad the lovely thing to see."
So in her dainty pinafore she gently wrap'd the prize.

And to the nursery tripp'd away with gladness in her
eyes.

She hastes with joyous steps and swift (we know what
children are).

And pass'd her father's study, and the door it was ajar,
There sat the bold Field-Marshal, at a costly Broadwood's

Grand,
And with a skilful touch he play'd "The German's

Vaterland."

She caught his eye, and caught his smile—he cried,
"Come hither, Miss;

Passing papa's own door, and never stopping for a kiss?"
"O father, dearest father, what a plaything I have

found!
Our Christmas tree won't hold one half so lovely, I'll be
bound."

The Marshal laugh'd, and touch'd the keys, and play'd
minor milt,

Then, turning to the little one, he ask'd the happy child,
"What hast thou found that mak'st thy heart so overflow

with glee,
Thou really look'st as pleased as Punch; come, open, let
us see."

She open'd her pinafore, and look'd quite silly, you may
deem,

And started from his outstretch'd hand, with a squint
little scream;

But when she placed before his sight the new-found pret-
ty toy,

She clasp'd her hands, and cried aloud, and danced for
joy.

But the Marshal look'd quite seriously, and shaking above his head,
 "What has thou brought me here, my girl? This is no try," he said;
 "Go, take it to my room again, and put it down below.
 The Blon is no plaything, child!—how could you think it so?"

"It forms no mean addition to one's prizes, little fay,
 To the Consort's rank, and Colonel's, and their very splendid pay;
 It sets one's name where Wellington's, and Ney's, and
 Blucher's are,
 The Blon is no plaything, child! no, Mars forbent it were!"

DEC. 22.

THE Austrian Cabinet had submitted a new plan of negotiation to the Russian Government, and the latter expressed their willingness to treat, on certain bases however, particularly



RUSSIA.

AUSTRIA.

PALMERSTON.

WHAT IS THE PRICE OF PEACE?

AUSTRIA. "Please to tell me the price of a Peace?"

P.M. "We haven't the article on hand at present."

with respect to the maintenance of Russian power in the Black Sea, which public opinion in this country seemed little to favour.

(See *Cartoon*, "What is the price of Peace?")

Russia suggested the following terms for an arrangement of the Black Sea question:—

"The principle of the closing of the Straits of the Dardanelles to be maintained; no war flag to be admitted in the Black Sea except that of the forces which Russia and Turkey might judge it necessary to maintain there by

mutual agreement. The amount of these forces to be fixed by a direct arrangement between Russia and Turkey, without the ostensible participation of the other Powers."

Certain of our statesmen seemed disposed to speak in favour of "Peace at any price," but they were regarded as moved rather by the spirit of party intrigue than by patriotism.

TORY TREATY AND TRAITORS.

Our odd friends the "Conservative Statesmen" (who are not badly intriguing in concert with Messrs. Gladstone and Bright, O dear no!) are very active in their

peace-preaching just now. They want to upset Lord Palmerston at any price, and high prices and consequent privations appear to these patriots a capital leverage. So, they are promulgating a rumour, that the Emperor of Russia has offered terms of peace, that the Emperor of the French has approved them, and that Lord Palmerston rejects them, in order to prolong the War for the sake of prolonging his own popularity as a vigorous War Minister. Most people set down this rumour as a deliberate falsehood, invented by greedy and unscrupulous factitious; but to regard it in this light is to do the Opposition an injustice. There is some truth in it. The Emperor of Russia has privately signified to Mr. Disraeli that he should like to make peace upon certain terms, and these he they:—

1. That the Allies should withdraw from Russia.
2. That they should formally restore all they have taken, thereby confirming the Russian title to it for the future.
3. That they should pay Russia for whatever damage they have caused her.
4. That a treaty should place everything as it stood before the War.

5. That Russia should promise to give Europe no further cause for uneasiness.
6. That a Conservative Ministry should take office here, which Ministry should include Lord Malmesbury, as a "material guarantee" that whatever amount of "grovelling" might be required of England by Russia, Austria, or any other despotic Power, would cheerfully be performed, as during his lordship's former tenure of office.

7. That the alliance with France should be relaxed, and broken off as soon as possible.

These are the principal "terms" offered by Russia, and to these the Conservative intriguers see no objection; and there is no doubt that if they took office, the rest, if not the very letter, of such terms, would be the key in the Conservative policy. But they have not yet been submitted to the Emperor of the French, nor to Lord



THE ENGLISH PACIFICATOR.

Palmerston, and Mr. Punch lays them before those distinguished persons, not with any great idea that the proposals will be accepted, but to vindicate an industrious Opposition from the suspicion (natural enough, certainly) of having put into circulation a mere falsehood.

DEC. 29.

THE Imperial Guard, which had been recalled from the Crimea, entered Paris in triumph. The Emperor addressed them in his usual strain of rhetorical sententiousness as they rode past the Place Vendôme. "Soldiers," he said, "though the war be not finished I have recalled

you, because it is just to relieve in turn those regiments which suffer most. All alike can then go and partake in their share of glory; and the country that maintains 600,000 soldiers is interested that there is now in France a numerous and veteran army ready to show itself where circumstances may demand."

It was suspected nevertheless that the Emperor was desirous of bringing the campaign in the Crimea to an end. "The French" (says Mr. Molesworth) "were beginning to weary of a war in which they had no very direct interest." England felt differently. At present she had had more than her share of the burden of the

war, whilst the larger portion of its "glory" had somehow accrued to France. So, though the year closed amidst talk of peace, England was at heart in favour of a further prosecution of the war, at least until its avowed ends were satisfactorily assured. The professed peace-mongers were not in good odour with the public, who feared being diplomatized out of the fruits of victory. Palmerston's "Pacifactor"—a vigorous prosecution of military operations—was for the moment at least the popular one in the country.

(See Cartoon, "The English Pacifactor.")

+1856+

THE popular mind was still fully occupied with the progress of the war, and the partial success obtained by the Allies before Sebastopol had diminished to some extent the dissatisfaction felt at the inaction of the Navy, the fall of Kars, and the disgraceful treatment to which the Army had been exposed." So says *Mr. Punch*, in opening his "Political Summary" for the year 1856.

Austria's proposals in favour of peace were regarded with dislike and distrust in this country.

Mr. Punch suspected interested motives and official intrigue to be at the bottom of much of the "peace-mongering" both abroad and at home. He published the following:—

TORY-NURSERY SONG.

(HEARTY EXPLANATORY OF CERTAIN PEACE-MONGERING.)

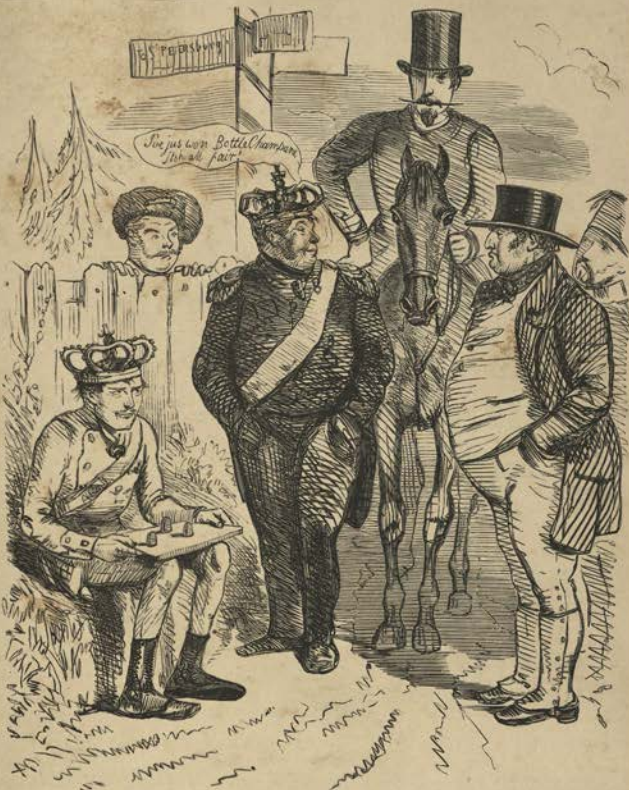
HURRAH-AH, Palmy, on the tree top,
Palmy's in office the Russians to stop,
Patch up a peace, and old Palmy will quit,
And up will go Darby and Dizzy and all.

It was a patched-up Peace—a Peace hurried on in the interest of dynasties abroad and factions at home, that the country dreaded.

(See Cartoon, "The Austrian Thimblery.")

JAN. 8.

MR. CORDEN issued a Pamphlet entitled "What Next?" It was written sowerly in the interest of Peace, and denounced the further pursuit of a war policy on the part of the English Government. He suggested that the checking of Russian aggressiveness was no business of ours, but might safely be left to Germany and Austria. *Mr. Punch's* opinion of the Pamphlet was expressed in the following lines:—



THE AUSTRIAN THIMBLERIG.

AUSTRIA.—"Now then, I'll bet any Gent a sovereign he don't tell me which thimble **THE PEACE** is under!"

"WHAT NEXT?"

RICHARD CORDEN who as bold as a brazen Lion told us, That to shatter the huge, ill-knit bulk of Russia to pieces, Would cost John Bull no more trouble than it cost him, there to double,

By the clenching of his fist, a foolscap sheet in crosses; Lo, at length he hath unscrambled the foolscap he then scrambled,

And upon it, or perhaps in it, a pamphlet he hath written,

To demonstrate how that Russia, to the wall if we should push her,

Is sure, for reasons given at length, to crumple up Great Britain.

(text) Considering which circumstance, *Punch* must repeat the Of Richard Cobden's pamphlet, by asking him—"WHAT NEXT?"

Richard Cobden, the political economist so critical, Who turn't so often inside out Protection's famous reason,

That dependence of a nation
upon foreign importation,
In War would bring that nation
very soon its bended knees on;
To show that his old reasoning
is of such perfect reasoning,
That its links won't break, not
even if turned about you twist
em;

Now prove that Russ salvation
against an enemy's invasion
Is based, and firmly based too,
on a Protective system.
Considering which consequence,
Punch must repeat the text
Of Richard Cobden's pamphlet,
by asking him—"WHAT
NEXT?"

Richard Cobden, who calls
"gunmen" all revenue save
of Mammon,
And blames *£ 5 d.* on his cotton
flag unfurled,
With "*To be right twice*"—who
miserably right Pillen,
And money the free silver—the
life-blood of the world,
Since a man with money in his
purse is frightened for his
guinea,

While a man with none can laugh
through thieves the country
scour;

Now contends that England's
treasure of her weakness is the
measure,

And, *per contra*, that the poverty
of Russia is her power—
Considering which syllogism,
Punch must repeat the text
Of Richard Cobden's pamphlet,
by asking him—"WHAT
NEXT?"

Richard Cobden, platform
bouncer, and passionate de-
nouncer

Of Austrian oppression and
Austrian intrigue—

Richard Cobden, far-seen travel-
ler, and popular unwaveller

Of Prussian short-sightedness in
her commercial League,

Contents that as the German
the Allies cannot determine

To join them by appeals in
pride, or policy, or self;

Therefore, Austria and Prussia
are sure to tackle Russia,

Magnanimous, single-handed, if
but left each to herself;

Considering which "*conatus*,"
Punch must repeat the text

Of Richard Cobden's pamphlet,
by asking him—"WHAT
NEXT?"

Richard Cobden, Free Trade's
prophet, contentedly can doff it

Aside, and gravely argue, to
prove 'twill be no loss for us

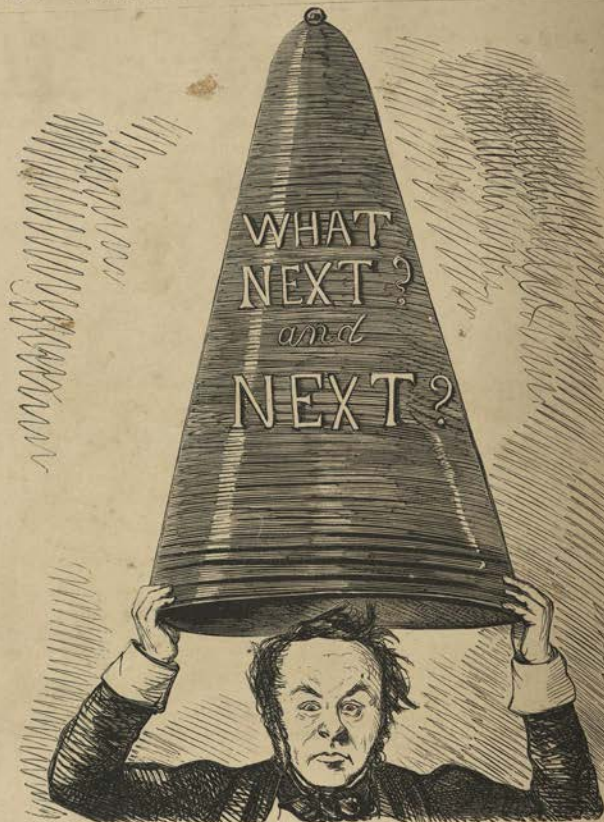
Though in the North and East, Protection's great High-
priest,

Lays his left hand on the Sound and his right hand on the
Bosphorus.

Freedom's friend unmoved can mark the Russ vulture's
shadow dark,

Broaden slowly over Europe, from the White Sea to the
Black,

And when to clip her pinion, and forbid her more
dominion,



THE CELEBRATED NO-CONJUROR.

THE WIZARD OF THE WEST RIDING PERFORMING THE GREAT EXTINGUISHER TRICK.

England's voice cries sternly "Forward"—Richard
Cobden dares cry "Back!"
All which consider'd, *Punch* drops Richard Cobden and
And leaves to the West Riding to answer his "WHAT
NEXT?"

The Pamphlet excited much comment and
some indignation. *Punch*, never an advocate
of "Peace at any price," gave an answer—

SHORT, IF NOT SWEET.

"What next?" and "What next?" are the questions of
Shoddy,
And *Punch* begs to answer the petulant body.
First, give his friend Russia a merciless halloo.
And next, kick a sneak out of Yorkshire's West Riding.

(See Cartoon, "The Celebrated No-Conjuror.")

JAN. 11.

THE Austrian proposals of Peace, as presented to Russia, were on this day made public in the newspapers. A main stipulation was that the Black Sea, though open to merchant vessels, should be closed to vessels of war, and that no military arsenals should be created or maintained there.

JAN. 17.

THE *Times* published in a second edition the news (in the form of a telegram from Vienna) that "Russia has unconditionally accepted the proposition of the Allies."

JAN. 31.

PARLIAMENT was opened by the Queen in person. The Royal Speech announced that Austria had offered to employ her good offices with the Emperor of Russia, with a view to endeavour to bring about an amicable adjustment of the matters at issue between the contend-



NEGOTIATIONS.

PEACE IF YOU LIKE—BUT NO TRICKS THIS TIME.

ing Powers; that Her Majesty had consented, in concert with her Allies, to accept the offer thus made, and that certain conditions had been agreed upon, which it was hoped might prove the foundation of a general treaty of peace. It added that negotiations for such a treaty would shortly be opened at Paris.

Punch said ("Essence of Parliament") that "but for formality the Queen's Speech might have been comprised in a single sentence: 'If, by negotiation, I can secure the objects

of war, I will; but I will relax neither military nor naval preparations until these objects are secured.'"

(See Cartoon, "Negotiations.")

FEB. 1.

PROTOCOL, signed at Vienna by the representatives of the five Powers to the effect that their Plenipotentiaries should meet at Paris to settle the preliminaries of peace. An armis-

tice was arranged to extend until the 31st March.

The announcement was received with but qualified satisfaction in this country, it being suspected that the desires of France in the matter had been more consulted than the interests of England, and that the objects of the war were in danger of being sacrificed. The popular view of the situation may be gathered from Mr. Punch's lines on "Peace:"

PEACE.

BLIND and bleeding from the *middle*, from the whirl of
stroke and thrust.
In the lists of the Crimea rest the knights at-
tired—
See Sir Winter, that grim warrior, down his icy truncheon
fling
"Twist the warriors, taking order for a truce until the
spring.

Then, when emerald blade and blossom clothe with life
the naked plain,
Hand on throat, and blade in bosom, up, to do Death's
"work again!
We at home our task are urging without rest for head or
hand;
We are hammering, casting, forging, pointing layonet
Through the land war-toll's fierce clamours, from morn
till even, swell,

In our dockyards ring the hammers, on our quays the
shot and shell!
Ready hands in ample gorges, ready lives to feed the
Bess'd brow, and murther'd curses, holding mischief in
the Car!

Who is this that calm and clement 'twist the hosts by
sea and land,



PEACE ON THE CARDS.

Moves in shining angel-attirement, with a green hough in
her hand?
Smooth before her sinks the ocean, bright behind her
breaks the cloud:
To such majesty of motion knees should bend and heads
be low'd.
Rosa points sink at her entreating, at her voice pause
Russian dreams, comes.
But from English lips no greeting or a doubtful greeting
"I am Peace: respect my mission: drop your weapons
at my word: [the sword?]
Why, with looks of cold suspicion, lower, yet not sheathe
"Peace we know, and Peace we treasure: love her calm
brow, olive-wreath'd:

But these swords not drawn for pleasure, may not be at
pleasure sheath'd.
Well we know the foe we fight with, more we fear his
fraud than force
Swords we well may hold the right with, but 'gainst
goose-quills what resource?
"Peace for us is but forsaking strenuous war for strenuous
work:
Peace for him in time for breaking faith of treaties with
the Turk.
Peace for us is wealth's outpouring on all things that
peaceful are:
Peace for him is secret storing of the means or treacherous
Wit,

Peace for us will be dictated by those whose word is
sooth:
Peace for him negotiated by those who live untruce.
"Then what wonder, thus believing, if thine advent find
us cold? [we hold]
Loath were we, and sorely grieving to take up the arms
But once taken, woe be to us, if like fools that hold we
lose:
To let Russia enmesh us in her diplomatic noose.
Try your pen: but if the tangle mock unravelling by
words, [our sword]
That no time be spent in wrangle, to the knot we'll take
(See Cartoon, "Peace on the Cards.")

FEB. 1.

Our Docks at Sebastopol were this day destroyed by the English. Fort Nicholas and Alexander were subsequently demolished.

FEB. 5.

THE *Gazette* published the rules and regulations of the new Order of the Victoria Cross. It was a special distinction to be conferred on members of the military or naval service, "for individual instances of merit and valour."

The distribution of honours in connection with the campaign in the Crimea gave little satisfaction, as may be gathered from the following satirical travesty of a Scene in "Midsummer Night's Dream."

(See Cartoon, "Scene from a Midsummer Night's Dream.")

QUEEN TITANIA DECORATES BOTTOM.

(From SHAKESPEARE'S *Midsummer Night's Dream*.)

SCENE—Near Windsor.

QUEEN TITANIA to Bottom asleep: Enter the four Fairies, COBWEB, ROSEBUD, SNOUT, and BEE. They dance round her with fluted instruments. ROSEBUD advances with the flower Thawing.

Bottom. What thou seest, when thou dost wake,

Do it for a Hero take;

[Gives her the flower on the QUEEN'S eyelids.

Honour it for England's sake, If it be a Quilter-Master

Who hath wrought a lion's disaster.

If it be a beardless Lord,

Vain of trappings, spurs, and sword,

In thine eye it shall appear

What a Monarch should hold dear.

Wake, when some vile thing is near.

[Exit four Fairies.

Enter BOTTOM, with an Ass's head.

Bottom. Truly, I have come from the Crimea, which was my life in Russia. Why I was sent thither I know not, being but an ass; but, marry, they were greater asses that sent me. I went to feed and to lead lions, and truly I have fed and led those, and that in such sort that they need feeding and leading no more. Now for my reward, for I humbly hope a worshipful ass may be

rewarded for his good service. What have we here? A Newspaper—laugh!

[Grays angrily and tramples on the Journal. The noise awakes TITANIA.

TITANIA. I pry thee, excellent creature, sing again. Mine eyes are much enamour'd of thy shape,

And in thy look wisdom and courage show.

Such was the head that on the Russian shore Took order for the victuals of my troops,

And for their winter blankets, and their huts.

Such was the head that plann'd that fatal charge, And such the head that made it, and that after Provided for the horses, and did teach them How good for dinner were their fellows' tails.

Bottom. Truly, mistress, 'twas even no better and no worse a man, that is to say, an ass, than myself. But a modest ass will not praise himself. Wilt ask Will Russell, or John McNeill, or Darby Griffith, or Nanty Crookshank what a right precious ass I was? [Sings.

TITANIA. I know thy deeds. My Ministers have told



SCENE FROM A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.
(AS PERFORMED AT WINDSOR CASTLE.)

TITANIA, QUEEN OF THE FAIRIES. . . . HER MAJESTY. . . . BOTTOM. . . . BY GENERAL MISMANAGEMENT.

As has my dear old woman, Mother Hardinge,
And all around me, on whose information
I must, perforce, rely, that thou hast done
That which should be rewarded. Therefore take
Orders, and rank, and pay, with our Court favour.

(Decorates him.)

Bottom. Behold, what an excellent thing it is to be an
Ass, in a wise country like unto England!

*[Dances on the Newspaper, braying, until none
sleeps.]*

FEB. 7.

THE Governor-General of India issued a
Proclamation announcing the annexa-
tion of the Kingdom of Oude to the British
Empire.

FEB. 21.

LORD PANMURE announced the formation of
a Board of General Officers to inquire into
the matters adverted to in the Report made by
the Commissioners sent out to the Crimea;
the Board "to have the power to receive and
consider the statements of those officers



THE BRITISH LION SMELLS A RAT.

whose conduct had been animadverted on in
the Report of Sir J. McNeill and Colonel
Tulloch."

Mr. Punch denounced this as "the Bottom
Commission," saying that "the officers whose
ignorance and blundering have been exposed
by the Report of the Crimean Commissioners,
have had sufficient influence in high quarters to
procure the appointment of a Board of their
own class, which is to re-investigate the state-
ments in that Report. . . . And the Board
is to sit with closed doors. And by this magic,

Bottom expects to get his ass's head taken off,
or 'translated' into a likeness of Achilles.
Poor Bottom!"

"Mr. Roebuck brought forward a motion
condemning the 'Bottom' Commission, the
folly and injustice of which he denounced
in an effective harangue." He withdrew his
motion after discussion, however, and the
Court commenced its sittings from which so
little of effective good was anticipated, in the
Board-Room of Chelsea Hospital on the 7th of
April.

FEB. 26.

ON this day the Peace Conference in Paris
was opened. Count Walewsky presided,
and England was represented by the Earl of
Clarendon and Lord Cowley.

(See Cartoon, "The British Lion Smells a Rat.")

MARCH 5.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE was this day burnt
down. Professor Anderson, a prestidigitator
known as the "Wizard of the North," had

been holding there during the operatic recess a Great Carnival and Bal Masqué, which towards its close degenerated into a scene of disgraceful licence. About 5 o'clock the place was discovered to be on fire, the half drunken revellers fled pell-mell, and in a very short time the roof fell, and the building was completely gutted.

MARCH 13.

ON this day (says *Punch's* "Essence of Parliament"), "the great duel, long promised, took place between Sir Charles Napier and Sir James Graham." The Admiral moved for the appointment of a Select Committee to inquire into the operations of the Baltic Fleet during

the last two years. He "spoke five columns and a half, and then only got his motion for a Committee seconded out of the charity of a brother officer, who said he could not see him adrift without throwing him a tow-rope. The ex-First Lord spoke at nearly the same length. The Kilkenny Cats did not make a cleaner end of each other. Sir Charles proved, incontestably,



GRAND MILL BETWEEN CHARLEY POT AND JAMIE KETTLE.

WHICH TOOK PLACE BEFORE AN ENLIGHTENED PUBLIC ON THURSDAY, 13TH OF MARCH, IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

that Sir James had no business to send him to the Baltic, and had otherwise neglected his duty to the British Fleet. Sir James proved, equally satisfactorily, that Sir Charles was loquacious, arrogant, and timid; that he declared he could not take Sweaborg, when he had never been to look at it; and that he insulted the French and English engineers who reported that it could be taken. No end of personalities were exchanged,

Sir Charles abusing point-blank, and Sir James vituperating more adroitly and by implication. The feeling of the House was, that Napier had been all wrong, both at sea and on shore, and had wound up a not very creditable campaign with a still less creditable brawl.

(See Cartoon, "Grand Mill between Charley Pot and Jamie Kettle.")

MARCH 16.

THE EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH was on this day delivered of a son, baptized as Napoleon Eugène Louis Jean Joseph.

"In honour of this fulfilment of his dearest wish, the Emperor granted an amnesty to 1,000 political prisoners. It was thought by many that the Imperial father might have

found much more to do in the name of Liberty.

(See Cartoon, "Please may I be Godmother?")

MARCH 30.

TREATY of Peace signed at Paris. By its terms the Black Sea was neutralized, being opened to trading vessels and "interdicted

to the flag of war of either of the Powers possessing its coasts, or of any other Power," Russia and Turkey mutually engaging not to establish any arsenal on that coast. The status and integrity of Turkey were guaranteed, and it was arranged that all territories conquered or occupied during the war were to be mutually vacated.

The news of the conclusion of peace, which

reached London at 10 p.m. the same day, was welcomed by firing of guns and ringing of bells. On the next day proclamation of the event was made by the Lord Mayor at the Royal Exchange. Public rejoicings were of course plentiful, yet considerable dissatisfaction was doubtless felt, springing from the belief that Russia had not been sufficiently shackled, and that after all there was little to show for all our labours and losses.



PLEASE MAY I BE GODMOTHER?

ARREST OF NEMESIS.

HARK! I heard ye not that sullen grunt of doubt combined with discontent? [Burrows bent]

And marked ye not that surly frown in stern and serious It was John Bull who made that noise when toll'd that cruel War should cease:

That look expressed how he enjoys the prospect of returning Peace.

Loath as he was to undertake this job so cruel and so sad, Should not the peaceful things make our stout old Goddams more glad? [Bern, kill, destroy.

How earnest was his Worship's grief—compelled to sink, Should not the promise of relief from such work give him equal joy?

He cannot yet rejoice, at least. He cannot dance above the dead.

And fearfully has he been floored—profusely have his children bleek, And this is what he wants to know; this is what he would understand, Have we subdued the robber foe; have we put down the lawless band?

Caesars and their armies! how on them does John, a thinking person, look,

But as on pirates, whom you stem, or if you needs must, crash like breakers?

Thinks John, is Russia stemmed? Again is she on Europe like to rush;

And shall we yet be forced to strain our every nerve her hordes to crush?

Our armaments, our mighty guns, for nothing have we brought to bear?

And all our powder, tons on tons, stored magazines of fatal air;

Shall they not turn to scorching breath to wither and to blast the foe,

Who forced on us the work of death, no matter if we would or no?

It is not vengeance we require—but should not they who war provoke, [Frisco smacks!]

Repent in towns laid waste with fire; in palaces whose Should not the criminals afford a dread example for the crime

Of drawing the accursed sword, against the spirit of the time?

Yet welcome Peace, if Peace is
 meant; no honest proffer we
 may open;
 We must relinquish our intent to
 slay, and destroy, and
 burn;
 Meanwhile we can our hands
 but wring for lavished treasure
 and leave men,
 And pray we may not have this
 thing, this horrid work, to do
 again.

(See Caricature, "Swindling the
 Clarendon.")

In announcing the con-
 clusion of Peace to the
 House, Mr. Punch says
 that "Lord Palmerston
 with his usual sense of the
 fitness of things, introduced
 the subject to the British
 Senate with a few inten-
 tional jokes, and proceeded
 unconsciously to some
 others, as when he told the
 House that the Treaty
 would be satisfactory to the
 nation. But when the
 Treaty is produced—we
 shall see about the national
 satisfaction." The nation
 in fact was thinking with
 Mr. Punch of

THE SHOT WE HAVE TO PAY.

For Peace I heard the cannon
 bang,
 I counted till a hundred rang,
 A touch of those explosive sounds,
 Thought I—so went one million
 pounds.
 The bells, too, and the cheering
 boys,
 Together made a merry noise,
 Their mingled uproar seemed to
 say [hooray!]
 One hundred million pounds—
 That, (two years' war has cost;
 and what!
 For all that money have we got?
 Experience, chiefly, I surmise,
 And hope that it may make us
 wise.
 Whosoever we have been, alas!
 Forming one great collective Ass,
 And penny-wise, at last we've
 found,
 Is foolish something o'er a
 pound.
 Obligated to spend those millions
 —could
 We but have spent them as we
 would,

A little we should have, I trow,
 Besides experience now to show.
 In widened streets we should rejoice,
 Could we have been allowed that choice,
 Some architecture would replace
 Our edifices mean and base.
 Oh! what might not the Board of Health
 Have done with part of that vast wealth
 Divided into many sums?
 For one thing, cleared off all the slums.



SWINDLING THE CLARENDON.
 (BY A DISTINGUISHED RUSSIAN.)

Mr. BULL (Landlord of the British Lion). "What! Quite the gentleman! Why, he has left nothing but a Portsmouth full of bricks and stones, and gone off without paying the bill!"

The Thames might now be drained—or near
 To ebbing bright and flowing clear,
 With salmon soon as gadgion thick
 As trout as high as Hampton Wick.
 We might have founded many schools,
 That people might not grow up fools,
 We might—what might we not have done
 That mortals do beneath the sun?
 Oh! what a stress, oh! what a strain
 On throb and muscle, heart and brain,

To work that debt out so immense,
 Will be required for ages hence!
 Compelled in strife to interpose,
 We've had to wipe a bleeding nose,
 And through that nose condemned to pay,
 Must grin and bear it as we may.
 In future we, perhaps, shall keep
 Up, both on land and on the deep,
 A proper force of armed Police,
 Whereby we may preserve the Peace.

APRIL 3.

ON this day the Crimean (Board of Officers) Inquiry Committee held its first sitting at Chelsea Hospital. *Mr. Punch* in a suggestive Cartoon indicated one of the witnesses which ought to have been examined, the skeleton

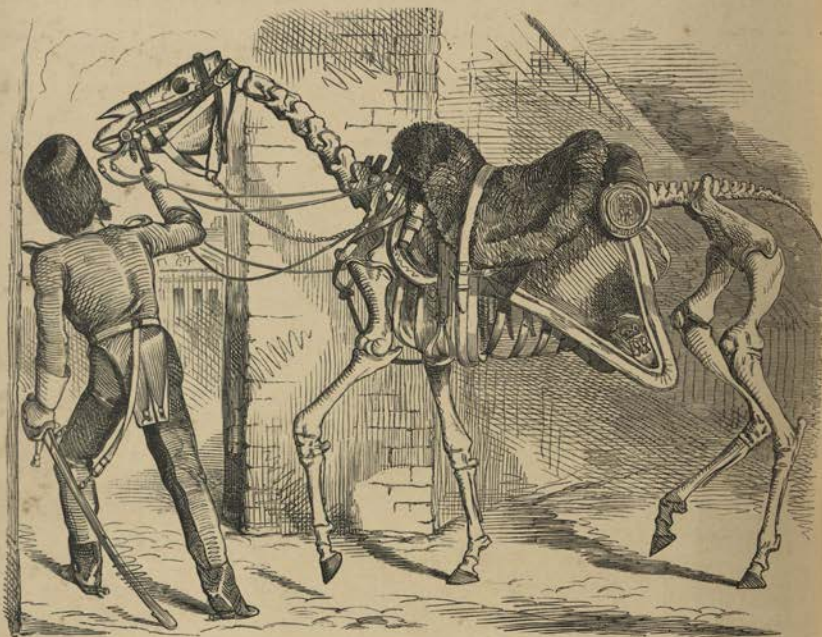
charger of one of the many heroes whose lives were squandered in the ill-conducted war.

(See Cartoon, "The Witness that ought to be examined.")

APRIL 11.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL'S Education resolutions were rejected by a majority of 260 to 102.

The chief of these resolutions empowered, in certain circumstances, the imposition of a school rate. Mr. Henry Drummond declared that in his opinion it was impossible to educate people by Act of Parliament; and as for criminals, there appeared to be only two ways of dealing with them—to send those who offended least out



THE WITNESS THAT OUGHT TO BE EXAMINED.

of the country, and those who offended most out of the world. The nation's ideas as to National Education have changed considerably since the time of this notable deliverance. Lord John's Resolutions (said *Punch* at the time, "were opposed of course by representatives of the Church, of Dissent and of the Manchester School. The first think that their religion only should be taught by the State; the second that their religion only should be taught, but not by the State; and the third that no religion should

be taught at all." A pithy summary of the rival contentions that so long hindered the spread of popular education in England.

THE TRIUMPH OF IGNORANCE.

WHAT on earth is the cause of such hearty hurrahs,
Why and wherefore so much jubilation
For the fact that Lord John managed not to get on
With his scheme to promote education?
One can quite understand, such a scheme, badly planned,
A crude and inadequate measure,
Such a fate having met, would excite no regret;
But whence this extravagant pleasure?

On account of the Poor this tremendous spend
Is so feelingly raised by their betters:
All because Lord John's plan would have forced the poor man
Into letting his children learn letters.
All the leuts and the clowns, and the rabble of towns,
'Gainst their most inclination, compelling,
All their little ones dear, by a statute severe,
To have taught reading, writing, and spelling.
'With a stout voice and strong, sing "Live Liberty long!"
And in ignorance hopeless and woe
May her ragged sons play with their slates all day,
In the street on the brink of the gutter.

Dearest, my boy, may it give your heart joy,
That they'll grow up with minds merely fellows,
And that some will be brought, just by being untought,
Thank yourself, to the hulks and the galleys.

APRIL 23.

A GREAT Naval Review took place at Spithead
on this day in the presence of the Queen.

(See Caricature, "The Gun-hatch.")

BRITANNIA'S LATE BROOD.

On the twenty-third of April it was a glorious day,
When her ducks Britannia counted at Spithead as they lay;
Some sixty, first, as gallant birds as ever spread the wing,
In lines to port and starboard with the heaving tide did swing.
Oh, very young Britannia felt as she looked along the sea,
And, "Who can show such ducks and drakes as mine?"
she says, says she,

"There's Royal George, and Wellington and Commodore
also.

Three Drakes for size and weight unmatched at any
Down to pretty little *Hells*, and *Merrin* smart and spry;
I'll back them to do anything that birds can do, but fly;
Folks talk about Muscovy ducks, in Baltic and Euxine,
And Canvas-backs in Yankee-land, they say, are very fine;
But, 'point Muscovy, Canvas-back, or any duck that's
known."
To take a prize, at any odds," says she, "I'll back my



THE GUN-BOATS.

IF YOU'D BEEN ONLY HATCHED A YEAR AGO, WHAT MIGHT HAVE COME OUT OF YOUR SHELLS!

With that the old lady tossed her head, and heaved her
fork on high,
And a little further westward she turned her weather-eye,
Where, under wing of four old Drakes, there floated on
the food,
Low and little in the water, Britannia's latest brood—
Five score and fifty ducklings now, where six months
since was not one!
Yet, though scarce fledged, they move like birds that feel
the sea their own
Dashing the foam to left and right, defying wind and tide;
With keen heads prying all about, black-bodied, falcon-
eyes,
Britannia sighed—"You darlings! Had you been but
sooner hatched,

From those Muscovies, by your aid, what prizes I'd have
munched!
Had I had you, a year ago, among the Baltic swells,
Oh! wouldn't I have found a use for you—and for your
shells!"

APRIL 29.

PUBLIC announcement was this day made of
a projected marriage between our Princess
Royal and Prince Frederick William of Prussia.

MAY 2.

PEACE Celebrations were now the order of the
day. On this date a Peace Fête was held

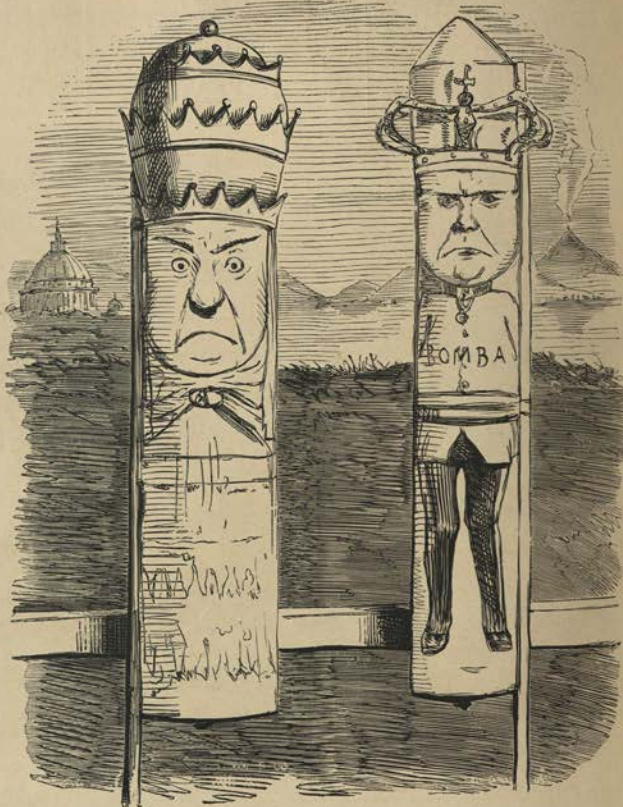
at the Crystal Palace. On the 4th the Queen,
Prince Albert, and the Royal Family attended after-
noon service in Westminster Abbey, in honour
of the national thanksgiving for the restoration
of peace. On the 8th the thanks of both Houses of
Parliament were voted to the soldiers and sailors
engaged in the war, and on the same day the
House's consent was asked to the bestowal of a
knighthood and a pension of £1000 a year on
Major-General Sir William Fenwick Williams,
K.C.B., "the Hero of Kara." May 29th was set
apart for general jubilation. It was a general

holiday throughout the kingdom, and fireworks and illuminations were pretty nearly universal. Nevertheless the satisfaction of the country at the conclusion of peace was qualified by grave doubts as to the justice of its terms.

FIREWORKS IN PREPARATION.

ILLUMINE your windows from
Stromness to Stambul;
Fling up hats, caps, and feathers
with whirling wills;
Welcome Peace, hail of proto-
col, point and preamble,
With ringing of changes, and
settling of bills.
That the voice of your jubilant
joy may be louder,
And War ushered out in right
sulphurous way,
Let your Governments all spend
their overplus powder,
With fireworks at night, to
crown feasting by day.
Nor alone to the soot-fallen lungs
of huge London
Shall the Ordnance superfluous
carbon supply;
Not alone shall the bill, vernal
Primrose, at sundown,
A Cockney Venusian, redden
the sky;
Not alone to the monster re-
sources of Woolwich
Shall Cremorne and Vauxhall
forthright candle-like show,
And the veteran Cavalier Mort-
ram acknowledge (laid low,
Himself by an amateur Boxer
There are Fireworks preparing
in Europe, more glorious—
Of combustible, look where
you will, there's *de quoi*;
Not so harmless as ours, but by
far more uproarious,
And more properly called *feu*
de haire, than *de joie*;
The East will contribute a glori-
ous explosion.
When at new Christian rights
Moslem bigots shall kick,
And the ferocious Lord Stratford's
last claim to promotion,
That rose like a rocket, shall
fall like its stick.
In the hands of her new Alex-
ander, there's Russia
Preparing a grand, anti-Cathe-
rize wheel.
From War round to Peace;
while bemuddled old Prussia
Objects to all Fireworks, but
votes for a reel!

And shows a transparency—sword, cross, and bottle,
With a crown set awry and, beneath, *sans souci*;
'Tis not yet lighted up, but once light it and what'll
Be our English display to the blaze we shall see!
There's France has her stores with explosives so crowded,
To bring light within miles of the door to one dard;
So drizzling she sits, while in mystery shrouded
Her One Will its subtle devices prepares.
Punch himself will not enter, lest firebrands he scatters;
Private signals are forbid under *peine forte et dure*;



FIREWORKS IN PREPARATION.

Rejoicings and Fireworks are Government matters;
But that France will have Fireworks, the world may
be sure. [Turkey,
But though France and though Prussia, and Russia and
May all do their best to set Europe a-blaze,
Their show will be shabby, their light will be murky,
To the Fireworks that Austria is destined to raise.
That to state, on her scale, things combustible handles,
We had proof in the Fireworks of famed 'forty-eight.
Think what a bouquet of the best Roman candles,

The Concordat is sure to send out, soon or late!
What grand pyrotechnics, Lombardie, Hungarian,
We may look for, whenever the match is applied—
From classic Italian, to Scythian barbarian,
All a-bang and a-burst, and a-blaze far and wide!
Pio Nono, his own Easter Fireworks out doing,
May en *girandole* up from St. Angelo rise,
And King Bonaparte explode in such blaze of red rain,
As Vesuvius or Etna ne'er shot to the skies!
(See Cartoon, "Fireworks in Preparation.")

MAY 3.

An act of grace in connection with the "Peace Celebrations," an Amnesty was extended to a number of political offences, such as the Monmouthshire Chartist who had been convicted in 1840, and so many of the Irish

political offenders as had not broken their parole.

THE AMNESTY.

CONCEDEMO Peace, our Monach parlons all
State convicts, whose offences to efface
Just now, a fitting act of Royal grace,
Save Bombas, the whole world will, doubtless, call.
She, with great enemies, forgives the small.

No more is Smith O'Brien in disgrace,
Frost, Williams, Jones, your fetters from you fall.
Shout for the Queen, applauding populace,
Who grants those erring patriots release!
They will return unto their native shore,
Their wives embrace, their children clasp once more,
Redeemed from exile but with life to cease.
And oh! my people, don't forget to roar
For Cuffy to his land restored with Peace!



SUNDAY MUSIC AS CANT WOULD HAVE IT.

MAY 8.

The Addresses agreed upon by both Houses of Parliament with respect to the Treaty of Peace were this day conveyed by the Members in procession from Westminster to Buckingham Palace.

MAY 10.

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER introduced his Budget. He estimated the

public expenditure for the current year at £82,113,000, and the total income £71,740,000.

Mr. Punch thus summed up the Budget:

1. No taxes to be taken off.
2. No taxes to be laid on.
3. What money wanted is to be raised by loan.

On the same day the new loan (of £5,000,000) was contracted for by Messrs. Rothschild on the terms fixed by the Government.

MAY 31.

At this time the subject of Sunday music in the parks excited much heated discussion. Bands had commenced playing in Kensington Gardens on Sunday afternoons on April 13. This roused the wrath of the Sabbatarians, and on the 10th May, in answer to the remonstrances of the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Palmerston announced that they would be discontinued.

(See Cartoon, "Sunday Music as Cant would have it.")

Mr. Punch gave the correspondence between the Archbishop and the Premier as it might have been.

(See Cartoon, "Circumstances alter Cases.")

A RECENT
CORRESPONDENCE.
(NON-OFFICIAL.)

HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP
OF CANTERBURY TO THE RIGHT HON.
THE LORD PALMERSTON.

MY LORD,—Let me hope you'll
excuse this intrusion
On your occupied time, but
the Bishops declare—
"If the hands are not swept, that
the vilest exorcism
Must arise"—nobody wish me
to bid you beware.

To Lambeth Leeds Blandford
'and Shaftesbury hurried,
Declaring that Exeter Hall
was in arms:

In short, my dear Lord, I can't
say how I'm worried,
Since such proof has been
given that "Music has
charms."

They tell me "the Church is in
danger of falling."

To my ears Lord R. Grosvenor
no rattle will grant;
Whilst the threats of Dissenters
are really appalling;

So pray, stop the music.

Yours, ever, J. CANT.

THE RIGHT HON. THE LORD
PALMERSTON TO HIS GRACE
THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANT.

MY LORD,—In reply to your
Grace's last letter,
So full of distress, I must beg
to remark,

That I cannot conceive any an-
drome better.

To quiet the Town than a
Band in the Park.

I cannot agree that such sweet
recreation

Can "enlarge the Church,"
and you'll argue in vain

If you try to persuade me the
whole British nation

Can be turned from their
Church by a musical strain.

Look at home, my dear Lord!

and observe every morning,
At your own Palace-gates on
the all-hallowed day,

How the gin-shops are thronged
—yet you bid me take
warning.

When I try with a Band to
draw drinkers away!

"The New Cut" in Lambeth is open all Sunday,
And buyers and sellers resort to its fair;

No distinction is drawn between that day and Monday—
Why so silent, my Lord, on the wickedness there?

When the Band of the Blues for the Parks is provided,
Your Grace writes me word that "this cannot be borne;"

But the Queen's band at Windsor may play on unchided,
And you wish when the Coldstreams are hired at
Cremorne.



CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

HER MAJESTY. "Well, My Lord—then I suppose my Sunday Band must be given up, too!"

CANT. "O DE—AR no, your Majesty! that's quite a different thing!"

To that Cockney Elysium, its gates open throwing.

On each Sunday night scores of revelling throng!

While the music flows on with the tap ever bowing.

Yet your Grace and Right Reverend Brethren are dumb.

When the people observe such strange twists in your
teaching.

I fear they may think your religion a sham.

By the light of your practice interpret your preaching.

And deem it all "Cant," so believe me, Yours, PAM.

JUNE 14.

At this time the relations between America and this country became much strained on account of what was known as the "Enlistment Question." That perfidious patriot President Pierce had made a great stir concerning "the alleged infraction of international law committed by Great Britain in permitting in Canada the

enlistment of subjects of the United States under the recently passed Foreign Enlistment Act" (see Dec. 12, 1854). On Dec. 2, 1855, Mr. Marcy requested the recall of Mr. Crampton, the British Minister at Washington, on the ground of his illegal proceedings in the enlistment of subjects of the United States. In March, 1856, the matter was made the subject of passionate dispute in the United States Senate. And on the 28th May in this year, the feeling between America and ourselves had become so strong that Mr. Crampton was instructed to leave Washington.

(See Cartoon, "Come, Jonathan, why should we fight?" &c.)

MR. PIERCE TO BUNCOMBE.

With the purest of motives—the
best of intentions
That could give a location which
nobly merited,
I have stirred and fomented our
present dissensions,
(May they not end in bloodshed
by land and by sea?)
With the Britishers' insolent
Administration,
In defence of the honours and
rights of our nation;
From my heart do I make this
sincere declaration,
As a Christian and Patriot,
Buncombe, to thee.

'Twas from high moral feeling
alone I objected,
In recruiting, for England, to
Crampton, detected,
It was no ways from wishing to
get re-detected.
O Buncombe, my hand on my
heart I lay,
The path of ambition I never
would follow,
A goblet of poison I rather would
swallow,
As I ship my heart, hark! dost
thou hear it sound hollow?
Fruitless Buncombe, stand
forth, Sir, and say.

JUNE 16.

LORD PALMERSTON, replying to Lord John Russell in the House of Commons, explained that the dismissal of Mr. Crampton did not signify rupture of diplomatic relations between this country and the United States, as "the American Government still wished to engage in

diplomatic intercourse on questions removed from the cause of quarrel."

JUNE 24.

MR. PIERCE, President of the United States, recognized the filibuster Walker as President of Nicaragua.

JULY 7.

On this day the Queen reviewed the troops at Aldershot.

JULY 9.

THE GUARDS, returned from the Crimea, made a public entry into London. The Queen welcomed their return, as she had sped their



COME, JONATHAN, WHY SHOULD WE FIGHT—"AM I NOT A MAN AND
A BROTHER?"

departure, from a balcony in Buckingham Palace (see "Throwing the Old Shoe," p. 173). Subsequently Her Majesty attended a Review in Hyde Park.

(See *Cartoon*, "Mr. Punch Welcomes the Guards.")

THE RETURN OF THE GUARDS.

GALLANTLY they marched, in the dank grey dawn of morning,

Of that morn', sad March morning—'tis two years now and more—
Our Guardsmen, summoned suddenly, with scanty word of warning,
From the pleasures and parade of peace to savage work

What thoughts were theirs while passing scenes of pastime, haunts of leisure,
Under closely-shuttered windows, through thoroughfares all dumb,

With that stern, solid tread of theirs, to the post-sting measure.

Where the screaming of the life with the rolling of the

'Twas so long since those proud colours had served for higher uses
Than to grace the Palace pageant, or the holiday
And many feared lest pleasures of the town and their arena
Had made those arms less stalwart, had left their hearts less true.



MR. PUNCH WELCOMES THE GUARDS.

The summer went : the autumn came : with eager ears we listened.

To the tidings that flowed frequent from the far-off scene of fight :

How many voices trembled, how womanly eyes glistened,
As we read, at last, how the gallant Guards cleared
Alma's gun-crowned height !

Then winter came : in grief we learnt how they lay in their strong leaguers.

At war with mightier opposites than stalborn Russian foes,

How to plague and frost and famine, hunger-bitten, naked, mangled, [their close,

They were giving lives, ungladdened by the glory of

All remember how from grief and from rage at that sad story,

The heart of England leapt into triumph once again :

As we read the tale of Inkermann, the bulletin of glory,
Of the field that those brave boarskins held so stoutly,
One to ten !

And then came rumours of repulse ; but who of us believed it ?

Too well we felt that, come what might, our soldiers must be true :

And when the great town sunk in flames, with calumny we received it, [their due,

As but an end we looked for—not their triumph, but

At length our Guards come back to us, our streets to grace their entry,

Fill with such festive gladness, as our dull streets seldom show,

From the Queen, set at her balcony, through window-clusters gentry, [see,

To the workers thickly lining the footways now as they are coming ! to those old sweet tunes that quiver

hardest natures,

"Auld Lang Syne" and "Home, Sweet Home" marching merrily along ;

Weather-stained coats and war-worn arms, and battle-browned features, [amidst the throng,

Catching glances, changing greetings with flash

Hark! the Drums, that beat at
Alma, so loud and so un-
quelling—
Saw the flag that waved,
shot-tattered against Inke-
man's grey sky—
The eyes, that looked death in
the face, month after month,
morning,
The feet that moved but for-
ward—that only paused to
die!

How many a humble heart in
those close-packed crowds is
swelling.

As rank on rank moves by
them, but his face is want-
ing there!

What a knell that music sends
into many a stately dwell-
ing.

Recalling loved and lost ones,
who this triumph may not
share!

For few among the thousands
who saw that March-dawn
peeping,

Lit in this July sunshine their
floods laurel-crowned;

Under Stuart's dark cyphers
a quiet sleep they're sleep-
ing.

On our Crimean hill-sides, swell
a timeless grassy mound.

So common joys of high and low,
sweeter than common sorrows.

All London's mighty multitude
to kindly concord sway,

Till grief takes calm from glad
sorrow, joy from woe a chasten-
ing sorrow,

And all hearts own a solemn
mood, that fits this solemn
day.

God bless the gallant bearskins!
Still in her time of danger,

May England reckon sons as
true, as those her sons have
been,

Softest hand, grasp of the spoiler,
and firm foot-print of the
stranger,

Still shall her hearths be sacred,
and guarded still her Queen!

JULY 12.

THE last of the British
forces on this day left
the Crimea. A company of
the 5th Regiment posted
outside Balaklava received
the incoming Russian troops,
marching for some dis-
tance with the Russian Guard; the Russians
then posted their sentries, and the English
marched on board H.M.S. "Algiers," accom-
panied by General Codrington and his staff.

Thus formally ended the Crimean Campaign,
in which it was computed the English lost a
total of 24,000 men, including 270 officers. Of
these 3,500 were killed in action or died of



THE NEW COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

wounds, 7,244 died of cholera, and about 16,000
of other diseases, whilst 2,873 were disabled.
The French loss was estimated at 63,500 men,
and the Russian at 500,000. The sum of
£41,041,000 was added to our National Debt
in consequence of this war. What were the
results to set-off against this large expenditure
of men and money has already been indicated.

JULY 15.

FIELD MARSHAL VISCOUNT HARDINGE re-
signed the post of General Commanding
in-Chief, to which he had been elected on the
death of the Duke of Wellington. He was suc-
ceeded in that office by the Duke of Cambridge.

(See Cartoon, "The New Commander-in-Chief.")

GOOD NEWS FOR THE ARMY.

GALLANT Cambridge becoming
Commander-in-Chief,
To the mind of the soldier how
great a relief!
For the Duke is expected no
nonsense to stand,
And let nobody over his shoulders
command.

The defenders of Britain a
strong hope express
That no tricks will, hencefor-
ward, be played with their
dress.
Yes, the heroes who, save to
advance, never run,
Trust no more to be riggled out
like figures of fun.

Light Dragoons' polka-jackets,
they now fear not, will
Be Vandyked at the hem, or
adorned with a frill,
What a comfort to both light
and heavy Dragoons,
Not to dread being drest in the
garb of buffoons!

No more danger of bells and a
pair of long ears
To their caps being fixed for our
Wild Grenadiers.
Of a cavalry, skirted like tall
turkey-cocks,
Or an infantry marching in little
boys' frocks.

A more subtly taste will on
uniforms tell.
The connection is close of the
taste with the smell.
Now the perfume of powder to
Cambridge is known;
He'll thank those who don't
know it to let him alone.

JULY 29.

PARLIAMENT was this
day protogued by
Commission. Although the
Royal Speech was rather
couleur-de-rose concerning
"the favourable state of
the revenue and the
thriving condition of all
branches of the national in-
dustry," Mr. Punch, taking
a less optimistic view of
things, said, "An ignomi-
nious Session was brought
to an ignominious end."

(See *Curtain*, "Mr. Bull and
his Valet.")

Mr. Punch gave the
public his idea of what the Royal Speech should
have been:—

"Lord Chancellor Cranworth then advanced,
and was about to read some ridiculous papers,
when Lord Chancellor *Punch* politely shoved
him out of the way, and, bowing blandly to his
delighted audience, read as follows in a loud
and distinct tone of voice:—



MR. BULL AND HIS VALET.

"MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

"We are commanded by Her Majesty to relieve her
subjects from the annoyance of further Parliamentary
exhibitions for some months to come.

"When Her Majesty met you in Parliament at the
opening of the Session, we were at War. You certainly
voted away other people's money in unbecoming style for
carrying on that War, and in doing so, you gave satisfac-
tion to the nation.

"A Peace was patched up, and a treaty was signed by

which Her Majesty's subjects gained nothing at all, and
out of the engagements of which Russia is already
skulking.

"We are squabbling with America, but to fight her,
unless compelled to do so, would be absurd, and if we
can protract negotiation, and if Colonel Fremont, the
only decent candidate for the Presidency, should be
elected in November, Her Majesty may not have to
announce to you in February that we have captured
New York or lost Liverpool.

"Her Majesty regrets to inform you that the bad and foolish women on the throne of Spain has lent herself to a sanguinary plot for crushing freedom, which has succeeded, and Her Majesty's august ally, the Emperor of the French, is concentrating troops and preparing fleets, and will probably have annexed Spain to France before Her Majesty has the pleasure of seeing you again.

"Her Majesty's Ministers have been exceedingly well unshaken by King Bomba, and Lord Palmerston has every hope that the development of events in Italy will shortly justify the placing that country under the dominion of the King of Sardinia, as Her Majesty's Viceroys.

"It is not improbable that Her Majesty will have to blow Brazil to blazes for the benefit of the Blacks.

"Foreign affairs being upon this highly satisfactory footing, Her Majesty turns to subjects of domestic legislation.

"Not one of the measures which were recommended to you in the Speech from the Throne, in January, have you been good enough to pass, with the exception of an Act for assimilating mercantile law in England and Scotland, and a Joint-Stock Companies Bill. When Her Majesty adds that you have passed a Bill for improving the Coast Guard, and the Country Police, and have somewhat improved the University of Cambridge, the Queen has summed up the results of 88 days in this House, and 106 in the Commons.

"Her Majesty would like to know what you have been real done with the Partnership Bill, with the Local Frauds on Shipping Bill, with the Church-rates Bill, with the Church Discipline Bill, with the Education Bill for England, with the Education Bill for Scotland, with the Ecclesiastical Courts Bill, with the Divorce Bill, with the Public Health Bill, with the Agricultural Statistics Bill, with the London Corporation Reform Bill, with the Appellate Jurisdiction Bill, with the Civil Service Superannuation Bill, with the Jew Bill, with the Wife's Sister Bill, and with the Vaccination Bill.

"GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,

"Her Majesty's opinion, and that of Her Majesty's subjects, is that out of the 170 of you who have taken prominent part in the debates, nine-tenths ought to have followed the example of the 273 who have not spoken a word during the Session.

"MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

"Her Majesty's Ministers ought to be ashamed of themselves for having utterly failed in their duty. Her



THE WEATHER AND THE CROPS.

"Well, Neighbour, we've had Peace; and now there is every prospect of Plenty. Misfortune never runs single."

Majesty's Opposition ought to be ashamed of themselves for not having compelled them to do it, and both ought to be ashamed of the utterly unconstitutional precedent set in the retention of office by a Cabinet without principles or power.

"This sort of thing will not do again. Deposit that hint in the bowls of your respective pipes, and fumigate it.

"You may go."

AUG. 1.

THERE was promise of a most plentiful harvest this year. The bounty of Nature, as usual, did not give unmixed delight to the farmers.

(See Cartoon, "The Weather and the Crops.")

AUG. 5.

H GENERAL Order was issued this day, conveying to the troops returned from the East the Queen's admiration of "their good order, discipline, and the brave yet patient spirit with which they had endured evils inseparable from war. The Queen," it continued, "de-

plores the loss of many of her best officers and bravest men; but history will consecrate the ground before Sebastopol as the grave of heroes."

Miss Florence Nightingale had now returned from the seat of war, and *Mr. Punch* hailed her advent in the following lines:—

THE NIGHTINGALES RETURN.

Most blessed things come silently, and silently depart;
Noiseless steals spring-time on the year, and comfort on
the heart;
And still, and light, and gentle, like a dew, the rain must
To quicken seed in furrow and blossom upon trees.

So she, our sweet Saint Florence, modest, and still, and
calm,
With no parade of martyr's cross, no pomp of martyr's



HOW TO TREAT THAT BULLY ROMBA.

To the place of plague and famine, foulness, and wounds
and pain,
Went out upon her gracious toil, and so returns again.

No shouting crowds about her path, no multitudes' hot
breath,

To feed with wind of vanity the doubtful fires of faith;
Her paths by hands official all unsmoothed, her aims
decided [safe].

By the Levites, who, when need was, passed on the other

Like her own bird—all voiceless while the daylight song-
sters trill, [still]—
Sweet singer in the darkness when all songs else are

She on that night of suffering that chilled other hearts to
stone, [of tone].
Came with soft step and gentle speech, yet wise and firm

Think of the prayers for her, that to the praying heart
came luck,

In rain of blessings, seeming still to spring upon her track;
The comfort of her graciousness to those whose road to
death [and faith],

Was dark and doubtful, till she showed the light of love

Then leave her to the quiet she has chosen; she demands
No greeting from our brazen throats and vulgar clapping
hands.

Leave her to the still comfort the saints know that have
striven.
What are our earthly honours? Her honours are in heaven!

AUG. 6.

THE Government of the King of Naples was
still the shame of Europe. Lord Lynd-
hurst had, on the 14th July, vigorously de-
nounced it in the House of Lords as "tyrannical
to its own people, and insulting to this country."
(See *Cartoon*, "How to treat that Bully Romba.")

BOMBA BOUNCING.

KING BOMBA, in his next reply to the notes of France and England, advising him to discontinue his emulation of Tiberius, which he declares that he intends to persevere in, and dares France and England to hinder him if they can; King Bomba the Cruel quotes Scripture for his purpose, as Shakespeare tells us that such another as Bomba can. His merciless Majesty dares to quote the proverb which forbids men to do to others that which they would not have done to themselves; and asks how Lord Palmerston would like to be interfered with in his government of this country, which, to render the inhuman Bourbon's question pertinent, Lord Palmerston should rule by the instrumentality of police-spies and the boogymen, but Bomba does not do as he would not be done by. Of course not. Bomba would no doubt like to be chained to the Pope, and kept in conjunction with his Holiness night and day. Bomba—thus rendered an artificial Siamese twin—would like to be immured in a damp dungeon, full of filth, abominable vermin, and more abominable verminous. Bomba would like to eat—essential dirt with his bread—and swallow red filth, perhaps, with his drink. It may be that he will have to eat some quantity of dirt in a metaphorical way, by and by.

King Bomba also accuses the revolutionary Central Committee of Italy of having put a price upon his head. He states the sum at 100,000 ducats. That is too much.

A little earlier (March 29), Felice Orsini, a daring member of the Mazzini party (subsequently too well known for his attempt on the life of the Emperor of the French), had made a marvellous escape from his Austrian dungeon in the Castle of St. Giorgio, Mantua. *Mr. Punch* used the incident as a text whereon to hang, with picture and pen, a wide moral.

(See Cartoon, "Liberty files the Austrian Bars of Italy.")

LIBERTY FILES THE AUSTRIAN BARS.

Mr. Punch's Artist presents his compliments to Francis Joseph, the "hope"—upon the veracity of that most respectable and happy, most retired peer, now somewhere in the Grampian Hills, the Earl of Aberdeen—especially the "hope" of Austria (hope told a flattering fib?), and offers him the accompanying design for a historical cartoon to decorate any or all of his palaces, in Vienna, at Schönbrunn, in Pesth, in Venice, or elsewhere.

Mr. Punch's Artist has thought the historic fact



LIBERTY FILES THE AUSTRIAN BARS OF ITALY.

A TRIBUTE TO FELICE ORSINI.

in every way worthy of graphic history; to which and he has ventured a little to enlarge and sublime the subject, by merging the individual in the general. His Imperial Majesty will therefore be graciously pleased to accept the accompanying design, not as the representation of one bare fact, but as a hopeful allegory of a coming national truth. Thus it is humbly hoped that his Imperial Majesty may gather from the contemplation of the picture a modicum of humanity and wisdom, to serve him against any possible stress. To

which like and a copy may be forwarded to his fraternal Majesty, the King of Naples.

AUG. 6.

THE evasion by Russia of the 20th Article relating to the Isle of Serpents in the Danube and certain fortresses in Asia Minor of the lately arranged Treaty excited angry comments in the press, both here and abroad.

AUG. 21.

ON this day the Queen-Mother of Oude arrived in this country, accompanied by her grandson and the brothers of the King, with the view of making inquiry and appeal concerning the manner in which their territory had been appropriated. The Governor-General of India, Lord Dalhousie, had, on the 7th of the previous February, issued a proclamation declaring the permanent transfer of the kingdom of Oude to the British Government, on the plea of the continued prevalence of evils and abuses which the Treaty of 1801 had wholly failed to remove.

SEPT. 3.

FAILURE of the Royal British Bank. This was a year of commercial frauds and failures. The enormous defalcations and ghastly suicide, by poison on Hampstead Heath, of James Sadleir, M.P., had only recently startled the public, and had been the cause of widespread loss and distress. Now came the unexpected failure of the Royal British Bank, which involved disaster to the unfortunate shareholders, many of whom had to become insolvent or fly the country. "Such a scene" (says *Mr. Punch's Introduction*) "of waste, litigation and misery ensued, as is painful to contemplate." Inquiry showed that the affairs of the Bank had been most scandalously mismanaged, and criminal proceedings against the Directors were taken by the Government.

(See Cartoon, "The British Brigands' Bank.")

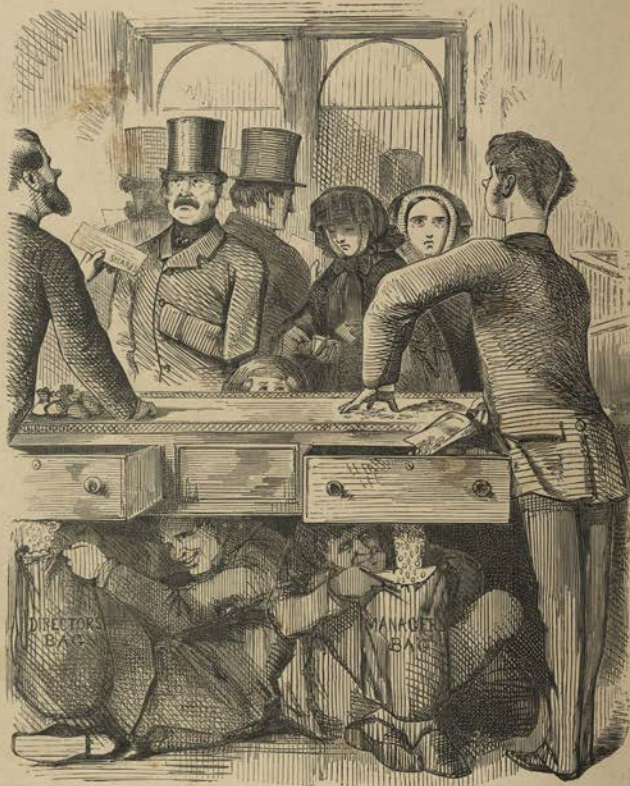
Only a little later, on September 17th, were discovered the extensive frauds to the extent of £28,000, of William Robson, a clerk to the Crystal Palace Company, and still later (November 15th), Leopold Reilpoth, a person of high repute as a man of culture and liberality,

was found to have been practising a long and ingenious system of fraud upon the shareholders of the Great Northern Railway, by which he had robbed the Company and the public to the extent of something like £250,000.

These events administered a great check to public confidence and commercial credit.

SEPT. 7.

ON this day the Coronation of the Emperor of Russia, Alexander II., was celebrated at Moscow. Earl Granville was present on behalf of the British Government, and Count de Morny represented France. Superficially it was a splendid and seemingly enthusiastic display, but those



THE BRITISH BRIGANDS' BANK.

who saw deeper regarded it with gloomy forebodings, only too fully justified by results.

(See *Curtain, "The Climax of the War."*)

THE CORONATION IN MOSCOW.

By A BRITISH CYNIC.

HAKE! the cannon are roaring,
The bells all resound,
Alexander is coming this way to
be crowned;
Cannonballs are ever attended
with noise,
For men still will be men, and
boys always be boys.

Here they come, and who first?
The Police, I presume,
Yes, the mounted Police, who
spout helmet and plumed.
"Move on there!" they'll scarce
have occasion to say,
For nobody's likely to get in
their way.

The procession comes after, 'mid
shouts of applause,
Which every procession is cer-
tain to cause,
If it flashes and shines, and is
coloured enough,
No matter at all whom 'tis got
up to puff.

The warriors were nothing with-
out arms and clothes,
The excitement is cruel, their
by these and by those;
Yellow jackets and gaudy
chain-mail combine,
With embroidered horse-cloths,
in the front of the line.

Follow lances, and pennons, and
muzzlocks and swords,
The old-fashioned weapons of
barbarous hordes,
With scarf upon shoulders and
sash around waist,
Picturesque in effect—Oriental
in taste.

Black sheepskins, red skull-caps,
flags white, red, and blue,
(There's a song of that name
which in Moscow won't do)
And a jangling array of long
red-handled pikes;
How the multitude roars! this
is just what it likes.

Blue uniforms, mounted, and
others than blue,
Bespangled with jewels and bril-
liant of hue,
Of all sorts of colours, all manner
of hue.

And orders, stars, crosses, and ribbons on breasts,
Gowns, turbans, and trousers, caftans, capotes,
Red, white, yellow breeches, and antique steel coats,
And scarlet and purple, and mazarine boots,
Yagshans, lattle-axes, and green and gold suits.
Horse-trappings and liveries, domestic and state,
Having heaps of gold lace, upon chargers elite,
Chariots, crimson and gilt; helmet, armour, and crest.
Then his Majesty next and dressed out in his best,



THE CLIMAX OF THE WAR.

Then the court and court ladies, and lusty the crowd,
Their shouts and their cries how astoundingly loud!
And another crowd probably, some other day,
Will hawl in the same place and just the same way.

And what sort of men did these dresses contain?
Of the whole for a sample take some of the train.
Some dirty in number; with gold braiding done
Their malachite garb; and cocked hats they had on.

Knee shorts, white silk stockings, and shoes on their feet,

With buckles confined, made their taintment complete:
And their shorts were of plush—in their tight buckled
shoes.

These same gentlemen walked, in the posse, by two.

In their gait, 'twas remark'd, they limped somewhat and
finched,

For their shoes were new made, and unpleasantly pinched.
All the slaves of a despot, howe'er smart their dress,
Are but flunkies who feel the shoe pinch more or less.

OCT. 8.

BEGINNING of the dispute with China, originating in a party of Chinese boarding the lorch "Arrow," which claimed the right to use the British flag, but was of evil antecedents, having been engaged in piracy and smuggling. The Chinese, despite protests from the master of the "Arrow" and from the British Consul, tore down the British flag and carried off the Chinese crew. The Chinese Commissioners agreed to make reparation, but subsequently Commissioner Yeh not paying what was thought to be proper attention to British demands and remonstrances, Admiral Sir Michael Seymour, the naval commander on the station, on the 23rd October destroyed the forts on the river, and occupied the island and fort of Dutch Folly. Yeh was thereby greatly enraged, and issued an offer of a reward of thirty dollars for the head of every Englishman. On the 30th December the crew of the British steamer "Thistle," on her way from Canton to Hong Kong, was boarded by Chinese soldiers, who murdered the crew and passengers.

NOV. 10.

AT the Lord Mayor's Dinner, Lord Palmerston spoke energetically on the subject of certain points in dispute between Russia and England, having reference to the exact meaning of the Treaty of Paris. He said: "We are convinced that the people of England would willingly forego the prospect of future military and naval glory when they were satisfied that the objects of the war had been successfully accomplished. It now remains that the conditions of the Peace shall be faithfully executed and honourably observed, and I trust that the peace of Europe will be placed upon a secure and permanent foundation."

The position of the country, however, in the

pending negotiations, seemed hardly satisfactory to the public, it being thought that we deferred too much to the necessities and desires of the French Emperor, allowing ourselves, in fact, to play second fiddle to him in matters of policy, a point of view which *Mr. Punch* illustrated in a Cartoon and some verses.

(See Cartoon, "Quite a New Tune.")



QUITE A NEW TUNE.

FIRST FIDDLE.—"Now, Mr. BELL, take your time from me."

THE HARMONIOUS ALLIANCE.

THE orchestra of Europe is tuning, is tuning,
And the discord and din are bewild'ring to hear,
For we all know the squeaking, the scraping and creaking,
That the tuning of instruments brings to the ear.
But as harmony,—so teaches concert experience,—
Is bred of the discords that tuning attend,
Let us hope that this prelude of car racking variation,
In harmonious concord is destined to end.

There's big Russia his wind in
the ophicleide trying
(From the Island of Serpents
the instrument comes),
While Naples, the whistle of
Peco-snying,
Takes his penny trumpet to
Austria's drums.
White-out Austria provides o'er
the brass, in the middle,
And Prussia comes in with his
soud-lars.
While Louis Napoleon leads, as
first fiddle,
Spite of John Bull's reluctance
to yield him the place.

Tantons ! tantons ! the trumpets
are sounding—
Rab-a-dab, rab-a-dab ! goes
the drum's throbbing roll—
Its mild notes the flute diplo-
matic is rounding.
But playing, we grieve to say,
false on the whole.
At the violinello, whose gram-
bling and growling
Most resembles the voice of
the family Bull,
Ferfidious Albion sits, sulky and
scowling,
As if fain to come bang with 'i
on somebody's skull.

What will come of such con-
cord ? Harmonious alliance,
For Austria and Prussia and
Russia may do,
Where the stick is the fellow en-
forcing compliance,
And the click of the chain
makes the measure go true,
And France with a slung, too,
may follow her leader,
Forswearing the riot she ran
in her youth;
But can England of their blotted
score long be reader,
That score, in the key of brute
force and untruth ?

No—perish such music, and woe
to its makers,
When God's thunder peals out
the great war-song of Right,
When Justice and Truth, the
twin-giants, throne-shakers,
From their subterranean hiding-
place leap to the light.
In that awful clashing of Powers
and dominions,
On which side of the battle
shall England be found ?
God guide her free choice betwixt
tyranny's minions,
And the wronged and op-
pressed whose blood cries
from the ground.

Nov. 13.

THE new bell—subsequently called Big Ben—for the Clock Tower of the new Houses of Parliament was this day tested. Its note was found to be E natural. The bell was designed by Mr. E. B. Denison, and cast by Messrs. Warner. In his "Song of the Bell," *Mr. Punch* suggested for its inscription—

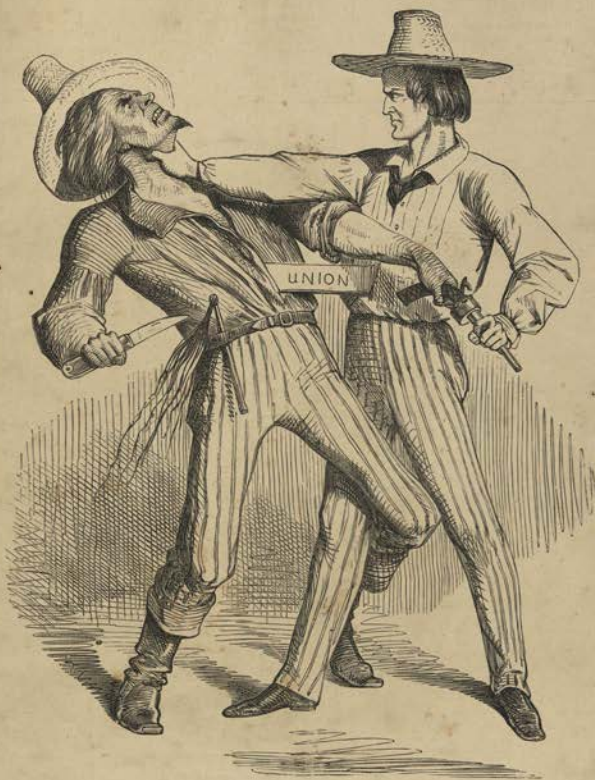
"M.P.'s voco; Vultum anglo; Tympana frango."

DEC. 1.

THE United States Congress opened on this date. The Message of President Pierce had especial reference to the rivalry between North and South, which of late had assumed menacing proportions, being complicated and aggravated by the question of Slavery. The Anti-Slavery

party in America, reinforced by the wide-spread sympathy excited by Mrs. Harriett Beecher Stowe's great fiction "Uncle Tom's Cabin," was increasing in numbers and influence. In the course of the current volume, *Mr. Punch* had occasion to make several references to this great and growing difficulty.

(See Cartoon, "The American Twins.")



THE AMERICAN TWINS, OR NORTH AND SOUTH.

Sang *Mr. Punch*, addressing Brother Jonathan:—

UNITED STATES, if our good will
Could but command its way,
You would remain united still,
For ever and a day.
Does England want to see you split,
United States?—the deuce a bit.

Your North and South discovered, we
With less disgust should view
Only than England we should see
And Scotland cleft in two.
We wish your great Republic whole,
With all our heart and all our soul.
Why who are we? Almost alone,
With you, upon this Earth,

We bow before no Tyrant's throne.
Believe us, might but might
Your noble Commonwealth, if cleft,
Would cause us Britons, weaker left.
What head we might, against the wrong.
Together make, O friends!
We wish you to continue strong,
On union strength depends.



THE RETURN OF THE "RESOLUTE"—A GRACEFUL GIFT FROM BROTHER JONATHAN.

So, that your States may keep compact
Is our desire—now that's a fact.

How all the Despots would rejoice,
Should you break up and fall;
How would the dunce's echoing voice
Take up their masters' tale!
"Free institutions will not do"
Would be the cry of all the crew.

The Press is gagged—the mouth is shut—
None dare their thoughts to name,
In Europe round; and lackeys strut,
Arrayed in splendid shame;
And creeds are, at the bayonet's point,
Enforced in this time out of joint.

Still be it yours and ours to bear
Our witness 'gainst these days.
The world, at least will not despair
Whilst we our free flags raise.
Then may you still your stripes possess,
And may your stars be never less.

Strange it may seem, and yet is not;
The peril of the Free
All springs from one unhappy blot,
The taint of Slavery.
That, that is all you have to dread;
Get rid of that and go ahead!

Prophetic words—written in 1856.
The relations between England and the United

States had been a little strained, but the graceful presentation to the Queen of the Arctic ship "Resolute," which, abandoned by one of our exploring expeditions, had been recovered by some American whalers, created a most favourable and friendly feeling in the country.

The "Resolute" was presented to the Queen at Cowes, as a token of friendship, love, and admiration.

(See Cartoon, "The Return of the 'Resolute.'")

So the year ended happily by the re-establishment of amicable relations between ourselves and our kin across the Atlantic.

+ 1857 +

JAN. 1.

THE year began with violent storms around the coast, causing many wrecks and great loss of life. On the 4th and 5th January the furious gale was at its worst. At one time (says "Annals of Our Time") there were at least sixty vessels on shore on the north-east coast, and it was computed that no fewer than fifteen foundered with all on board.

JAN. 3.

THE Prussian Crown laid claim to the Principality and Canton of Neuchâtel, a claim which had been formally recognised by a Conference of the five Great Powers in 1852. Neuchâtel, on the 29th Feb., 1848, had, however, declared itself independent of Prussia, and still maintained the spirit of that declaration. In September, 1856, Prussia attempted, without success, to get her authority recognized, and some Royalists having been imprisoned in the Republic of Neuchâtel, a Prussian army was sent to deliver them. Prussia was again urging her claims to the sovereignty of Neuchâtel, and Louis Napoleon, to whom Switzerland had given protection during his exile, was believed to favour these claims.

(See Cartoon, "Switzerland Warning the Snake.")

JAN. 23.

ON this day were heard the earliest warnings concerning the terrible event known as the Indian Mutiny. Major-General Hearsey, commander of the Presidency Division, informed the Indian Government that there was dissatisfaction among the Sepoys at Dumdum, arising, as they declared, from the belief that the grease used in the manufacture of cartridges contained the fat of pigs and cows, animals which both the Hindoos and Mahomedans held impure and unholy.

A little later (on the 5th February) it is recorded that a Sepoy intimated to the officers of the 34th Native Infantry, stationed at Barrackpore, that the men of the four regiments there stationed, fearing that they were to be forced to lose caste and become Christians, had conspired to mutiny. During this month also (says "Annals of Our Time") "chepatties or

cakes of unleavened bread were observed to be passed throughout all the north-western provinces of British India."

Later still, at Berhampore, the men of the 19th Native Infantry rejected the percussion caps distributed to them, having suspicions, so they asserted, as to the way in which the cartridges were made.



SWITZERLAND WARMING THE SNAKE.

(Another Illustration of the Old Fable.)

JAN. 24.

HERE was at this time a growing dissatisfaction at the Income Tax, now standing at 16*l.* in the pound, and Lord Palmerston was supposed to favour reduction.

(See *Caricature*, "Palmerston's New Game.")

FISCAL NURSERY RHYMES.

SING a song of Income,
Taxed, under Schedule D,
As high as rent, or interest
Of funded property.
When the wrong is pondered,
Its infamy is seen,
Isn't this a pretty tax
To levy for the Queen?

The Queen is in her counting-house,
Shocked to count the money.
Prince Albert's at his pasture,
Shooting hare and coney.
Poor Tomkins to the workhouse,
His savings robbed of, goes;
For down came the Income-Tax,
And stripped him of those.



PALMERSTON'S NEW GAME.

"CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER (sings). "O yes! he may foot 'em—but I'll soon put 'em up again."

JAN. 31.

HERE was a tendency in France to claim for its own army something more than the lion's share of credit for the Crimean campaign, and at a Crimean Banquet recently given in Paris this tendency had been specially marked. *Mr. Punch* satirised this vainglorious self-assertion on the part of our Gallic allies in the following burlesque lines:—

LEAP-FROG.

*Dedicated to Prince Napoleon, The Duke of Malakoff,
Marshals Canrobert, Bosquet, and the other French
officers present at the late Crimean banquet at Paris.*

FROGGY must a warring go—
Heigh ho, so slowly!
Froggy must a warring go,
(By the Emperor's orders, like it or no)
With his swinging St. Arnaud, Bosquet, and Canrobert,
Heigh ho, so slowly!

So off he sailed to the Bosphorus isthmus,
Heigh ho, so slowly!
So off he sailed to the Bosphorus isthmus,
And there found John Bull with a soldier or two,
With his good-natured Raglan, Lucan, and Carleton,
Heigh ho, so slowly!
When the Rookies at Alma were forced to run—
Heigh ho, so slowly!
When the Rookies at Alma were forced to run,
It was Froggy, of course, took the one captured
gun,
With his swinging St. Arnaud, Bosquet, and Canrobert,
Heigh ho, so slowly!

When the beaten Kookies we failed to pursue—
Heigh ho, so foully!
When the beaten Kookies we failed to pursue,
To John Bull, of course, the delay was due,
With his easy Lord Raglan, Launce, and Canligan,
Heigh ho, so growly!
When to "sap" was changed what should have
been "ack"—

Heigh ho, so slowly!
When to "sap" was changed what should have
been "ack."
Of course, Froggy held left and right attack,
With his bouncing Pelissier, Bosquet, and Canrobert,
Heigh ho, so slowly!
When six to one did at Inkermann fight—
Heigh ho, so boldly!

When six to one did at Inkermann fight,
It was Froggy, of course, that defended the height
With his terrible Chassaur, Zouave, and Indigne,
Heigh ho, so boldly!
When at Balaklava fled Russia's horse—
Heigh ho, so quickly!
When at Balaklava fled Russia's horse,
The "thin red line" was Froggy's of course,



THE FRENCH GAME OF LEAP-FROG OVER THE BRITISH LION.
AS RECENTLY PLAYED IN PARIS.

With his blundering Lucan, Campbell, and Highlanders,
Heigh ho, so quickly!
When the Allies' assault was repulsed in June—
Heigh ho, so foully!
When the Allies' attack was repulsed in June,
'Twasn't Froggy began the attack too soon,
With his Duke of Malakhoff, Bosquet, and Company,
Heigh ho, so foully!
When at last Sebastopol city was taken—
Heigh ho, so slowly!
When at last Sebastopol city was taken,
It was Froggy did all—except lose the Rezan,
With his thundering D'Angely, Bosquet, and Malakhoff,
Heigh ho, so slowly!

In short, the Siege of Sebastopol—
Heigh ho, so slowly!
In short, the Siege of Sebastopol
Was Froggy's achievement, whole and sole,
With his Admiral Hamelin, Bosquet, and Malakhoff,
Heigh ho, so slowly!
Of what laurels there are to win and wear—
Heigh ho, so seely!
Of what laurels there are to win and wear,
Of course, Froggy claims the Lion's share,
With his Duke and his Marshals, Bosquet and Malakhoff,
Heigh ho, so greedy!
(See Cartoon, "The French Game of Leap-Frog over the
British Lion.")

FEB. 3.

PARLIAMENT was this day opened by Com-
mission. *Punch* thus summarised the
Royal Speech:—

Glad to see you.
Treaty of Paris settled.
Prussia v. Switzerland—ditto I hope.
Have cut Bomba.
Central America will be all right.
Am sworn friends with the King of Siam.

Have walked into the Persians.

Have pitched into the Chinese.

Estimates to be as economical as possible.

Law amendments to be proposed.

Currency question must come up.

People content.—Trade flourishing.

Soft soap.

Short prayer.

* * * *

"The echoes in uniform having subsided, Mr. Disraeli delivered a long and entertaining invective against Ministers for everything they had done or not done since he had last had the pleasure of vituperating them. His chief point was the amiable intimation that they were humbugs, for that they had been encouraging Italian aspirations for independence, while they knew that England had assented to a secret treaty by which France was bound to preserve to Austria her Italian spoils. This statement made a great sensation. Lord Palmerston declared that there was no such treaty, and assailed Dizzy with Rabelaisian abuse, calling him a gossip, a *gobemouche*, and a fly-catcher. But Mr. Disraeli said he "had seen the treaty." Now the question is, who is to be believed? Is *Pam* a sham, or ought the other's name to be written in future—Disraeli?"

It was suspected that Disraeli, who with his party was at this time "out in the cold," was ready to take almost any line that would be likely to lead to their re-installment in office.

But his following at this time was small and doubtful; he and his leader in the Upper House, Lord Derby, were, as Mr. Punch put it, "waiting for a Party."

(See Cartoon, "Swell Mob at the Opening of Parliament.")



SWELL MOB AT THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

PUNCH (A.): "Now, then! What's your Little Game?"

DIZZY. "Our Little Game! Nothing!—We're only 'WAITING FOR A PARTY.'"

FEB. 6.

ANNOUNCEMENT made of the nomination of Trustees with a view to the formation of a National Portrait Gallery.

FEB. 13.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER (Sir George Cornewall Lewis) introduced

his Budget. It proposed to reduce the Income Tax from sixteenpence to sevenpence on incomes over £150, and to fivepence on incomes between £150 and £100; and in three years to let the tax expire altogether.

Punch said, "You may give three cheers, Bull, for no doubt it is something to keep the

Nimble Ninpence that used to jump so nimbly from your pocket into the tax-collector's."

(See Cartoon, "Seven pence to the Bank.")

FEB. 14.

HEROES of Mr. Rowland Hill's new plan for dividing London into postal districts,

a plan which of course, with the usual stolid objection to change of any sort, was opposed in some quarters, but which as carried out has proved exceedingly useful, Mr. Punch had the following useful mnemonic verses:—

THE TEN TOWNS.

Or, Mr. Punch's Complete Handbook to his friend Mr. Hill's New Postal Plan.

ROWLAND HILL has just divided London's waste of brick by ten; Every change, of course, is child's play to our stupid "business-men."



SEVEN PENCE TO THE BANK.

MRS. BRITANNIA. "How much more to the Bank?"

PALMERSTON. "We're down again, Ma'am. Only Seven Pence!"

But the plan has pleased their betters,
Hill's new boundary rails are cast,
And those nuisances, our Letters,
Will be brought us twice as fast.

Neither flimsy nor tenacious

Hill proceeds: his scheme to aid
Rowland begs you'll fix in memory,
These new districts he has made.
Punch, believing that in no land
Works a sounder man than Hill,
Begs to give, in help of Rowland,
Some Mnemonics, framed with skill.

Let us take some lending feature

In each district thus assigned,
And the most oblivious creature
Soon will bear the name in mind,
Unto its fabled abiding.

Endings new but it's proper,
Rowland's heart you'll soon be gladdening
By the ready skill you'll show.

Thus:—N.W.'s region's lying
All around the Regent's Park,
"What Nice Willis folks are buying
Round those parts," is your remark.

W. holds the whole, or nearly,
Of the Fashionable Squares,
Think of "Wentish" or (more severely)
Of the Wanton Waste it stares.

Lawyers, and good Cornish's Foundlings,
All are found in W.C.

Theatre delight its goings-on,
Wicked Creatures, is your key.

Finsbury is in S.W.,
Brompton East, and Chelsea mild,
There the Shouting Wentches trouble you
With the cries that drive you wild.

E.'s for England, represented
By her fairest symbol, Docks,
There's her *Empire*, sea-
cemented,
Throned upon a thousand
stocks.
Lady, your *New Evening* dresses
Came from yonder scorned
N.E.,
There the weaving Frenchman
lenses.
Nantoe! Edict. Ah! may
and!

S. for *Suburbs*, neat and cheap-
ish,
Brixton, Camberwell, Vaux-
hall,
And one's friend looks rather
Sheepish
Bidding you to come and call;
Yet that part is turn outwards:
Yonder dismal hole S.E.,
Southwark, where the *Scab*
Electors
Choose Sir Charles and
Aspley P.

Under N. the map embraces
Islington and Pentonville,
Folks who ask you to such
place,
Are a Nuisance, don't you
see?
While what's ancient, rich, or
witty,
Makes E.C. a glorious bunch,
That's our own Eternal City,
Tower and Bank, St. Paul's
and *Punch*!

FEB. 20.

On this day (says *Punch's*
"Essence")—"in the
Commons the Battle of the
Budget began. Mr. Disraeli
and Mr. Gladstone, two
gentlemen who conceive
themselves miserably mis-
placed—the one on the
wrong side of the Speaker,
and the other on the second
row below the gangway—
delivered themselves of at-
tacks upon the Government
scheme of finance. Mr.
Disraeli thought that the
whole Income Tax ought
to be now taken off . . .
and Mr. Gladstone urged
economy. Mr. *Punch* al-
ways desires to do justice,
and will therefore add, that
Mr. Disraeli omitted all
pyrotechnics in dealing with a grave subject,
and that Mr. Gladstone's oratorical power has
seldom been more vigorously put forth than in
the vindication of his own financial system."

(See *Cartoon*, "The Balancing Brothers of Westminster.")

The Debate was renewed on the 23rd. "Lord
John Russell" (says *Punch's* "Essence of Par-

liament") "volunteered his aid to the Govern-
ment, and, in fact, it is supposed that there is
no amount of assistance which he would with-
hold from any Government *de facto*, even to
the discharging a portion of their duties.
Mr. Walpole, of course, was ready to vote
anything that should enable him to change
places with Sir George Grey. Mr. Cardwell

deserted his friend Mr. Gladstone, and joined
the Government voters. He could not be
Chancellor of the Exchequer in a Ministry of
which Mr. Gladstone was a member. Mr.
Milner Gibson had listened to everybody else's
speeches with an attention not altogether re-
ciprocated by the House, and expressed his
wish that the Budget should be amended. Sir



DISRAELI

GLADSTONE

THE BALANCING BROTHERS OF WESTMINSTER

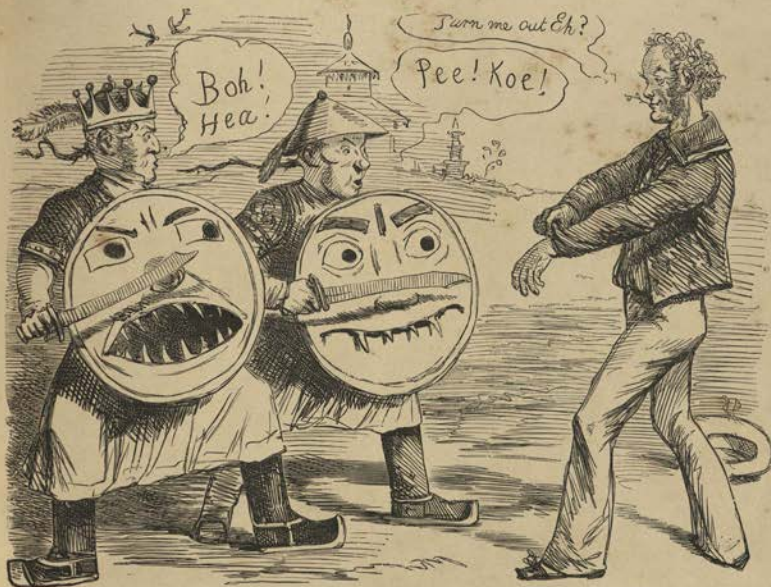
Charles Wood, of course, contended that it was so good as to be incapable of being amended; and the House divided upon the main question, which was whether the Balancing Brothers of Westminster should take office *vice* the Bottleholder, and decided that they should not, by 286 to 206.

FEB. 24.

A DEBATE commenced in the House of Lords upon a series of resolutions moved by the Earl of Derby, censuring the Ministry for their action in China.

The great point of attack was concerning the

bombardment of Canton. "Everybody" (says *Mr. Punch's* "Essence") "who wished to injure the Government was conscientiously convinced that the assault was unjust, unnecessary, and cruel, while all the Ministerialists were as clear in their conscience that nothing could be more righteous and expedient, or



EARL OF DERBY.

CORDEN.

PALMERSTON.

THE GREAT CHINESE WARRIORS, DAH-BEE AND COB-DEN.

more humanely effected. It was urged that to these people (Mr. Commissioner Yeh and the Cantonese) we were to serve out justice in its most winning guise, and lofty truth and forbearance. The Lords, after a debate to-night and on Thursday, voted that bombshells were more to the purpose, by 146 to 110.

FEB. 26.

MR. CORDEN, in the Commons, moved a resolution condemnatory of the bomb-

bardment. It was continued on the 3rd March, when Mr. M. Gibson, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Disraeli all supported the Vote of Censure. "Roebuck" (says *Mr. Punch*) "particularly grieved that our conduct was un-Christian, and Gladstone that it was not straightforward. The Bottleholder (Lord Palmerston) at last rose to reply, and in very plain-spoken speech exposed the cant about the Chinese, expressed his perfect understanding that it only meant that the Government bench was wanted by his opponents, and cautioned the House not to

sacrifice the honour of their country and the safety of Englishmen abroad to the greed of hungry faction. . . . The division took place about half-past two in the morning, and the numbers were:—

"For hoisting down the British Flag, apologizing to the Chinese, and putting Derby, Disraeli, and Gladstone in office 263
For maintaining the honour of England and keeping Pam in place 247

Chinese Majesty 16 "

(See Caricature, "The Great Chinese Warriors Dah-bee and Cob-den.")

MARCH 5.

LORD PALMERSTON, instead of resigning over his defeat on the Chinese vote, as his opponents had hoped and expected, announced that he had advised Her Majesty to dissolve Parliament at the earliest possible period consistent with the due discharge of public business.

MARCH 14.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL, in his Election address to the City of London, advanced the following arguments as grounds for his action in the Chinese debate:

1. That the audience demanded with the Commissioner was grafted upon a quarrel

which might otherwise have been amicably settled.

2. That it led to scenes of bloodshed and destruction wherein many innocent persons perished.
3. That such a demand ought to have been addressed to the Emperor, and that due



RECOIL OF THE GREAT CHINESE GUN-TRICK.

time should have been allowed for an answer.

4. That before hostilities were commenced, due preparation should have been made in concert with the authorities at home for the protection of the lives and properties of British subjects.

5. That the demand of access to the Commissioners was not authorized by the instructions of the Secretary of State.

Mr. Disraeli, in his address to the Electors of Buckingham said, "Lord Palmerston is an

eminent man who has deserved well of his country, but as a Prime Minister he occupies a false position. He is the Tory chief of a Radical Cabinet."

MARCH 16.

LORD DERBY criticised at length the Ministerial policy, and protested against the imputations of those who charged him and those who acted with him as having formed a factious "coalition." He ridiculed rather tartly

the current laudation of Lord Palmerston. *Mr. Punch* said he was "naturally as dissatisfied as most men are with the distressing results of a blunder which was intended for a masterpiece of cleverness. He rammed a blunderbuss chock-full of faction, and gave it to three mischievous fellows to fire off. They pulled the trigger, and the recoil has knocked them all backwards, and he will have a good deal to pay before he hears the last of the affair."

(See Cartoon, "Recoil of the Great Chinese Gun Trick.")

MARCH 21.

On this day Parliament was prorogued by Commission, preparatory to its Dissolution.

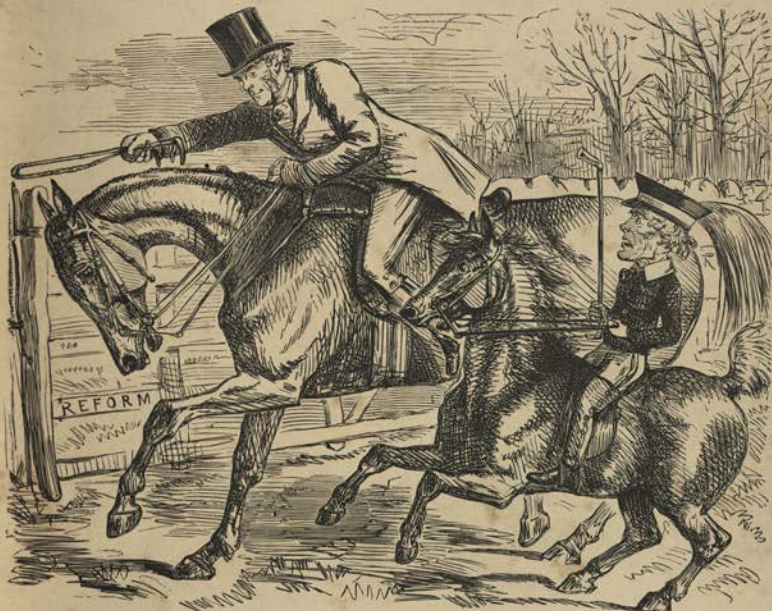
MARCH 23.

LORD PALMERSTON, in his address to the electors of Tiverton, thus defended his

Chinese policy:—"An insolent barbarian, wielding authority at Canton, violated the British flag, broke the engagements of treaties, offered rewards for the heads of British subjects in that part of China, and planned their destruction by murder, assassination and poison. The British officers—civil and naval—on the station took those measures which appeared to them to be

proper and necessary to obtain satisfaction and redress; and Her Majesty's Government had approved the course pursued by those officers in vindication of the national honour and for the assertion of our national rights.

"A combination of political parties, not till this session united, carried a resolution declaring the course pursued by our officers in China



AN OLD HAND.

LITTLE JACK RUSSELL. "Now, then, look sharp, or else let me come!"

PART. "Don't you be in a hurry, young Gentleman—I know the country!"

unjustifiable, and consequently censuring Her Majesty's Government for having approved that course; but if that course was unjustifiable, the British Government, instead of expressing satisfaction, ought to offer compensation to the Chinese Commissioner; and this course the combined opponents of the Government, if their parliamentary victory had installed them in office, must, in consistency, have been prepared to pursue. Will the British nation give

their support to men who have thus endeavoured to make the humiliation and degradation of their country the stepping stone to power?"

(See Cartoon, "An Old Hand.")

MARCH 31.

THE General Election commenced. It went against "the Coalition," as the union be-

tween Derby, Russell, Disraeli, Gladstone, Cobden, Bright, and their followers had been dubbed. Mr. Bright and Mr. Gibson at Manchester were defeated by two Conservatives. Mr. Cobden lost his seat at Huddersfield. Of Lord Palmerston's Administration only two members, Admiral Berkeley and Mr. Frederick Peel, lost their seats.

Of the Members returned to the new House, 371 were Liberals, and 284 Conservatives.

APRIL 2.

At Barrackpore, Mangal Pandey was executed for insubordination and inciting the Sepoy troops to mutiny. A further indication of the unsettled state of things in India.

APRIL 14.

THE QUEEN, at Buckingham Palace, at a quarter before two o'clock this afternoon was safely delivered of a daughter, the Princess Beatrice.

ROYAL NURSERY RHYMES.

Says Prince Albert, on Tuesday,
"I've come to tell mine 'Cyn,
There's a new Bdp. Gucen!"
"Girl, Pa," cries the Princess,
"To make up for the bride,
Adda shy Wales, half aside.
"Let's light up the Palace,"
Says light-hearted Alice;
"I'll teach her speltin' or
French," says grave Helena;
"I'll never tease her,"
Says laughing Louisa;
"I'll nurse her, rather,"
Says gallant young Arthur;
"And Me too, me hope hold
Um baby," says Leopold;
"Who'll write and tell Al?"
Says Prince Albert, "I shall."

Then they all began shouting,
for, coming to lunch
And casual, they saw their best
friend, Mr. Punch.

APRIL 30.

THE new Parliament met for the first time, John Evelyn Denison, Esq., M.P. for North Nottinghamshire, was elected Speaker without opposition.

(See *Carlton*, "Opening of Parliament.")

MAY 5.

On this day the great Exhibition of Art Treasures at Manchester was opened by the Prince Consort. It was a superb collection of paintings by Ancient and Modern Masters, arranged with great skill, and became very popular.

MAY 7.

PARLIAMENT was opened by Commission.
"A glance at the Queen's Speech" (said Mr. Punch) "showed there was nothing in it."

"We are at peace."

"It seems likely to last."

"The stipulations of the Treaty are fulfilled."

"Switzerland has briled Cleopatra to be quiet."



OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

"WHEN SHALL WE THREE MEET AGAIN?"

"We have done nothing in re Central America."

"We have signed a Treaty with Persia."

"We send out Elgin, and forces to China."

"We compound for the Sound dues."

"Queen Anne is no more."

MAY 10.

On this (Sunday) evening the native regiments at Meerut mutinied, fired on their officers, and breaking open the jail released the prisoners who had been confined for insubordination. A terrible scene ensued. The building was set on fire (says Mr. Punch's record) and upwards of 1,000 convicts liberated. Every

MAY 8.

THE new Reading Room at the British Museum was this day opened to the public for the first time.

European was attacked, and a great number of officers, together with ladies and children, were barbarously murdered by the insurgents before the English troops had time to come up. When the alarm first reached them they were preparing for church parade, and they immediately marched on the native lines. Some of the

native troops fled, were pursued, and a considerable number cut down. The rest fled to Delhi.

Then followed the hideous massacre at Delhi, where the insurgents were quickly joined by other mutineers from all quarters. The Sepoy soldiers manifested a ruthless rage and tigerish ferocity, slaughtering and outraging women, and

tossing children on their bayonet points before their mothers' eyes. The Sepoys obtained complete mastery of the city, and the British force in pursuit took up their quarters some two miles north of Delhi, "with the old cantonment in front, a canal in their rear, and the river Jumna on their left."



THE DOWRY OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

MR. BULL. "There, my child! God bless you—and may you make as good a Wife as your Mother!"

On the 16th May the Governor-General of India issued a proclamation, describing the rumours which had led the men of certain regiments to suspect meditated offence to their religion, as "malicious falsehoods," and stating that the Government of India "entertains no desire to interfere with their religion or caste."

MAY 18.

"Ow this day" (says *Mr. Punch's* "Essence,")
"the Queen sent a message to Parliament
to say that her eldest daughter was engaged,
and suggesting that something should be done

to set up the young couple. Parliament received the message very affably, and at the end of the week, with all sorts of kind speeches, gave the bride £40,000 down, and £8,000 a year for what *Mr. Punch* trusts will be a long and happy life."

The Princess Royal was betrothed to Prince Frederick William of Prussia. Announcement of the intended marriage had first been publicly made on the 29th of April, 1856.

(See *Carlton*, "The Dowry of the Princess Royal.")

ODE TO THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

DAUGHTER of England, just about to wed!
The Prussian youngster—blondie on your head,
When your Mamma—Time spins so fast away—
Was married, seems but just the other day.
Perhaps she will, in quite as short a space,
Have a granddaughter in her daughter's case.

I say, so be it!

May we all live to see it,

And to see yet more

That we may roar,

And shout Hurrah!

And sing, God Save Great Grandmamma!
May you enjoy no end of happy life,
Have a good husband and prove a good wife.

MAY 19.

DEBATE in the Lords on the Divorce Bill. The second reading was carried by 47 to 18. *Mr. Punch* addressed the following lines to the Bishop of Oxford, who opposed it.

STANZAS TO SOAPEY SAM.

TELL me, Bishop, tell me why,
If you had your little will,
You'd keep bound, in cruel tie,
Injured spouse, and false wife
still?
Why oppose Lord Cranworth's
Bill?

From a leashed and gully mate,
Why refuse a man divorce,
Ruthless of his horrid state,
Which your princely laws en-
force?
Union with a moral curse?

Do you fear that common sense
Against your dogmas will
rebel,
And if you, of high pretence,
Give an inch, will take an ell?
Ah! I don't expect you'll tell.

In a bad old canon law,
Do you see a little prop
Toryan fabric—which withdraw,
And the edifice will drop?
Are you fighting for the shop?

Were't now first proposed to
free
Until now enslaved Dissent,
Would you got, my Bishop, be
With the measure "non
content?"
Say, my Peer of Parliament.

Had you lived in other days,
Question being, That no more
Faggots should in Smithfield
burn,
You'd have urged, of holy
love,
For the bonfires, what a
store!

MAY 22.

LORD PALMERSTON on this day, proposing the adjournment of the House over the 26th, which was to be celebrated as the Queen's birthday, and also the following day, on which the Derby was to be run ("Blink Bonny" won), referred to the latter day as that "on which our Ishmanian games are celebrated." The jaunty Viscount's phrase had much vogue then and thereafter. Said *Mr. Punch* *à propos*, "Henceforth to talk of 'the Derby Day' will be vulgar. In due courtesy to Lord Palmerston, polite society will always say—'Ishmanian Games.'"



HOW THEY SETTLED NEUCHÂTEL.

MAY 28.

"PRUSSIA" (says *Mr. Punch*) "Essence of Parliament" for this date) "has signed with Switzerland; so that storm in a teacup is hushed." This referred to the Neuchâtel Question before referred to.

One of *Mr. Punch*'s Notes says:—

"The King of Prussia resigned and renounced for ever his rights of sovereignty, on the receipt of one million francs from the Helvetic Confederation. The King to keep in perpetuity the title of Prince of Neuchâtel, but to found upon that title no rights whatever either in Switzerland or Neuchâtel. Hence the cut."

(See Cartoon, "How they settled Neuchâtel.")

MAY 30.

THE GRAND DUKE CONSTANTINE of Russia, on a brief visit to this country, was received by the Queen at Osborne this day, and on the next accompanied Her Majesty on a cruise through the fleet, then at Spithead.

MAY 30.

ON this day mutiny broke out among the Sepoys at Lucknow. The rebels, after killing some officers and burning some buildings, were driven off by artillery, directed by Sir Henry Lawrence, and retired to Moodripore. Sir Henry took measures for the suppression of disaffection and for the defence of the town.

JUNE 6.

THE Mutiny broke out at Allahabad, where the Sepoys slaughtered fourteen officers, plundered the treasury, and committed other atrocities. The insurrection quickly spread to other places. Telegrams appeared in the London papers, stating that the 3rd Bengal Cavalry at Meerut was in revolt.

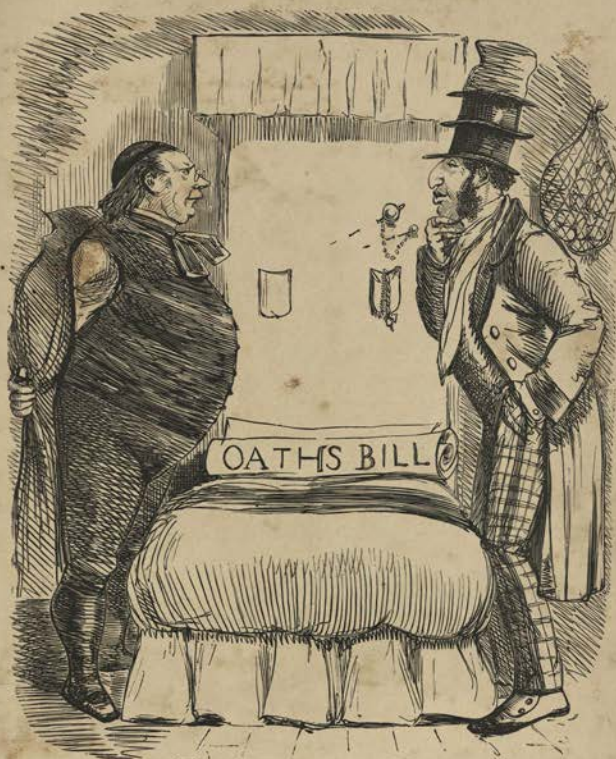
JUNE 8.

DOUGLAS JERROLD died at Kilburn Priory, aged 54.

JUNE 11.

LORD CRANWORTH'S Divorce and Matrimonial Bill being in committee in the Lords, a clause was proposed by the Bishop of Oxford (Dr. Samuel Wilberforce, popularly known by the nickname of "Soupey Sam"), who was opposed to the measure, making it lawful to inflict fine or imprisonment in divorce cases. It was carried by 43 to 33, but was afterwards excised from the Bill on the third reading by a majority of 39 against 29.

Another semi-ecclesiastical question agitated



STRANGE BED-FELLOWS!

the House about this time. The Commons (says *Mr. Punch's "Essence"*) discussed the Jew Bill, more politely called the Oaths Bill, in Committee. The Papist Party, who assume to themselves the title of Liberal, began the battle by an attempt to get the Catholic oath included in the measure, notwithstanding that they had been warned by Lord Palmerston that they might

injure the cause of the Jews by a demand to which the feeling of the country was adverse. The Commons made very short work with these persons (on June 15th), rejecting the proposition by 373 to 85.

(See *Carlson, "Strange Bed-fellows!"*)

JUNE 14.

News received at Lucknow that Cawnpore had been besieged since the 6th instant by Nana Sahib, and was in sore straits. "The whole Christian population," said Sir Hugh Wheeler's letter, "is with us in a temporary entrenchment, and our defence has been noble and wonderful; our loss heavy and cruel. We want aid, aid, aid! Regards to Lawrence." The aid thus appealed for could not then be sent; Lucknow itself was in a critical condition.

JUNE 25.

LETTERS Patent for conferring upon Prince Albert the title of Prince Consort, were ordered to be prepared for the Queen's signature.

JUNE 26.

THE first distribution of the Victoria Cross (for signal acts of valour in the presence of the enemy) was this day made by the Queen in Hyde Park.

The design of the Cross was, as is usual with such matters in England, unsatisfactory. *Punch* had the following unflattering epigram thereupon:—

THE PLAIN CROSS OF
VALOUR.

HERE'S Valour's Cross, my man;
'twill serve
Though rather ugly—take it.
John Bull a medal can deserve,
But can't contrive to make it.

JUNE 27.

News arrived from India that Delhi had been captured by the insurgent natives and the Europeans massacred. The intelligence naturally created great excitement and anxiety in this country. "The bad news from India," said *Mr. Punch*, "brought up speakers in both Houses, but nothing, of course, could be said by the Government, except that it had every confidence in the Indian authorities. The mail next week will show how far that confidence is merited." It did.

TO THE
TREASURY

HEARTLESS ROBBERY.

JUNE 30.

"LORD NAAS" (says *Mr. Punch*) "Essence of Parliament" for this date) "very ably stated the swindle of the Superannuation Scheme, under which the Chancellor of the Exchequer is permitted to rob the family of any unhappy civil servant who dies in harness, of every

shilling he has been forced to contribute to the fund, unless he has reached the precise old age at which his allowance begins. Sir G. Lewis admitted a good deal of its badness, but did not see how to alter it—actuaries are, however, he said, inquiring into the matter."

(See Cartoon, "Heartless Robbery.")

JUNE 30.

MR. BERKELEY's motion in favour of the Ballot was negatived by 257 votes against 189.

JULY 2.

THE gallant Sir Henry Lawrence, conductor of the defence of Lucknow, was this day mortally wounded by a shell which burst in his room at the Residency. He died on the 4th.

JULY 8.

LORD PALMERSTON explained in the House the reasons for England's opposition to the projected Suez Canal. He said it would tend to the more easy separation of Egypt from Turkey, and so was opposed to our policy.

Mr. Punch has the following prophetic note ("Essence of Parliament"):

"Lord Palmerston then smothered, as he conceived, the scheme of the Suez Canal, declaring that the scheme was a bubble, and also that, for political reasons, our Government would always oppose it. Some years hence, the chief cabin passengers of the *Ballist*, a steamer plying along the Suez Canal, will read this record in *Mr. Punch's* Thirty-third Volume (a complete set of his works being among the necessaries of the voyage), and will smile indulgently, and remark how Egypt has improved since England accepted her as a present from the Sultan, with the consent of the Republic of France."

JULY 13.

"SIR COLIN CAMPBELL" (says *Mr. Punch's* "Essence") "goes out to take the chief command in India."

The gallant Colin was almost off before Lord Panmure could tell him he was wanted—the Indian Mail was stopped at Marseilles that he might catch the steamer . . . and about the time that *Mr. Punch's* record is read, Sir Colin must be cutting across the desert with all his might.

(See *Cartoon*, "Every Inch a Soldier.")



EVERY INCH A SOLDIER.

P.A.M. (Bodily at the British Lion). "Here's your hot water, Sir."
SIR COLIN. "All right, I've been ready a long time."

JULY 15.

ON this day took place the terrible Massacre at Cawnpore, horrible climax of the horrors of the Indian Mutiny. Insurrection had broken out there on the 7th of June. General Wheeler and the European residents took shelter in an entrenched camp, which was

exposed to the incessant fire of the rebels. On the 24th June, that cruel and treacherous scoundrel, Nana Sahib, offered them safe conduct to Allahabad if they would surrender the entrenchment and their stores and treasures. On the 27th the doomed Europeans marched down to the river and into the boats in which they were to retire. No sooner were they in the

boats than fire was opened upon them by the mutineers. A horrible scene, too terrible and too often told to need detailed recapitulation here, ensued. The Europeans—men, women, and children—were slaughtered with every accompaniment of fiendish cruelty and bestial lust. The story of the slaughter-house and well at Cawnpore yet makes English ears tingle and English hearts flame. What effect it produced at the time may be gathered from the fiery outburst of indignant wrath which the hideous carnival of horrors wrung from the lips of the humane *Mr. Punch*.

LIBERAVIMUS ANIMAM.

Who yules about mercy? The agonised wail
Of babies hewn piecemeal yet
sickens the air,
And echoes still shudder that
caught on the gale
The mother's—the maiden's
wild scream of despair.

Who yules about mercy? That
word may be said
When steel, red and sated,
perform must retire,
And for every soft hair of each
dearly loved head
A cord has dispatched a foul
fiend to hell-fire.

The Avengers are marching—
force eyes in a glow;
Too vengeful for curses are
lips locked like those—
But hearts hold two prayers—to
come up with the foe,
And to hear the proud blast
that gives signal to close.

And woe to the hell-hounds!
Right well may they fear
A vengeance—ay, darker than
was ever known.

When Englishmen, "charging,
exchange the old cheer
Foe, "REMEMBER THE WOMEN
AND BABES WHOM
THEY SLEW."

Who slanders our brave ones?
What, piling again?
You "fear for the helpless
when left as a prey!"

"Should the females, the innocent children, be slain,
Or outraged— Away with your slanders, away!"

Our swords come for slaughter: they come in the name
Of Justice: and sternly their work shall be done:
And a world, now indignant, behold with acclaim
That hecatombs, slain in the face of the sun.

And terrified India shall tell to all time
How Englishmen paid her for murder and lust;



JUSTICE.

And stained not their fame with one spot of the crime
That brought the rich splendour of Delhi to dust.
But woe to the hell-hounds! Their enemies know
Who hath said to the soldier that fights in His name—
"THY FOOT SHALL BE DIPPED IN THE BLOOD OF THY
FOE,
AND THE TONGUE OF THY DOGS SHALL BE KEPT
THROUGH THE SAME."

(See Caricature, "Justice.")

Even in the full heat of his wrath, however,
Mr. Punch, in the same Number, put in a plea
for humanity.

A WORD TO THE AVENGER.

SOLDIER! when thou, beneath thy bayonet,
Shalt get a devilish Sepoy, save the wretch;
Safe if thou canst but make him, for Jack Ketch;
His howls, which none who heard them should forget,

Were lost amid war's uproar;
rather let
The miscreant swing in ex-
emplary throes—
Upon the gallows; but if thou
suppose
That show uncertain, then exact
our debt,
And there; in full; but be not
thou defiled
By imitation of the accursed
beast,
Who babes and women slew
with lingering pain.
Upon the wretched slave thy
vengeance feed;
There stop; nor let his guilt thy
manhood stain,
But spare the Indian mother and
her child.

Nana Sahib, having heard that the English under Havelock were in hot pursuit, had ordered the massacre of the whole of the Europeans, and the butchery had been only too completely carried out under the direction of the Begum. Nana Sahib then fled to Bithoor. The gallant Havelock, coming up, occupied Cawnpore, left General Neill in charge thereof, and pushed eagerly on to the rescue of the beleaguered British at Lucknow.

JULY 27.

THERE was a debate in the House of Commons to-night on the subject of our recent Indian policy, raised by Mr. Disraeli, who moved for the production of papers. "Mr. Disraeli" (said *Punch*), "himself no bad representative of a mutinous Asiatic, denounces everything that had ever been done in India. He wanted a Commission sent out to inquire into the grievances of the rebels, but this was too much for the English spirit of Lord John Russell, who moved as an amendment that the House should address the Queen, to assure her of every assistance in putting the rebels down."

This amendment was adopted.

(See Cartoon, "The Asiatic Mystery.")

AUG. 1.

GENERAL HAVLOCK having beaten the rebels on the 29th, found it necessary to delay the

attack upon Lucknow until the coming up of reinforcements, and so fell back for the moment on Mungulwar, whence ever and anon he sallied forth and inflicted severe chastisement on the rebels at Bithoor and elsewhere. News was conveyed to the suffering garrison at Lucknow that help was at hand, and would probably reach them in four or five days. It did not until

35 days more of terrible suffering had been added to the 26 during which they had already held out.

AUG. 5.

ON this day the shore end of the Atlantic Cable was fixed at Valentia, and the British ship "Agamemnon" with the American



THE ASIATIC MYSTERY.

AS PREPARED BY SEPOY DISRAELI.

ship "Niagara" started on the task of laying it. The attempt, however, was not this time destined to be successful, the cable parting on the 11th instant, when about 300 miles of it had been paid out.

AUG. 6.

THE EMPEROR and Empress of the French paid a private visit of four days' duration to the Queen at Osborne. Shortly afterwards the Emperor of France and the Emperor of Russia met at Stuttgart.

(See Caricatures, "The Emperors of Stuttgart.")

AUG. 14.

SIR COLIN CAMPBELL arrived in Calcutta, took the command-in-chief of the Indian army, and issued an address to the troops, urging upon them courage and confidence.

AUG. 21.

THREE arrived from India the terrible news that Delhi was still in the hands of the rebels, that Sir H. Lawrence was dead, that the whole of the troops in Oude had mutilated, and that Sir Hugh Wheeler was slain, and the Cawnpore garrison butchered. The news created intense excitement. On the 25th a meeting was held at the Mansion House to start an Indian Relief Fund, subscriptions to which poured in from all sides.

AUG. 28.

PARLIAMENT was pro-rogued by Commission. "And now" (said Mr. Punch) "universal space is left to the Dictator to use as he will—to—

HANG all the sky with his prodigious signs,
Fill Earth with monsters, drop the Scorpion down
Out of the Zodiac, or the fiercer Lion,
Shake off the loosened globe from her long hinge,
Roll all the world in darkness, and let loose
The enraged winds to tear up groves and towns.

No, Mr. Ben Jonson! no, Palmerston is doubt-

less eager to do all this and more, for the Russian papers, and the American papers, and the penny papers avouch it, but—*Vigilans in ade—is, as ever, Mr. Punch.*

Lord Palmerston was at this time extremely powerful and popular in the country, and a prime favourite (though duly chidden and chastised occasionally) of Mr. Punch.

SEPT. 10.

THE RT. HON. T. B. MACAULAY was raised to the peerage as "Baron Macaulay of Rothley in the county of Leicester." Mr. Punch, in a "Lay of Ancient Rome," described "How Titus Manlius Macauleius was made



THE EMPERORS AT STUTTGART.

EMPEROR OF RUSSIA. "Allez, mon cousin. Surtout ne getez pas le business."

EMPEROR OF FRANCE. "O, better business! I want to tell you how jolly we were at Osborne."

a Patrician." Says "The Consul Palmerston-
ius,"

"I'll raise to the Patricians
One who ne'er was steel, nor tied,
Whose weapon was his goose-quill,
Whose foes were Falshood, Prejudice,
Fraud, Sophistry, and Wrong—
With which he held wit-combat,
Wit-combat, leave and long!"

So, when that Palmerstonius
Hath gone where all must go—
E'en those whose brains glow fiery
Nesth coronals of snow:
Write by the Appian way-side
On the tomb where he is laid,
Of Maslinus Macandless
He a Patrician made!"

The honour indeed was well deserved and
fitly bestowed.

SEPT. 16.

GENERAL SIR JAMES OUTRAM, with welcome reinforcements, joined Havelock at Cawnpore. With chivalrous generosity he waived his own superior rank and left the command to Havelock, marching with him and his gallant troops as a volunteer. They encountered the rebels on the 19th at Mungliwar, and again on the 24th at Alambigh, each time successfully.



"O GOD OF BATTLES! STEEL MY SOLDIERS' HEARTS!"—Henry V., Act II.

SEPT. 20.

DELHI was assaulted and captured by the troops under General Wilson, the Cashmere gate having been blown up by a few heroic volunteers in the face of what seemed like certain destruction.

But up with the wine-cup—one toast, and but one!
The vengeance of England hath sternly begun,
The toast shall be Delhi, for Wilson is there,
And treason lies stabbed in its best-guarded hair,

sang Mr. Punch rejoicingly.

SEPT. 25.

ON this day General Havelock was enabled to relieve the heroic and long suffering garrison at Lucknow. Sir James Outram, with Havelock at his side, led the attacking column, which at nightfall broke through the streets and established itself within the enclosure of the Residency. How they were welcomed by the exhausted garrison may well be imagined. The loss was great, the brave General Neill being unhappily among the slain. The Generals, finding it impossible to remove

the non-combatants, resolved to await at Lucknow the arrival of Sir Colin Campbell.

OCT. 7.

THIS day was set apart as a day of National Fast and Humiliation in consideration of "the grievous mutiny and disturbances which have broken out in India." It was observed (says "Annals of our Time,") with general and due solemnity.

(See Cartoon, "O God of Battles! Steel my Soldiers' Hearts!")

OCT. 24.

"**B**IG BEN" at Westminster was found to be cracked. It had not yet been lifted to its place, but had been rung from time to time. Sang Mr. Punch:—

"O BELL, you're a Booby!
You've got a fine bell,
A thing that did credit to Hall
and to Warner,
And usually eager for toll and
for knell,
You stick up your Bell to be
hanged in a corner."

NOV. 9.

THE failure of the Western Bank of Scotland which occurred this day was the first of a series of commercial disasters which led to serious fluctuations in the funds and a monetary panic of unusual intensity. On the 12th the pressure was so severe that the Government suspended, temporarily, the Bank Charter Act of 1844.

(See Cartoon, "The Family Doctor.")

MRS. THREADNEEDLE'S COMPLAINT.

I AM a poor old lady, and my health is rather failing me,
The Doctors are to meet and try to find out what is ailing me,
And, please the pigs, I hope and trust they'll manage to discover it,
And though my time of life is such perhaps I shall get over it.

'Tis a return of that complaint at intervals that teases me,
Every ten years or thereabouts that regularly seizes me;
A sort of a contraction, with a tightness and a dizziness,
That won't allow a body for to go about her business.

It comes on with a pressure, and a clutching and a clawing,
Then there's a running at the chest, a pulling, and a drawing,
And then there is an uneasiness, and sort of feel of sinking,
With a kind of nervous shaking, and a fainting and a shivering.

And then I've noises in my ears: a breaking and a crashing,
A howling up and hursting, and a falling, and a smashing,
Which worries me to that degree which is beyond expression knows but they that feels how them there noises is distressing.

ST. STEPHEN'S HOSPITAL



THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

OLD LADY OF THREADNEEDLE STREET: "They say my what they like, but you're the only man as did me any good."

I feel that I must die if this goes on a minute longer,
Then someone comes and cuts my stays and I'm directly stronger.
Which makes them say I lace too tight—I scorn the accusation;
But I must have that support for to maintain my situation.

The truth is this: I'm worried by nephews and by nieces,

That plagues me, and that bothers me, and tears me into pieces,
They go too fast a pace for me, pursuing some delusion,
And then I lig, and the result is ruin and confusion.

I am too old a soldier to cajole, or coax, or wheedle,
And still enjoy so good a sight that I can threat any nation,
My dwelling is Threadneedle Street, and England is my
And Parliament and Palmerston I look to for salvation.

Nov. 17.

On this day Lucknow was at last finally relieved by the British forces under Sir Colin Campbell. The Secunderbagh was taken by storm in the most gallant way. "There never was a bolder feat of arms," says Sir Colin Campbell. Then the Shah Nujeeb, a fortified mosque in a garden, was attacked, and after some hours' hard fighting stormed by the 93rd Highlanders, with the aid of the gallant Captain Peel and his dashing Naval Brigade. Next day the enemy making a last stand in a building called the Mess House, were defeated, and communications opened with the beleaguered garrison, who meanwhile had not been inactive. When the advance (of Sir Colin Campbell and his forces) sounded, it was impossible, wrote Sir Henry Havelock, "to describe the enthusiasm with which the signal was received by the troops. Pent up in inaction for upwards of six weeks, and subjected to constant attacks, they felt that the hour of retribution and glorious exertion had returned. Their cheers echoed through the courts of the palace responsive to the bugle sound, and on they rushed to assured victory. In a few minutes the whole of the buildings were in our possession."

The joy of the relieved garrison was great, and the meeting of Sir Colin Campbell with Outram and Havelock most affecting.

Great as was Sir Colin Campbell's success he had been much hampered by official routine. *Mr. Punch* noted the fact in the following lines:

THE RED-TAPE SERPENT.

SIR COLIN has landed, his forces are banded,
And sworn that no numberless Sepoy shall escape,
But the first of the foes to encounter his blows
Is the pestilent Serpent that's made of Red Tape.

Sleek clerks with white liver "have ventured to differ
With Campbell, our Highlander, touching the shape



THE RED-TAPE SERPENT-SIR COLIN'S GREATEST DIFFICULTY IN INDIA.

He should give the campaign "that's to give us again
The empire they've ruined and lost by Red Tape.

A black-baited fool is pouncing to school
A soldier whose banners are muffled in crapes,
Through the folly and crime of "officials" no time
Will ever set free from the strings of Red Tape.

The dillies stood gazing while dillies were blazing,
And all they could do was to gibber and gape!

Yet now dare to wrangle and seek to entangle
The Avenger's bright sword in their links of Red Tape.

Let us hope that Sir C. has resolved to be free,
To launch as he pleases his steel and his grape,
And in haste for the slaughter by Jemna's red water
Has mangled the Serpent that's made of Red Tape.

(See Cartoon, "The Red-tape Serpent.")

Nov. 21.

HERE was at this time a financial crisis in America as well as in this country.

(See Caricature, "The American Crisis.")

Mr. Punch (parodying the sprightly style of an American writer popular at the time, who wrote under the *nom de plume* of "Fanny Fern"), gave the following facetious description of it:—

MRS. FANNY FERN ON THE AMERICAN CRISIS.

"Well, I never! No! Stockings and bracelets, darned as stockings are darned, you know! If I ever did. Miss! Ah! So it's us—us, women, ladies, us, the delicious little blue-eyed tremblers, at whose tiny tottles-cums you've been kneeling for nobody never knows how long—it's us who have been and done it, and got you all into debt, and stopped your banks, and made your tails good for nothing but to light the beasty cigars, you've got on tick, ain't that the word? By Diana and the mischievous michin Dan Cupid, that is what you've concluded to come to, is it? And you call yourselves men? If I could blash, I'd blash for you, but I calculate it wouldn't do you more good than emptying my teapot into the sloughy Niagara.

"And what have we, poor 'laid slaves, been doing, if it please my lords and masters of the Creation is certify. Let us hear our crimes, anyhow. What? Buying too many robes, and spending too much in jewellery, and perfumes, and soap, and gloves, and flowers, and slippers for our dear little trotters. Those are the things that you are not ashamed to throw into our faces. Grant me patience, gracious Jupiter, while I write such matters down. Why, a right-minded man, not to say American, would down upon his marriage-bones to his wife, and humbly thank her for having at all events got some pleasure out of his money while it lasted. And she, if she was a dear, warm, kind, affectionate, sweet, good, darling little rib (as we all

are till you make us more (ah!), would say to him, shaking her lovely curls over his face, 'Sam,' or 'Bill,' or 'Alcibiades,' as the case might be, 'I forgive you,—and I don't know—I say I don't know, but if he lookal very penitent indeed, and was a handsome fellow—I don't know, but she might just—there, it's out—give him a kiss. Ah, and a good one too—not one of the touches that wouldn't make a dewdrop slipshodder from a rose-leaf, but one as if she meant it. But the

I reckon. We must put down The Carriage and Fixins.



THE AMERICAN CRISIS.

MR. BULL (to his extravagant child). "The fact is, JONATHAN, both you and your Wife have been living too fast."

notion of a husband changing his min upon one of those angels who in the disguise of wives float about your homes, and fill the air with essence of Paradise—well, there!

"In course it's all our doing too. No little trifle of extravagance on your side the table. Nothing about poker, or any other little game. Nothing about racing or bets on horses to be sent over to England, to have their hearts broken by the cheating of John Bull's jockeys, or to be poisoned by dukes and marquises for fear the Stars and

the Stripes should hang the old country on its own tail. No system and portwine, and such like, smothering the aristocrats of Britain. No chests of cigars as big as umbrellas. No Gumsticklers, and Neck-twisters, and Bramlysmashes, and Bullamilk, and Tonguescrappers; not any other of your nasty excuses for liquor when you're ashamed to call out, like free citizens of the noblest empire in the world, for what you really mean. No opera-boxes that ain't always filled with your own wives, but are sometimes sent as presents to somebody else's—

same remark as to shawls and trinkets, my masters. Oh, no! nothing of all this.

"But come, girls, up and be doing! If we've done the mischief, (and my lords say so, and therefore, of course it must be so) we must repair it. We'll have a good time. Let them be off to Saratoga or Sarah anybody they like. We conclude to take the business in hand. Yes, Siler. We'll begin by making one big bonfire in Broadway of all their books and bills and botheration, and the gallant firemen of New York (far nobler fellows, as I have said elsewhere, than any of the haughty aristocracy of England, or the Upper Ten either) shall see that we don't set the City afire. Then we'll take business into our own keeping, and whip me for a fool if by next Fall everything ain't slick and silvery. No more loaning, and discounts, and protests (except about our beauty, eh, girls?) and all that blather-rumskite, as the poor Irish exiled patriots prettily call it. We will have the almighty dollar naked in all its silver loveliness, and he shall be wrapped up in no paper of any kind. That's our basis, our Declaration of Independence, and we'll fight any number of Bunker's Hills upon it. Hail, Columbia, happy land, the girls here took your cause in hand. What do you say to that, my Cais?"

"FANNY FEEN."

DEC. 3.

Parliament was opened by the Queen in person. "Circumstances," said the Royal Speech, "have arisen connected with the mercantile interest of the country which have induced me to call Parliament together before the usual time." "The Royal Speech was singularly ungrammatical," said Mr. Punch, "which was of course not the fault of the Queen, who is bound by the Constitution to accept Lord Palmerston's false concords, and Lord Pannure's rum relatives (Dow included)."

(See Cartoon, "The State Butler.")

* SERENADE FOR THE SESSION.

Here's Parliament met in December!

What a nuisance to many a member!

Sad abbreviation

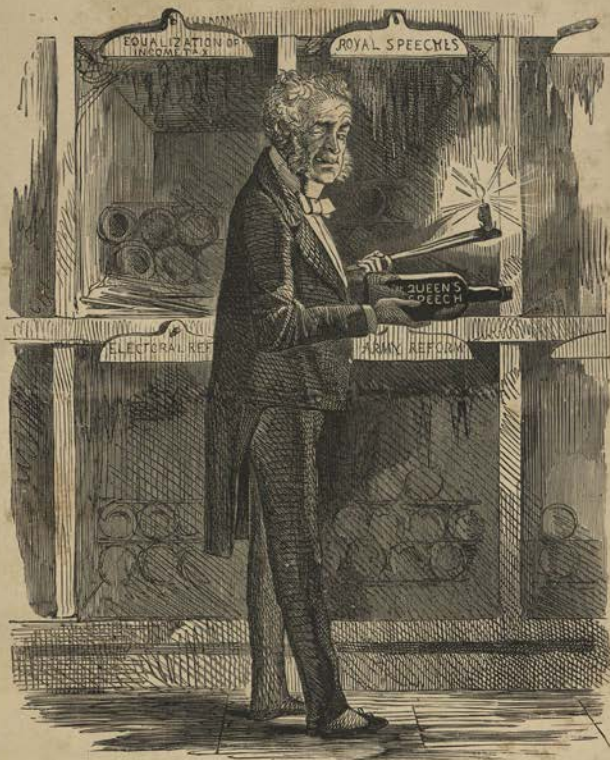
Of their short vacation!

For that began hard on September.

The Queen must have had a strong reason

For this, at this present odd season,

The Houses convoking,



THE STATE BUTLER GETS UP ANOTHER BOTTLE OF FINE OLD SMOKE.

In haste hot and smoking,
But the matter is less than high treason.

For a breach of our mere Constitution,
In order to stop prosecution,

The breakers, confusion
Have made of transgression,
And wish to receive absolution.

No doubt 'twill be readily granted;

They having no error recanted:

They will freely be shriven,
And fully forgiven,
When all the great spouters have ranted.

Necessity governed their action,
They had to remove a contraction,
Which commerce entangled,
And soon would have strangled;
They won't have to make satisfaction.

+ 1858 +

JAN. 7.

THE opening of the New Year was saddened by the reception this day of the mournful news that Havelock, the hero of the Indian Mutiny, had succumbed on the 25th

November to dysentery, "brought on by exposure and anxiety." No soldier-hero was ever more loved or more lamented. *Mr. Punch* indited the following verses to his memory:—

HAVELOCK.

He is gone. Heaven's will is best :
Holla turf o'erlies his breast.

Ghost in black, not fool in gold
Laid him in yon hallowed mould.
Guarded to a soldier's grave
By the bravest of the brave,
He hath gained a nobler soul
Than in old Cathedral gloom,
Nobler mortars paid the rite
Than the crowd that craves a sight,
England's banners o'er him waved—
Dead, he keeps the realm he saved.



THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

Pass to Sir Colin. "Well—upon my word—oh!—I'm really extremely obliged to you—but—oh!—how about keeping the brute?"

Strew not on the hero's bier;
Garlands of a herald's verse;
Let us hear no words of Fame
Smelling loud a deathless name;
Tell us of no vaunted Glory
Shouting forth her haughty story.
All life long his homage rose
To far other shine than those,
"Ere *Blas* Stigma," pale nor dim,
Lies the battlefield for him,
And the price he sought and won,
Was the Crown for Duty done.

(See Cartoon, "The New Year's Gift.")

JAN. 14.

AN attempt was made on the lives of the Emperor and Empress of the French by an Italian named Orsini and others, who threw explosive bombs at them as they were passing through the Rue Lepelletier. Several persons were seriously wounded, but the Emperor and Empress escaped with but the slightest scratches. Orsini and his co-conspirators were arrested.

"This act" (says *Mr. Punch's* Political Summary prefixed to Vol. XXXIV), "created a strong

feeling in France against this country, as the chief of the conspirators had been resident in England for some time, though conducting himself in a peaceable and inoffensive manner." Remonstrances were made by the French Government on the subject, and the French press and the speeches and addresses of French army-men teemed with provocative remarks and insulting insinuations, which caused much irritation in this country. The vapouring of "the French Colonels" was good-humouredly ridiculed by *Mr. Punch*.

JAN. 16.

HER first sitting of the new Court for Divorce and Matrimonial Causes under Sir Cresswell Cresswell, acting as Judge Ordinary.

JAN. 20.

COUNT WALEWICK, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, writing to Count Persigny, French Ambassador here, gave expression to the French feeling of dissatisfaction at England continuing to harbour murderous conspirators. "Ought then" (asks the Count) "the right of asylum to protect such a state of things? Is hospitality due to assassins?"

The Army's addresses of congratulation to the Emperor were so full of offensive allusions to England that Count Walewski subsequently made formal apology for their publication.

JAN. 25.

On this day was celebrated at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the marriage between the Princess Royal of England and Prince Frederick William of Prussia.

(See *Cartoon*, "A National Toast.")

MR. PUNCH'S CONDUCT AT THE WEDDING.

THE cannons are roaring, the bumpers are pouring,
And neatly the scotajugal knot has been tied,
The dinkies is in it if *Punch* at such minute
Forgets to shout out "Here's a health to the Bride!"

He knew her a baby, some years ago maybe,
He knew her a maiden, red-lipped and soft-eyed;

And now his true-settled young darling is settled
(As matrons remark), Here's a health to the Bride!

When Mamma tied disclosed that the Prince had proposed,
Mrs. Punch with his instant permission replied,
And never looked grumpy, but, "Out with the Stumpy"
He said to John Bull, "for our dear little Bride."

He got near the altar, and heard her voice falter
While all the sweet Bridesmaids in sympathy cried,



A NATIONAL TOAST.

HEALTH AND HAPPINESS TO THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM! (HOORAH!)

And when he could come near the good Doctor Sumner,
Stood treat to that priest in a health to the Bride.

He bestowed a kind slap on the good-looking chap
Who in future will call her his joy and his pride.
And he said, "Frodden buck, don't I wish you all luck!
Though you have it, young Fred, in your fair English
Bride."

Every Bridesmaid he kissed, got a beauty he missed,
Though the dowagers opened their eyes very wide,

And perhaps you don't think he told each with a wink,
"There's another nice party in search of a Bride."

When the festival staves end he'll go down to Government,
And see that his darling is served with a tithe,
And roar ten times louder than Tibbany's powder,
Hip, hip, hooray, and long life to the Bride!

The Royal couple left for Prussia on the 2nd
February.

FEB. 4.

PARLIAMENT resumed its sittings after the adjournment.

FEB. 9.

LORD PALMERSTON introduced the Conspiracy to Murder Bill. This Bill, which was considered to be dictated by too great subserviency to the wishes of the French, was very ill received. "The first clause went to make conspiracy to murder within the United Kingdom a felony, punishable with penal servitude for 5 years, or imprisonment with labour for 3 years. The second extended the same penalties to all who should 'incite, instigate, or solicit' any other person." (*Punch's Political Summary.*)

"Mr. Kinglake" (said *Punch's "Essence"*) "opposed the Bill, because it seemed to be dictated by France. Mr. Bowyer was of course for anything pleasing to a Catholic despot. Lord Elcho saw no reason for the Bill, and much against introducing it now. Mr. Roebuck abused Louis Napoleon."

(See Cartoon, "Cock-a-doodle-doo!")

FEB. 12.

LORD PALMERSTON introduced a Bill transferring the government of our Indian possessions from the East India Company to the Crown. This change was demanded by popular opinion, influenced by the Indian Mutiny, though vehemently opposed by the Company itself and its friends. "Lord Palmerston" (says *Mr. Punch's "Essence"*) "then came forward to pronounce the fall of the East India Company, and delivered the following recitative:—

"ARRANGEMENTS now in force in India, stand;
Court of Directors, you must all disband;
Court of Proprietors, come, vanish too;
For we propose this substitute for you—
A President, and Council, numbering Eight,



COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO!

"Let the miserable assassins, the unwholesome agents of such crimes, receive the chastisement due to their abominable attempts; but also let the infamous haunt where machinations so infernal are planned be destroyed for ever. . . . Give us the order, Sir, and we shall pursue them even to their places of security."—Montrose.

He a Queen's Minister; his word is law,
And his decision final; but if in its
Semi-lance enjunt, they may pretend, in Minutes,
The Crown's to name the Council (but from men
Who've been Directors, or with sword, or pen,
Have served in India, or gained information
By living there in non-official station),
Appointed for eight years, but, every two
Exceed two members at rotation's cue,
One thousand pounds a year each member draws,

Five thousand grab the Presidential claws.
All local Indian patronage retains
Its present place. The Writership remains
Open to competition, and those pets
Of fortune, whom Directors call Cadets,
The President and Board displace; but One
Hath special claim—an Indian Soldier's son.
Henceforth the Indian Army serves the Queen;
But if a single soldier is so mean
As to object, he's free to go at large—

Welcome, in fact, to ask for his discharge.
As for the fiction neither wise nor witty,
That gives the Secret name to a Committee,
That's wiped away; the Minister instead
Must keep the secrets in his single head.
But if he bids the battle trumpet blow,
'Till a month the Parliament must know,

That is, if slitting; so a Statesman arch
In August might make war, nor tell till March.
The rest's detail—no more needs now be said—
Off instantly with Ross D. Mangles' head!"

Leave was given to bring in the Bill by 318
votes against 173.

FEB. 19.

On this day the Ministry was defeated on
the Conspiracy to Murder Bill.

(See Cartoon, "Dignified Position.")

"Then" (says Mr. Punch's "Essence") "came



DIGNIFIED POSITION.

Pam (who has just been knocked over by the Foreign Gentle). "Oh, I beg your pardon, I'm sure! I didn't hurt you, I trust!"

the Earthquake. The Lion rose and moved
the second reading of the Conspiracy Bill.
Mr. Gibson moved his amendment.

He answered Baines.—The Bill itself was right,
Therefore be heedless of those Colonists' spite.
"Yes," said grave Walpole, "of that mind am I;
But first Walpole's mind have I reply."
"We've told the French Ambassador," said Grey,
"We'll never take asylum-right away."
The Irish Mr. whose Mahon's sounded Maun,
Opposed the Bill in an elaborate yarn;
And the young hope of Whiggdom, Georgey Byng,
Thought it a mischievous and needless thing.
Spencer supported it, as did H. Vane;
And Bentinck cut his Tory friends again.

Sir Robert Peel shamed the Bill as sham,
And pitched into his former patron, Pam.
Hemley agreed with Walpole, and Moncrieff,
Lord Advocate, did justice to his brief.
The gentle Gladstone strong objections saw:
We should uphold our good old English law.
Nebell thought all was settled by one fact,
That he advised the passing of the Act.
Then on our Daisy's lips the audience hung
While bitter scoffs came sourer from his tongue.
Once more the Lion rose in ancient pride,
And roused his last—there came the cry, "Ereide!"
And Bright and Gibson, as the Tellers seen,
Announced that Pam was beaten by Nineteen.
(To future ages let the sum survive
The numbers Two-Three-Four to Two-Ten-Five).

Mid shouts Punch thus translates for Emperor Lion,
"Old England to herself remains, Sure, true."

The majority against the Government was 19
(234 against 215). Lord Palmerston resigned,
the Queen sent for Lord Derby, the Govern-
ment announced their resignation on the 23rd
and Parliament adjourned on the 26th.

MARCH 11.

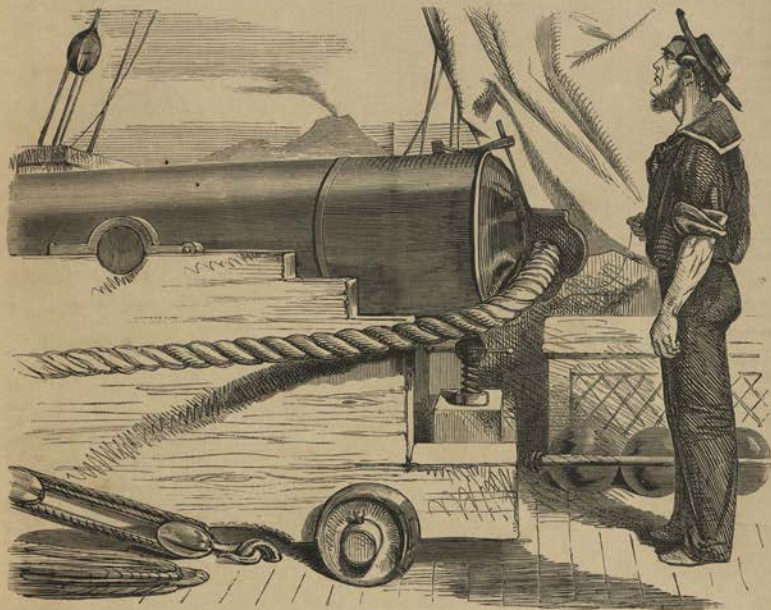
A PAMPHLET entitled "L'Empereur Napo-
léon III. et l'Angleterre" was published,

as it was believed, under Imperial inspiration. It gave a grotesquely exaggerated account of the "Discussion Forums" of London, which it described as haunts of murderous sedition, furnishing opportunities for the planning of treasonable plots against authority at home or abroad. *Mr. Punch* ridiculed the preposterous

pamphlet, and in a pair of Cartoons showed the harmlessly prosaic and cheaply convivial character of "A Discussion Forum (I) as it is in reality," as compared with the sombre and sanguinary aspect of "A Discussion Forum (I) as Imagined by our Volatile Friends."

MARCH 12.

THE House re-assembled, Lord Derby having in the meanwhile formed a new Administration, with Mr. Disraeli as Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the Earl of Malmesbury at the Foreign Office. It was announced by Mr.



OUR NEXT AMBASSADOR TO NAPLES.

Disraeli in the Commons that "the painful misconceptions between the French and English Governments had entirely terminated in a manner conducive to the interests and happiness of both nations."

MARCH 24.

AT this time there was a dispute between this country and the Neapolitan Government on what was known as the "Cagliari" case. In the previous year, 1857, the "Cagliari," a Sardinian Mail-boat plying between Tunis and

Genoa and Cagliari in Sardinia, had been seized by a body of armed men who were on board, and taken to Ponza where was a Neapolitan prison. The mutineers broke into this prison, released the prisoners, and took them on board the "Cagliari" to the number of 391. The vessel then sailed for the Italian mainland, arriving at Sapri on the 28th June, 1857. There the captain was released, and the ship given up to him. He sailed at once for Naples to inform the authorities there, but on the 29th the "Cagliari" was seized by a Neapolitan squadron. On board were two English en-

gineers named Park and Watt, and these men were imprisoned, and had been kept in confinement ever since, receiving treatment which had made both of them ill and driven one insane.

Mr. Kinglake brought the matter before the House of Commons, and it gave rise to several debates, and excited much indignation.

(See *Cartoon*, "Our next Ambassador to Naples.")

Ultimately (on the 8th June) the dispute was settled by the release of the prisoners and the payment to them by the Neapolitan Government of an indemnification of 3,000*l.*

MARCH 26.

MR. DISRAELI introduced the New India Bill in the Commons. "The great difficulty in drawing up the measure" (said *Mr. Punch*) "was to preserve the principle of Lord Palmerston's, of which the House had approved, while avoiding what is called, when pirates steal inventions, a colourable imitation."

Mr. Disraeli's Bill, like Lord Palmerston's, proposed to abolish the Court of Directors and transfer their power to the Crown. There was to be a Council with a Minister at its head, but instead of eight members there were to be eighteen, and half of these were to be elected, the other half only to be nominated by the Government. Five cities of the United Kingdom—London, Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow and Belfast—were to elect five of the elective nine, the remaining four to be elected by everybody who had served or lived in India, or who held India Stock to the amount of 1,000*l.* The Bill was not favourably received, and was ultimately abandoned in favour of Lord Russell's suggestion to proceed by resolution in a Committee of the whole House.

(See Cartoon, "The Rival Black Dolls.")

APRIL 9.

DR. SIMON BERNARD was tried by Special Commission at the Central Criminal Court on the charge of being an accessory before the fact to Orsini's attempt upon the life of the French Emperor. After a trial of six days he was acquitted by the jury and liberated. The verdict in his favour was an extremely popular one.

APRIL 19.

MRS. CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER (*Mr. Disraeli*) introduced his Budget. *Mr. Punch* thus described it:—"Behold to-night



THE RIVAL BLACK DOLLS.

came the Budget, even the Budget of Benjamin the son of Isaac, of the House of Israel, and it was in this wise:—

Air.

(MR. BENJAMIN DISRAELI.)

I DARE NOT touch the Income Tax,
It now must fall from Seven to Five,
Nor on the people's laden backs

Add weight, now in their perches dive;
And yet resources must be found,
To raise, this year, four million pound.

Metaphors I see a skilful plan,
Old birds are sometimes caught with chaff
I spy a mole by which I can
Procure a million and a half.
This to the Sinking Fund is owed;
Keep it: the Sinking Fund be bowed.

A noble thought; my bosom
swells. [way:
Let's do more business in that
A gallant gentleman rebels
At paying debts; base slaves
may pay.
Of the Eschequer Bonds we've
Two (due,
Millions to pay—we'll leave them
Does whiskey-swilling Paddy
think (shall flow?
Longer his grog half-taxed
We'll equate upon his drink
The duties, now a cap too low.
Fagan avouragen! Brine
astore!
This gives me half a million more.

It were enough, I'm not the chap
With needless grasp your souls
to vex,

But for a margin, let me clap
A penny 'tax' on bankers'
cheques:

My friend Tom Baring says 'will
show (or as,
Three hundred thousand pounds,

My task is done, the plan I've
brought (denies:
Can scarce excite the best
Surely I've ventilated nought
To hasten our exchequer, Sir,
No winder Budget will you find
Since great Ulysses lagged the
wind.

"It would have been worse
than crasht to fire a shot at such
a bubble. Three ex-Chancellors,
Lewis, Gladstone, and Baring,
indulgently applauded it, and
except that an Irish member or
two growled mechanically at any
mention of Ireland paying anything,
there was no opposition.
Lord John Russell complimented
his interesting *project* on having
acquitted himself so well."

[See Cartoon, "The New
Budget."]]

MAY 3.

MR. LOCKE KING introduced a Bill which passed into law, abolishing the property qualification required from Members of Parliament for English and Irish constituencies. The present law, he maintained, was quite ineffective for its ostensible purpose of securing men of character and capacity as Members of Parliament, from the fact of its being without difficulty continually evaded by means of fictitious conveyances.

MAY 7.

On the 19th April Lord Ellenborough, President of the Board of Control, had sent to the Governor-General of India (Lord Canning) a despatch strongly censuring his Oude Pro-



THE NEW BUDGET.

"I say, Jim, ain't it precious 'ard? We've got to put a penny stamp on every cheque we draw on our bankers!"

clamation. This Proclamation, issued on March 3rd, had charged the inhabitants of Oude with aiding the Mutineers, and announced that, exception being made in favour of the claims of six legal balookdars, or landowners, "the proprietary right in the soil of the Province" would be confiscated to the British Government. Lord Ellenborough said, "We cannot but express to you our apprehension that this decree, pro-

nouncing the disinherison of a people, will throw difficulties almost insurmountable in the way of the re-establishment of peace." Debate on this subject commenced to-night in the Commons, and was continued on the 14th. Mr. Cardwell on the latter date moved a resolution censuring the Government for weakening the authority of the Governor-General at such a time. Ultimately (despatches arriving from

India showing that Lord Canning's original Proclamation had been withdrawn, and that the one really issued "included ample promise of restitution to all who should pay homage to the Queen," Mr. Cardwell withdrew his motion.

Mr. Punch held that at this moment India was being made the football of party. "The

Tories and Pam" (said he) "had each an India Bill before the House. If the latter decided in favour of Pam's Bill, as it probably would, this would be a damaging, if not a death blow to the Tories. Therefore John (Lord John Russell) devised a plan to avoid a collision, and proposed that the House should decide on neither Bill,

but should discuss some general resolutions on the subject, and have an Indian Constitution framed accordingly. Dizzy jumped with laughable alacrity at this—never was a life-buoy more welcome to a floundering swimmer."

(See *Cartoon*, "A Game of Foot-ball as played by certain Westminster Boys.")



A GAME OF FOOT-BALL AS PLAYED BY CERTAIN WESTMINSTER BOYS.

THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

(Being the lamentable History of one Little Bill and his Brother.)

Now ponder well, my public dears,
The words which I shall write;
A solemn story you shall hear,
In rhyme brought forth to light.
An aged gentleman kept shoppe
In Lundenhall Street of late,
Who long in India had dwelt,
And there held large estate.

Sore sick he was and like to dye,
No help his life could save;
So struggling sore, John Cummins,
Addressed him for the grave.

No love, or little at the most,
John Ball and him did bind;
For gain he lived, in feud he dyed,
And left two Babes behind.

The one was called Bill number one,
Not passing three weeks old;
The other was Bill number two;
A babe quiet to behold.
The guardians of the elder Bill,
As plainly did appear,
Would pickings have from the estate
Of millions a year.

So from the other Babe much gain,
In land, and place, and gold,
Should fall to whom it did guide,
By council uncontrolled.

But if both Babes should chance to dye,
Ere they to age should roame,
Their uncle, Russell, must step in,
By law of number one.

"John Russell," said the dying man,
"If all be true I hear,
Few friends hath small Bill number one,
Number two, none I fear.
The twaine to you I recommend;
To do whatever you may,
To fit them for the work they'll have,
When I am passed away."

* * * * *

"Now if you die your best by them,
Virtue's its own reward."

But if you otherwise should deal—"
 With that he looked him hard;
 But Master Russell kept his face
 As firm as any stone,
 And took the Babes into his hands,
 To tendle them like his own,
 All with a sin and seely minde,
 The Babes to him he takes,

And pats their cheeks, and sleeks their heads,
 And much of them he makes.
 He had not kept these luckless Babes
 Scarce three weeks and a day,
 But, to advance himself, he did
 Him to make both away.
 He bargained with two raffians strong,
 Gladstone by name and Bright,

That they should take these little Bills,
 And slay them loche outright,
 He told John Bull an artful tale,
 He wished their fates to mendle,
 And resolutions he put forth
 That theroonto did trade.
 Away then went those little Bills,
 The murderers at their side;



THE GOOD LITTLE ROBINS BURYING THE BILLS IN THE WOOD.

Each in its comely coat of print,
 With the red tape y-tied,
 With prett and prattle pleasantie,
 As smalle Bills woot to goe,
 They passed the first stage of their road,
 With gay and gallant showe.
 Now none with Gladstone ever joynt,
 But he did straightlie fall out;
 And Bright he was of kindred minde,
 Altho' a varlet stout.
 And each of them, on both the Babes,
 Did wishe to do his charge,
 Expecting him that bierd them
 Would pay him very large.
 The other won't agree thereto,
 So here they fall to strife;

With one another they did fighte,
 For fighting 'tis their life.
 And which slew which I cannot tell,
 Nor if 'tis truth I hear,
 That like Kilkenny cats, both foughte
 Till both did disappear.
 Meanwhile, these two poor little Bills
 Went wandering up and downe;
 But never found a guide to showe
 The way where they were bounde:
 Their pretty prints with blots and stains
 Were all besmeared and dyed,
 And all in darke St. Stephen's woode
 They rambled far and wide.
 Thus wandered these poor innocents
 Till death did end their griefe,

In one another's arms they died,
 As wanting due reliefe.
 No buriall this pretty pair
 Of any man receives,
 Till Robbs-Rodderasts, Dis and Pam,
 Did cover them with leaves.
 How came the heave writhle of Bell
 On Russell, next to tell,
 How he was raised to high estate,—
 How low therefrom he fell;
 His faces waxed hot, his friends waxed cold,
 His plans were all mistaid—
 All this I cannot tell you yet,
 Till out the play is plaid,

(See Cartoon, "The Good Little Robins.")

MAY 26.

At Slough, where the Conservatives of Bucks gave a dinner to their representative, Mr. Disraeli, that gentleman made a speech satirically descriptive of the debate on Mr. Cardwell's motion and its result. He described the combination against the Government as "a cabal which has no other object but to upset the Government of the Queen, and to obtain its own ends in a manner the most reckless but the most determined." He also made various charges against the late Government. This Slough speech excited much comment, and led to hot debates in Parliament. Both Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston attacked Mr. Disraeli vigorously, but he defended himself with vivacity if not with scrupulous fairness against their joint attacks, finishing by declaring that the country and the parties were equally resolved "no longer to be made the tools of an obsolete oligarchy." Mr. Punch described this encounter as a Prize Fight in which "Young Bendigo" met "Johnny Russell" and the "Bottleholder," "one down and t'other come on," and got the better of them, though not without some hitting below the belt.

(See Carlson, "The Man who won the Fight.")

JUNE 7.

LORD STANLEY announced that a Bill based on the India Resolutions (five of which had already passed) would be forthwith introduced.

This Bill passed its second reading on the 24th June, and its third on the 8th July. It passed the Upper House with some few amendments, and received the Royal assent on August 31st.

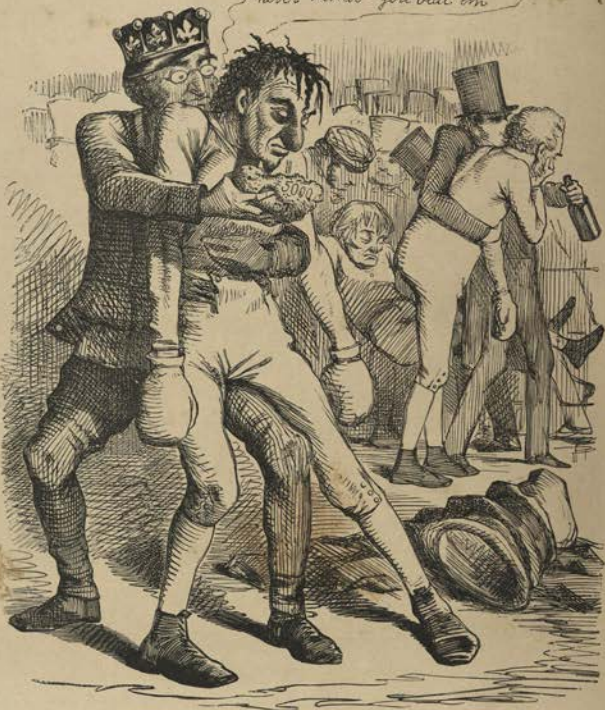
JUNE 8.

On this day was settled the dispute between ourselves and the Neapolitan Government

concerning what was known as the "Cagliari" case. (See March 24.) Sang Mr. Punch:—

Three cheers for Mam,
Who has beaten Pam,
And knocked him down de combat;
And has been and got
For Parle and Watt
The mopwipes out of Bomba.

You certainly hit foul—but
never mind—you beat 'em



THE MAN WHO WON THE FIGHT.

JUNE 26.

A TREATY of Peace with China was this day concluded at Tien-tsin by Lord Elgin on behalf of the English Government.

The "Agamemnon" and "Niagara" commenced laying a cable across the Atlantic. The attempt was not successful, the cable parting when about 450 miles had been payed out.

JUNE 29.

MR. RAREY, the American horse-tamer, performed with the celebrated blood-horse "Cruiser" in the presence of the Queen. "He had" (says one of *Mr. Punch's* Notes) "created a great sensation by introducing to Europe a

system of breaking and subduing horses, which while it spares that noble animal a vast amount of torture and fear, must indirectly tend to mollify the nature of its master, man." "Cruiser" had been universally regarded as a vicious and untamable brute, but Mr. Rarey made it "one of the best taught, docile, and domestic of horses."

JUNE 30.

"PARTLY" (says *Mr. Punch's* Summary) "in consequence of the unusual dryness of the season, and partly from causes connected with the drainage of the Metropolis," the Thames at this date was in a very filthy and dangerous



THE "SILENT HIGHWAY" MAN. "Your MONEY or your LIFE!"

state. Its condition, in fact, almost gave rise to a panic; parliamentary proceedings were interfered with, officials became ill, the attendance of members diminished, and there was at one time talk of moving temporarily to a healthier meeting place. This excitement found issue in a Bill to authorize the cleansing of the Thames, which was introduced by Mr. Disraeli on the 15th July, and ultimately received the assent of the House.

(See Cartoon, "The 'Silent Highway' man.")

TO THE THAMES.

(After TENNYSON.)

HAKE, hake, hake,
O Thames, on thy way to the sea!
And I would that thy sink could poison
A Bishop, Peer, or M.P.

Oh, well for the Rotherhithe boy
That he shouts with the mudlarks at play!
Oh, well for the Greenwich lad,
That he dives for the beggars in thy clay!

And the swollen dead dogs go down
Through the bridges, past Tow'r Hill!

But, oh, for the touch of a despot's hand
To the works of a Board that is nil!

Hake, hake, hake,
O Thames, on thy way to the sea!
But the appetite which thy sink strikes dead
Will never come back to me.

JULY 1.

A COMPROMISE between the House of Lords and the House of Commons, on the oft debated question, led at last to the admission of Jews to Parliament. Lord John Russell's latest

Bill for the Removal of Jewish Disabilities had met with the usual opposition in the Lords, though passed by a large majority in the Commons. Lord Lucan proposed the insertion of a clause enabling either House by its resolution to modify the form of oath. "Lord Derby" (says *Mr. Punch's "Essence"*) "announced that he detested Moses as much as

ever, but would accept the compromise which admits him to the parlour but excludes him from the drawing room." A Bill in accordance therewith was this day introduced. It passed without delay both Houses, and a little later (on the 26th) Baron Rothschild took his seat for the City. Thus in the usual dignity-saving principle-ceding compromise ended one more

long fight of bigotry against reason and justice. "The nation" (says *Punch* ironically) "is now, we understand, completely un-christianized. . . . A general massacre of the Jews might save us, but there is little true piety in these days."

THE TRIUMPH OF MOSES.

So the struggle of Moses is over at last,
The Jews are no more a disqualified caste,



ARISTOCRATIC AMUSEMENTS.

JOHN THOMAS. "Confusion, or Cremona, my Lady!"

And Moses will henceforth in Parliament sit,
If either the Lords or the Commons think fit.

In the Commons 'tis certain that Moses will meet
With no opposition in taking his seat.
Which he'll firmly endeavour with credit to fill,
For economy, measures, materials, and skill.

He will soon make his way with their Lordships, the Peers,
As his high reputation will come to their ears,
And I'll warrant they won't shut their doors in his face,
If Her Majesty makes him the Duke of Duke's Place.

Only think how 'twould be if they didn't give way;
Consider what England and Europe would say:

The Commons and Lords their old titles would lose,
This called House of Christians, and that House of Jews!

Then room for Lord Moses, ye proud Barons, yield,
With his crest on his carriage, and arms on his shield,
And his pedigree, higher than Normans can run,
And his business—which he can entail on his son.

JULY 9.

"THE fashionable world" (says one of *Mr. Punch's* Notes) "engaged Cremona Gardens for a fete, which was town talk for

some time. The weather proved to be very ungenial, the rain descending in torrents." About 2,000 attended this aristocratic fete. It excited much rather uncomplimentary comment, and the question was raised in the House of Commons "whether the ladies had any right to turn the public out, or whether, having that right, they were wise in exercising it."

(See Cartoon, "Aristocratic Amusements.")

JULY 29.

THE Lords considered the Commons' reasons for disagreeing with their amendments to the India Bill. Only one of these Amendments was finally insisted upon by the Upper House. "In consideration" (says *Mr. Punch*) "of the Lords having agreed to most of the amendments

of the Nether House, the latter yielded to the Lords about the competitive business, an act of conciliation which Palmerston said was 'graceful,' but of which Sir James Graham did not see the particular grace. The Bill then passed, receiving the Royal assent on the last day of the Session."

AUG. 2.

PARLIAMENT was prorogued by Commission.

Sir Colin Campbell, hero of the Indian Mutiny, received the title of Baron Clyde of Clydesdale.



THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH—A BAD LOOK OUT FOR DESPOTISM.

JOHN BULL. "Hold fast, Jonathan."

JONATHAN. "All right, Johnny."

AUG. 4.

THE QUEEN, Prince Albert, and the Prince of Wales attended the inauguration of Cherbourg. There were grand *fêtes* in connection with the completion of that strongly fortified "place of arms," the filling of the Napoleon Docks, and the opening of the Railway.

AUG. 5.

THE "Niagara" and "Agamemnon" completed successfully the laying of the

Atlantic Cable. On the 16th (says "Annals of our Time,") "an interchange of good wishes took place between her Majesty and the President of the United States." *Punch* had the following announcement:—

First Message sent by the Atlantic Telegraph.

From America to Dear Old Punch—

"Punch, my Boy, let's Liquor."

(See Cartoon, "The Atlantic Telegraph.")

AUG. 20.

AT this time the theories and practices of the so-called Puseyites (then the ritualising party in the Anglican Church) and particularly their encouragement of the Confessional, excited much angry controversy. The Bishop of Oxford, Dr. Samuel Wilberforce (nicknamed "Soapey Sam"), had been suspected of Puseyite tendencies and even of countenancing auricular confession, and although in a recent letter he had declared himself against it, his known

leaning to the Tractarian party caused him to be commonly accused of a disposition to coquet with the Romish Church. It was thought too that this stood in the way of his advancement at the hands of the Premier, Lord Palmerston.

Punch, always hostile to priestly ascendancy

and ever forward in unqualified condemnation of the Confessional, as the insidious foe of purity and domestic peace, lost no opportunity of dealing a smart blow at "Soapey Sam."

(See *Cartoon*, "Dangerous Flirtation, or Sam and the Scarlet Lady.")

SAM.

A MELANCHOLY BUT INSTRUCTIVE NARRATIVE, FOUNDED ON FACTS, AND ON HORACE SMITH'S "GEORGE BARNWELL."

SAM SOAPEY stood at his Palace door, Promotion hoping to find, Sir;



DANGEROUS FLIRTATION, OR SAM AND THE SCARLET LADY.

His Apron he hung down before,
And the tail of his wig behind, Sir.
A Lady, so painted and smart,
Cried "Pardoe my little transgression,
But I know what is next to your heart.
Now, what do you think of Confession?"
Rum-ti-tidi-ti-ti.

Her face was rouged up to the eyes,
And red was her ladyship's tiggery.
And folks who are thought to be wise,
Recognised a professor of roquetry.
A bundle of Keys at her waist—
Says she, "I can help you, Sir, that I can,
In the South I am very much graced,
And I live at a place called the Varicea."
Rum-ti, &c.

* Hierarchical signs have no tails, and hierarchical Confessors no sigs, but trifles must not quench the sacred fire of poetry.

Her language his wits did berave,
She proceeded to rarny and gabble on,
And at last (which you'd hardly believe)
He smirked at the Lady of Babylon.
Says he, "I should get in a scrape,
Could my late and respectable Sire hark;
He'd frown should a Willforce ape
A sleek Ultramontanist hierarch."
Rum-ti, &c.

Says she, "Don't be frightened at names,
You've always to Rome had a tendency:
Stand up for Confession; your game's
To struggle for priestly ascendancy.
Cut the priest a back-way to the house.
And you've cut through the isthmus of Darien:
Fathers, bishops, are not worth a souce
After that, my fine stout-legged Tractarian.
Rum-ti, &c.

"Let laymen surrender their rights
To the curate; he knows what his trade is!
He'll keep the wife's conscience from frights,
And he will 'direct' the young ladies.
Get the women but under your thumb,
No chance for the male interlopers,
They may talk and protest all they're dumb.
The priest has the sway—and the coppers."
Rum-ti, &c.

This counsel he took from his love,
And in Parliament's very next Session
He pleaded, with voice of a dove,
For "the excellent rite called Confession."
But Prebends are wary, and they can see
Whom 'tis expedient to fish up;
Lo! an archiepiscopal vacancy,
And Sam is not made an Archbishop.
Rum-ti, &c.

The few no longer seatless stands
Within St. Stephen's lobby;
Wish special pleas, and Richard
Roe,

And many an old retarder
Of progress, lies in limbo low,
John Company Bahadoor.

John! Tit for tat! As you have
shown

The Humiliastance nation,
The lion and the unicorn

Now teach you—attention! Of lands o'er which you long
have reigned,

John Bull henceforth mounts
guarder,

And we'll take care of what you
gained,

John Company Bahadoor!

(See Carleton, "The Accession of
the Queen of India.")

SEPT. 6.

DONATI'S Comet became
visible to the naked
eye. By the aid of powerful
telescopes it had been dis-
covered by M. Donati at
Florence as early as July
2nd. It soon became a
brilliant object in the sky,
and excited much interest
and some apprehension.
Mr. Punch in a Note says,
"On the 18th October the
comet approached Venus,
and had it been five days
earlier the two bodies must
have come in collision." So
said the astronomers." At
one time the tail covered
36 degrees, and was calcu-
lated to be eighty millions
of miles in length. The
star Arcturus, however, was
visible through the densest
portion of the tail.

ADIEU TO THE COMET.

"We are just parting with a visitor
who, it is now placed beyond doubt,
attracted great attention, and probably
excited great alarm, at his last visit,
more than two thousand years ago."
Among its spectators might
have been not only kings and some
eminent famous in story, but the so-
called sages of Greece, and even the
prophets of Holy Writ. Thales might
have attempted to calculate its return,
and Jeremiah might have tried to read
its warning."—*Times*, Oct. 30, 1858.

What, off so soon, for whom so
long we waited!

Have we displeased you,
Wanderer of the Sky?

By flippant jests have you been aggravated,
Or felt insulted that we dared to pry?

Accept apologies, we didn't mean it,
Stars must permit the tribute of a stare;
Come, shake your tail, and from that star-dust clean
Now look as rufky as your friend the Bear.

Still savage with our earth, and turning from it?
Well, *enfant terrible* of Donati, go!



THE ACCESSION OF THE QUEEN OF INDIA.

"Welcome the coming, speed the parting" Comet,
Is, perhaps, polite above as here below.

One hardly knows, though, why you can't endure us,
For you we've taxed our eulogistic powers,
That night you stuck your tail before Arcturus
We screamed and shouted "Beautiful!" for hours.

Nor only have we hymned your matchless splendour,
But given you that with which you've sought to do!

Our fruits so plentiful, our game so tender,
Our glorious summer, all ascribed to you.

Will nothing move you to delay your moving,
And charm us longer with that radiant face,
No, the Grand Orrery, of Newton's grooving,
Twists your head round—Away! through endless space.

From the old grandiose, wondering "if that be you,"
With his white hair dishevelled in the breeze,

To the quick, bright-eyed babe held up to see you,
While the fond mother fancies that it sees:

Queen on her terrace, Sage with ardent mounting
Tower whence his Galileo-glass is thrust,
Will be, in time by you not worth the courting,
Scattered and unrecognisable dust.

Dares a bold atom ask, with brain half dizzy,
What you will see two thousand years to come:
This planet still an snail's nest, black and lousy,
Or an extinct volcano, white and dumb?

Will you behold, if keeping that appointment,
(Made for you, Sir, by Airy and by Hind)

Men still anointing Kings with holy ointment,
And Priests still leading, as the blind the blind.

Earth's choicest youth force rushing to the slaughter
That two crowned Fools may weak their idiot pet;
Or wise Christians' blood pound out like water,
That Jews may gamble with a nation's debt.



LAST EGLINTON TOURNAMENT—THE EARL DOING BATTLE FOR HIS LADY.

Will that day's Patriot be a morning truckler,
Setting proud Freedom's hymn to Freedom's dirge:
Will Law be still the rich man's shield and buckler,
The good man's terror, and the poor man's scourge?

Will you find Life a hot and blindfold scrimmage,
Men straining, struggling, scrambling, for red gold:
And Faith still worshipping the Golden Image
Reared by King Tiberius in days of old?

Will Europe then have ceased to "make Religion
A rhapsody of words"—and some unclean:
Asia have plucked her curst Mohammed's pigeon,
Or Yankeeism her bird of prey, obscure?

Will all that world, with cornet and platoon,
Reward Success, while Merit's scorned and passed:
Will man ignore that great and dreadful Aoid,
When Lies shall fall—the first time, and the last?

Who knows? Off, glorious Star-horse, clothed with
thunder—

Thus hast no right to make a light strain end:
Yet he wrote well, who wrote, thou parting Wonder—
"An unreluctant Astronomer is end."

SEPT. 18.

LORD EGLINTON (celebrated in connection
with the Eglington Tournament described in
the Prologue to these volumes (August 28, 1839,
p. 5) was at this time Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.
He had lately administered a well-deserved snub
to a Cardinal of the Romish Church in the
circumstances detailed in the following lines which
Mr. Punch published in honour of the adroitly
loyal Lord Lieutenant.

[See Caricature, "Last Eglington Tournament,".]

THE FIGHT OF RED LEGS.

SHOWING HOW AN INDISCREET ENGLISH LORD DID CARRY OFF
A TREASONABLE ROMAN PRIEST.

AND YE did well, Lord Eglington,

When ye knocked off his perch

The crowing bird called Cardinal,

The red-legged Cock of the Church.

'Twas the Cardinal, and he sat in pride,

Drinking the good red wine,

And a hundred priests and more sat there,

All kicking up a shine.

The Cardinal he looked around

With a sacerdotal wink,

And he cried, "Ye meet, my shepherds bold,

Our Sovereign's health to drink."

And every priest he raised his glass,

And he stood in act to toast,

And the Cardinal cried, with up lifted voice,

"To the health of our Lord the Pope."

But though they met upon Irish ground,
And in public guise, I ween,
No glass was raised for a loyal toast,
To the health of Ireland's Queen.

"'Tis well, 'tis well," quoth Lord Eglinton,
"The Popish toby we'll tickle;
I flatter myself, my boys, I've got
A very fine rod in pickle."

"A feast, a feast," cries the
Dublin Mayor,
"In honour of science and
philick, [graph,
We'll drink success to the tele,
And to its promoter, look."

Teetings were brought to Lord Eglinton,
As he sat in his L. L.'s chair,
"You'll see a neat thing in the
rod leg line,
The Cardinal will be there."

Then out and laughed Lord Eglinton,
And his looks broke out for the joke,
"I think," says the Lord of the
Tournament,
"My rod has had time to soak."

"Go down, my elegant side-d-
camp,
I know you'll enjoy the job;
And say I'll be jiggered before I
dine [snob,
Along with that rod-legged

"And none of the Lord Lieut-
enant's court
Shall show any honour or grace
To the bloated priest who dared
put the Pope
In our gracious Sovereign's
place."

And the guests were met, and
the feast was set,
And there was the Cock of
Rome;
But the Lord Lieutenant and
Quality
They took and they stopped
at home.

A feast, a feast, is spread at Dun-
dalk,
The priests are assembled
there,
And the red-legged Prince of
the Church has come,
And Kieran fills the chair.

"A health, a health," quoth Dean Kieran,
"To the Pope's *haut et glorieux*;
And now a health, which I'm
sure you'll drink

With delight, To our Queen Victoria."

"Aha! aha!" quoth Lord Eglinton,
When he read the story in print;
"It seems to me," says Lord E., says he,
"Old Red-Legs can take a hint."

So here's to the Lord who would not flinch,
But served out the Cardinal well,
We can quite afford to give Rome an inch,
While we keep such a jolly L.L.



TO THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

MR. PUNCH (with the Greatest Respect). "After you, my Lord."

OCT. 23.

For this time there was much talk about "Social Science," the "Social Science Association" which had lately been formed for the study of this subject having held its first meeting in Birmingham, on the 12th October, 1857, under the presidency of Lord Brougham. This

year it assembled at Liverpool, and the venerable but still vigorous Lord Brougham had delivered an admirable address on the promotion of the Science it was the special purpose of the new Association to advance. A notable circumstance in the records of the Victorian Era.

(See Cartoon, "To the Temple of Fame.")

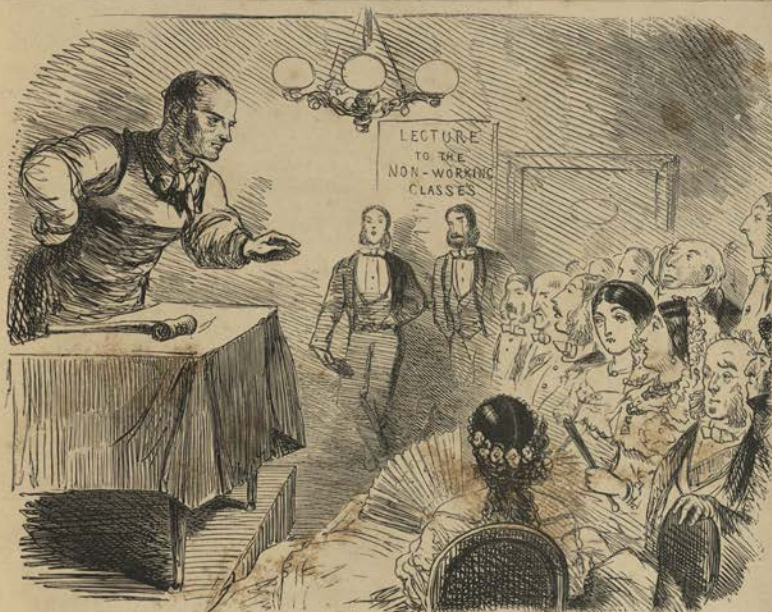
OCT. 26.

THESE were the days of Working Men's Colleges and Clubs, of Mechanics' Institutes, and of didactic lectures and addresses especially dedicated to "the Working Classes." To pose as the "Working Man's Friend" was

becoming a favourite device of popularity-hunting peers, professional philanthropists, and would-be members of Parliament. There was doubtless some reality in this voluble devotion to the proletariat, and excellent results followed in due time. But there was also some insincerity and much fussy foolishness. *Mr. Punch*

in a spirit of genial satire suggested "turning the tables" upon patronizing peers and pedagogic parliamentarians; and pictured the Working Man enlightening the Superior Classes, apparently more to their astonishment than their edification.

(See Cartoon, "One Good Turn deserves Another.")



ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER.

THE WORKING MAN ENLIGHTENING THE SUPERIOR CLASSES.

OCT. 27.

MR. JOHN BRIGHT, lately elected for Birmingham, issued an address to his constituents vehemently advocating a peace policy, vigorously denouncing the territorial aristocracy, and urgently insisting upon the necessity of Parliamentary Reform, which at present, by the tacit consent of both parties in the House, was left in abeyance.

On the 29th at a banquet Mr. Bright followed up the charge with undiminished energy. He declared that his views were identical with those upheld by the most revered names in English history. "We have past experience" (he cried), "we have beacons, we have landmarks enough; we know what the past has cost us; we know how much and how far we have wandered. . . . We have the unchangeable and eternal principles of the moral law to guide us; and only so far as we live by that guidance can we be per-

manently a great nation, or our people a happy people."

"There is no actuary" (he continued) "in existence who can calculate how much of the wealth, of the strength, of the supremacy of the territorial families of England has been derived from an unholy participation in the fruits of the industry of the people, which have been wrested from them by every device of taxation, and squandered in every conceivable crime of which a government could possibly be guilty. The more you

examine this matter, the more you will come to the conclusion which I have arrived at, that this foreign policy, this regard for 'the liberties of Europe,' this care at one time for 'the Protestant interests,' this excessive love for 'the balance of Power,' is neither more, nor less than a gigantic system for the out-door relief of the aristocracy of Great Britain."

Mr. Bright hoped to find in the reopening of the slumbering question of Parliamentary Reform a means of cure for these and other national ills and injustices.

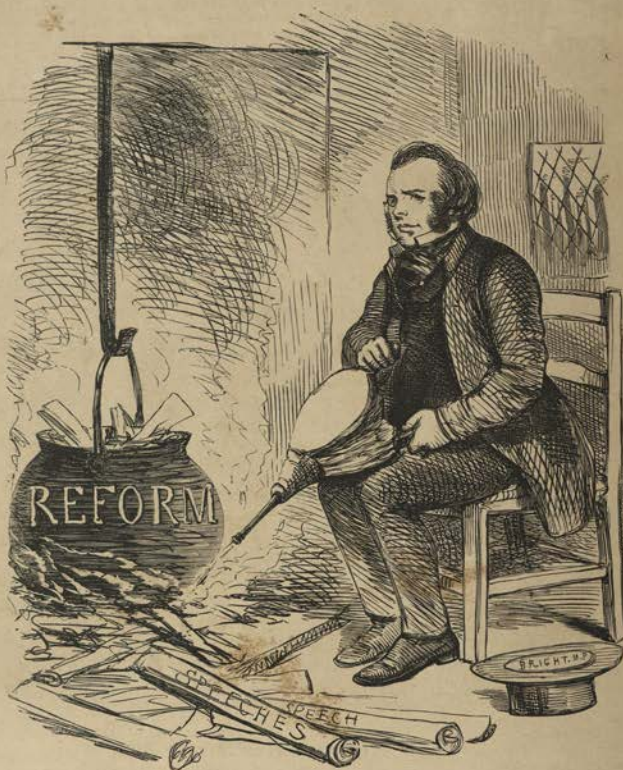
(See *Cartoon*, "It will soon Boil!")

Nov. 1.

A PROCLAMATION was issued from Allahabad by the Governor-General, intimating that henceforth all acts of the Government of India would be done in the name of the Queen alone.

Nov. 25.

On this day commenced the trial of the Comte de Montalembert, for publishing a pamphlet entitled "*Un Dilettante au Parlement Anglais*," in which he compared English institutions with French in a way unflattering to the latter. (The debate described was the great one on Mr. Cardwell's resolution censuring the Indian policy of the Conservative Government; see May 7). The pamphlet gave great offence to the French Emperor. In this memorable trial Montalembert was ably and eloquently defended by the celebrated M. Berryer, but was nevertheless condemned, sentenced to six months' imprisonment and a fine of 3,000 francs. On December 2nd he was pardoned by the Emperor; appealing against the sentence of the Court he was again condemned, though acquitted of a part of the charge. On December 27 the Emperor again remitted the sentence.



"IT WILL SOON BOIL!"

PUNCH TO MONTALEMBERT.

Go to thy Prison! Let the walls
(As sermons lurk in common stones)
Speak in high nervous minded tones
To him on whom their shadow falls.

Look up!—'Tis not for thee to stoop,
If, in thy bold discouraging flight,
Thou hast set forth thyself in sight
As quarry to an Eagle's swoop.—

An Eagle!—Such a bird, perchance,
Once had its wings clipped in Boulogne,
Nor could a welcome crye own
When Strasbourg looked at its advance.

Look up! and to thy prison-cell
Let every breath of Western breeze
Murmur the warmest sympathies
Of those who in a Land do dwell,

Where Law and Right have
Ghosts grown,
To crush each would-be
Despot's dreams,
To foster Freedom's waking
dreams,
And make it—as thou'dst have
thine own.

Nov. 27.

ATTENTION was called at this time, by a tragic incident at Bradford, to the noxious character of many of the "Sweetmeats" popularly vended. A confectioner at Bradford received from an Apothecary's assistant at Shipley, 12lbs. of arsenic in mistake for the same quantity of "daff" or gypsum, a material used freely in the manufacture of sweets. The result was the death by poisoning of 18 persons, and the serious endangering of the lives of 200 more. Hodgson, the chemist, was indicted for manslaughter, but Baron Watson, after hearing the evidence, discharged the case on the ground that there was nothing for the jury to consider.

(See Cartoon, "The Great Lozenge-Maker.")

Nov. 29.

MR. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P., who had been appointed Lord High Commissioner Extraordinary to the Ionian Islands, arrived at Corfu. His mission was, as he explained to the Senate, "to examine in what way Great Britain may honourably and amply discharge the obligation which, for purposes European and Ionian rather than British, she had contracted."

DEC. 18.

MR. JOHN BRIGHT had made another fighting speech, this time at Manchester, reiterating his well-known opinion on the Aristocracy, Reform, and the duty of the Liberal party.

Mr. Punch, who held that the eloquent and aggressive Quaker went to extremes, gave the following facetious summary of his oration:—



THE GREAT LOZENGE-MAKER.

A HINT TO PATERFAMILIAS.

THE MANCHESTER MANIFESTO.

It having been announced that Mr. Bright, Reform-Extraordinary to Her Majesty's Government, would appear at Manchester on Friday evening last, and state His intentions for the benefit of the country, Mr. Punch made immediate electric arrangements for receiving intelligence as to the despatch of the nation. He caused a wire to be carried from the Telegraph Office near Temple Bar to the left-hand side of his desk in Fleet

Street, just between his letter-weight and cigar case, and having ordered a number of pages to be in attendance, in case of emergency, Mr. Punch calmly awaited the Manchester Utterances. And this was the order in which they arrived:—

Free Trade Hall, Manchester.

1 past 7 p.m.—"Mr. Bright is up, and speaking ably."
Mr. Punch dipped a pen into ink, and prepared for action.

4 Jan 7.—"Mr. Bright announces that he will not de-throne the Queen, whom he compliments."

Mr. Punch despatched a message to Odoardo to relieve the music of the royal party.

4 to 8.—"Mr. Bright will not touch the House of Lords, and, indeed, considers it beneath the notice of practical men. It is mortified."

Mr. Punch wrote brief notes to the aristocracy, congratulating them.

8'30.—"Mr. Bright abuses the bonough."

Mr. Punch quite yawned, and sent out for some snuff.

8'35.—"Mr. Bright abuses the House of Commons."

Mr. Punch took a good deal of snuff.

8'40.—"Mr. Bright abuses the game laws."

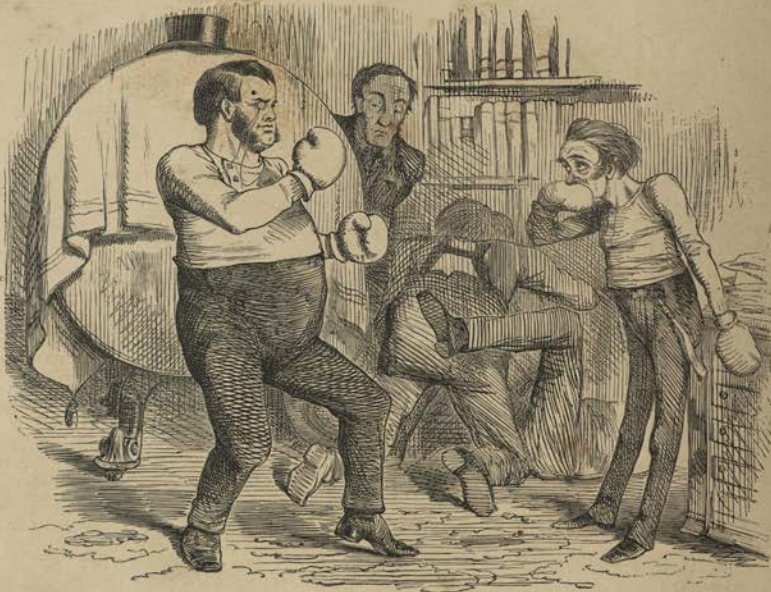
Mr. Punch agreed; but didn't see how hares could vote, even with the protection of the Ballot.

8'45.—"Mr. Bright announces that Reform is not only necessary, but inevitable."

Mr. Punch again took up pen.

8'46.—"Mr. Bright states that it is the Independent Liberals who habitually save the country by making Government impossible."

Mr. Punch smiled tolerantly.



MR. BRIGHT OFFERS TO GIVE SATISFACTION TO THE LIBERAL PARTY.

8'40.—"Mr. Bright has decided that he will grant the Ballot."

Mr. Punch took a note, but wished to hear more.

8'53.—"Mr. Bright has decided that He will grant Household Suffrage."

Mr. Punch, who only lives in splendid delusions, felt furious.

8'55.—"Mr. Bright taunts the aristocracy with being afraid of American institutions, when they gladly paid £10 to the American, Mr. Ratey, for teaching them the secret of horse-taming."

Mr. Punch remarked "Rash."

9 P.M.—"Mr. Bright compared himself to M. de Montalant, whose prize of England was treated as Mr. Bright's prize of America."

Mr. Punch repeated "Rash."

9'10.—"Mr. Bright admits that He has only given the faintest sketch of his intentions."

Mr. Punch growled.

9'20.—"Mr. Bright strongly urges upon the people of England to consider whether they really want Reform, and if they do, what reforms; and then to hold meetings, and petition, and let him know what they would like, as he sees great difficulties in his way."

Mr. Punch cut off the wire, and mixed himself an exceedingly strong glass of brandy and water, during the inhibition whereof he uttered several significant sentences, touching fish out of water, promises and performances, case of real distress, &c., &c., and finally got rather maudlin in his conversation for J. B.

(See Cartoon, "Mr. Bright offers to give satisfaction to the Liberal Party.")

DEC. 20.

ON this date Lord Clyde, Commander-in-Chief, writing to the Governor-General, Lord Canning, stated that "the campaign is at an end, there being no longer even the vestige of rebellion in the province of Oude, and that the last remnant of the mutineers and insurgents have been hopelessly driven across the mountains which form the barrier between the Kingdom of Nepal and Her Majesty's Empire of Hindostan." Thus with the closing days of the year came what was practically the end of that terrible Indian Mutiny, which had so greatly agitated its earlier months.

+ 1859 +

JAN. 1.

THE year opened, as regards foreign politics, rather ominously. Some chilly words spoken by the Emperor of the French to the Austrian Ambassador, when the diplomatic

body waited on him as customary on New Year's Day, gave rise to a suspicion of strained relations between the two Powers, suspicious to be verified by subsequent events. The resettlement of Italy was the question at issue. "The sympathies of the people of England" (says *Mr. Punch's* Political Summary) "were unequivocally avowed in favour of the emanci-

pation of all the States of Central Italy from foreign domination, and complete reform of the anomalous abuses of the Papal States." The Emperor Napoleon was suspected of interested motives in his action with regard to Italy. The following lines of *Mr. Punch* illustrate the situation:—



REFORM SNAP-DRAGON.

THE TIGHT BOOT.

Of all the ill-sewed and ill-shaped bits of leather,
That ever pinched unions the shape of a boot in,
The Italian boot seems the worst altogether
That Emperor, King, Duke, or Pope e'er put foot in.

From the Lombardy top with Venetian binding,
Through the ankle-piece Roman and Legation leg,
The wearer 'tis chafing, and bliss 'ring and grinding. [Trog.
While the foot hobble, crippled with Bonaparte's sharp

What wonder this boot so like out-living looks,
That Italy's callousness come burn and shoot in it,
When Kaiser, King, Pope (not to mention Grand-Dukes)
All alike will insist upon putting their foot in it.

But while granting the fact, and in great part the reason,
This advice, poor Italia, I hope, will allow—
Of all remedies don't try Napoleon boot-trees on. [Now.
Or the cure may prove worse than the pinch she bears

Let the case of her sister, Miss France, serve as warning,
Who found her shoes pinch (she'd been going too fast)
Called in Louis Napoleon to right them one morning,
And has wished ever since she had stuck to her last.

JAN. 17.

MR. BRIGHT, in an address to the electors of Bradford, sketched a new Reform Bill

which he considered, if adopted, would give pretty general satisfaction, and close the question, at least for some time to come. Reform was "in the air" at the opening of 1859; it was known that the Government had prepared a Bill in consequence of which their Home Secretary, Mr. Walpole, resigned his seat in the Cabinet. Mr. Bright's advanced views, urged by him with eloquent emphasis, whilst moving some to enthusiasm, alarmed and alienated others.

(See Cartoon, "Reform Snap-Drum.")

JAN. 25.

ON this day was celebrated the centenary of the birth of Robert Burns. A prize had been offered for the best Ode on the occasion; it was won by Miss Isa Craig, and this poem was recited at the "Burns Festival" at the Crystal Palace.

JAN. 27.

THE Ionian Legislative Assembly passed a resolution in favour of union with Greece.

FEB. 1.

"MR. BRIGHT" (said *Mr. Punch's* Political Summary) "had been so violent in some of his speeches that many earnest reformers became alarmed and withdrew themselves from the movement; and to those who remembered the keen excitement that pervaded the country during the former agitation for Reform, the indifference of the people at the present time presented a striking contrast."

Mr. Bright, nevertheless, both on public platforms and through the columns of his special organ "The Morning Star," continued his fulminations against the British aristocracy and in favour of Reform with unabated energy and zeal.

(See Cartoon, "The Quaker and the Dauble.")

On this day Prince Napoleon, cousin of the Emperor Napoleon III., married the Princess Clothilde, eldest daughter of the King of Sardinia. The match was made at the instigation of the Emperor, and was generally regarded as a political *Marriage de convenience*.

JEROME AND HIS CLOTHILDA.

TUNE—"William and his Dinah."

Tis of a certain monarch in Turin do dwell,
He has a fair child, an exceedingly young gal;
Her name is Clothilda, scarce sixteen year old,
She has a got much portion of silver and gold.

Tewral lal lewral, &c.

Though she has't got much portion, her lineage is high,
Which causes a carter for to love and draw nigh;
For, behold, this young Prince, all so gallant and gay;
Behold this young Prince as I've brought with me here,
He says as how he'll make thee his bride and his dear.

Tewral lal lewral, &c.

Clothilda, go choose thyself rich bridal array,
For, behold, this young Prince, all so gallant and gay;
Behold this young Prince as I've brought with me here,
He says as how he'll make thee his bride and his dear.

Tewral lal lewral, &c.

Oh, honoured father! now, come, draw it mild,
He's a middle-aged man, and I am but a child;
Oh, honoured, dear father, this project give o'er,
For I'm sure this here Prince won't see forty no more.

Tewral lal lewral, &c.

Out, bumpious gal! Victor Emmanuel replied,
Since thou hast denied to be Jerome Bonaparte's bride,
I'll send thee to a convent where I'll have thee locked in,
And then she shan't have a chance to marry nobody again.

Tewral lal lewral, &c.



THE QUAKER AND THE DAUBLE.

"It is the Land which the territorial party represents in Parliament. . . . That is the theory of the Constitution; Blackstone says so. But it is a thing which is not likely to be respected much longer, and it must go, even if involving the destruction of the Constitution."—MR. BACOT, in his Penny Organ.

Cleopatra on hearing these words
was afraid,
And replied to the statement
which her parient had made:
Farewell! hopes of happiness, for
ever farewell,
Hope great is the sacrifice there's
no tongue can tell!
Tewral lai lewral, &c.

The story that's a wallakin the
Courts all around,
Why poor young Cleopatra to a
cow's to be bound,
Which she hates like cold pison,
is ambition and pride,
Is the causes for which this here
knot's to be tied.

Tewral lai lewral, &c.

(See Caricature, "The Torch of
Hymen.")

FEB. 3.

PARLIAMENT was opened
by the Queen in
person. *Mr. Punch* summar-
ized the proceedings in
verse, as follows:—

February 3, 1859.

And what said the silver-voiced
Queen of the West,
Addressing, on Thursday, her
wisest and best?
With every advantage of manner
and tone,
These statements came out in
the Speech from the Throne.

MY LORDS AND MY GEN-
TLEMEN,

Gladly I tell
My conviction that all things at
home go on well.
There's a good deal less poverty,
fewer are crimes,
And folks seem agreed they
don't live in bad times.

In vain any mutinous Sepoy has
tried
To confront my brave troops and
my skilful Lord Clyde,
The rebels are beaten as soon as
they're seen,
And I hope soon to tell you that
all is serene.

I took your advice, which I do
when I can,
And proclaimed myself Empress
of wide Hindostan.

I explained to the millions who
hold me in awe,
That my throne would be based
on peace, order, and law.

Foreign Potentates, all, are un-
common polite,

But I mean to insist on their doing what's right.
For England's a kind of policeman, whose beat is
To see that all parties are faithful to Treaties.

They're making a Government (such a calal it is)
Out of those troublesome twin Principalities.

They've got a new Prince, who seems frank and high
mettled—

I hope, gracious knows, that some day they'll get
settled.



THE TORCH OF HYMEN.

Alexander of Russia is pleased to agree
To an excellent Treaty of Commerce with me.
This shows that we both have resolved there shall
be a
Wipe out of all memories of Pruth and Crimea.

And now an announcement that's certain to please.
Having thoroughly frightened those horrid Chinese,
We've brought them to that, and have actually made
An opening for civilisation and trade.

Another new treaty you'll curiously scan.—
It's made with the wonderful folks of Japan;
At present precise information is lacking
Of what it will bring to us—possibly, blacking

Napoleon the Third, when he found himself styled
A kind of slave-trader, was awfully riled,
But has thrown up his "emigrant" scheme by which
blacks [blacks]
Quite free, embarked gagged, with hands tied behind
Q Q

As long as I could—they are weak, I am strong—
I have borne with the Mexicans' insult and wrong ;
But folks who won't reason you're driven to thrash ;—
I have ordered my sailors to settle their hash.

MY COMMONS.

You'll find you've no cause to be testy mates,
When you proceed to examine the Estimates ;
They've been framed with a proper regard for, &c.—
It's a stereotyped phrase, but I don't know a betterer.

One point of the utmost importance I deem :
All war-ships, you know, are now managed by steam.
I must make a new Navy ; you'll hear in the Budget
How much it will cost, and I'm sure you won't grudge it.

MY LORDS AND MY GENTLEMEN,

Several new bills
To remedy social and practical ills
Will be shortly brought forward ; we've taken in hand
Insolvency, Crime Cooks, and Tilles to Land.

And now for the sentence that heralds the storm,—
YOUR ATTENTION WILL ALSO BE CALLED TO REFORM,
I hope you'll discuss so important a scheme
With the temper and patience befitting the theme.

That is all I've to say till I meet you again
(Now, Duches, we're moving, keep hold of the train),
I pray that your votes and decisions may be
For the good of yourselves, of my people, and me.

L'Empire c'est la paix



THE FRENCH PORCUPINE.

HE MAY BE AN INOFFENSIVE ANIMAL, BUT HE DON'T LOOK LIKE IT.

FEB. 24.

THE POPE expressed his willingness to consent to the withdrawal of the French and Austrian troops from its territories.

"The mysterious conduct of the French Emperor" (says *Mr. Punch's* Political Summary) "had created considerable mistrust in this country, and towards France and its ruler the feeling in England had undoubtedly become less cordial than in the early days of the alliance."

(See Cartoon, "The French Porcupine.")

THE IMPERIAL FRENCH PORCUPINE.

"WALK up, walk up, gentlemen and ladies, into the Menagerie of Modern Europe. Here you will behold that wonderful animal so correctly described by the celebrated prophet Shakespeare, under the name of the French Porcupine. Prettily, according to some authors, was the original expression ; whichever you please ; you pay your money, and you take your choice."

"This extraordinary creature is an animal of what the zoologists call the Napoleonic species ; he is of a reserved and silent disposition ; but is able on occasion to open his mouth, and show his teeth." The remarkable specimen of natural history afore you is covered with quills, which may appear inconspicuous when you consider the singular animosity he is said to display against the liberty

of the Press. The quills exhibit a striking similarity to swords and bayonets, together with artillery, rifles, carbines, and other firearms, by means of which, possessing the astonishing property of shooting missiles out of his self, the creature is enabled to annoy his adversaries at a considerable distance. The French Porcupine, by the sounds which he utters for to express his sentiments, apparently desirous to get the credit of being of a powerful disposition, which you will scarcely perhaps be inclined to allow, considering the formidable weapons with which this animal is armed. Though an inhabitant of France, his inclinations, by some accounts, prompts him to extend his range over Italy, and some suspects him of intentions to carry his ravages into the Austrian dominions, whilst, according to others, he is disposed to be quiet, if so be as how you only let him alone. According to which, I

shall omit the usual operation of stirring him up with a long pole; which Master Walenski is at liberty to perform if he pleases. The Imperial French Porcupine, gentlemen and ladies; an admirable likeness of him, price threepence only; recollect who 'tis as keeps him out of mischief, and please remember the keeper."

FEB. 25.

LORD PALMERSTON called the attention of the House of Commons to the menacing aspect of continental affairs.

"Pray tell us," says Pam, "are folks going to fight?"
 "Au contraire," replies Dizzy, "we hope it's all right. Both armies, the Austrian and French, will go home, and his Holiness, Pío, stand solus in Rome. And we've sent off an envoy so grave and so owley, On a mission of peace to Vienna—old Cowley."

Mr. Punch, however, advised the Queen to "keep her powder dry."

(See *Cortana*, "The Queen in her Store-room.")

KEEP IT DRY.

It is not that a small tied sings
 With aught of warning voice;
 And bids distrust Anointed kings,
 Or chiefs, the People's Choice.
 We trust them all, with all our soul,

We know their honour's high;
 But still we think, upon the whole,
We'll keep our powder dry.

No Monarch ever broke his word,
 Far less the oath he swore,
 Or if such things have e'er occurred,

'Twas in bad days of yore.
 All kings are now so good and true,—

What, doubt a Sovereign, be it!
 But still, John Bull, 'twixt me and you,
We'll keep our powder dry.

No nation lashed by dastard greed,
 Or priests, or ancient spite,

Will clamour to its chiefs to lead
 Its armies to the fight.

We're all a band of brothers, John,
 All linked by friendship's tie;
 But this one whim we'll act upon,
We'll keep our powder dry.

No statesman now is led astray
 By love of place, or fame,
 To urge his wavering prince to play
 At war's infernal game.
 They're all so cosmopolitan,
 For justice each would die!



THE QUEEN IN HER STORE-ROOM.

HER MAJESTY (to her faithful Servants). "I don't know what may happen, Mr. BULL, but 'keep our powder dry!'"

And yet it's just as well, old man,
To keep your powder dry.
 No chance lest hot sea-captains clash
 On far Atlantic waves,
 And raise a quarrel o'er such trash
 As buccannery, or slaves.
 No distant parties burn to thrust
 Lean fingers in the pie;
 But though we're all so bold and stout,
We'll keep our powder dry.

No armed three-deckers crowd a dock,
 No soldiers mass and drill;
 No royal bands, on rifle lock,
 Test how the gun will kill.
 No cannon stones with strange increase
 Pacific pledge belie;
 But though the world's so lapped in peace,
We'll keep our powder dry.

PUNCH.

MARCH 1.

COUNT CAVOUR, in response to an inquiry on the part of the English Government, stated the grounds of Italy's complaints against Austria. His chief demands, in order to ward off war or revolution, were that there should be a national and separate Government for Lombardy and Venetia, that the domination of Austria over the States of Central Italy should cease, and that

the principle of non-intervention should be proclaimed and respected.

On the 9th, Earl Cowley reported to Earl Malmesbury the result of his conferences with the Austrian Minister for Foreign Affairs, Count Buol. The latter professed the purest intentions, and laid the blame for the imbroglio on the French Government and Sardinia.

MARCH 21.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL moved: "That it is neither just nor politic to interfere in the manner proposed in the Government Bill with the freehold franchise as hitherto exercised in the counties of England and Wales; and that no readjustment of the franchise will satisfy the House and the country, which does not provide for a greater extension of the suffrage in cities



THE SUPPORTERS OF THE "WORKING MAN."

and boroughs than is contemplated in the present measure."

As Mr. Punch said in an explanatory note, "Tory, Whig, and Liberal were devoting themselves in words to the interests of the Working Man."

(See Cartoon, "The Supporters of the 'Working Man.'")

WORKING-MAN WORSHIP.

(Popular M.P., lecturer.)

We may differ in some things—may differ in all;
We are wrong for the Factory—some for the Hall

We may look up to Cotton, or on it look down,—
A President wish for, or reverence the Crown;
But (so long as to office assist us he can)
We all love and respect, Sir, the true Working-man—
Yes! all other titles we place under him,
For the highest of lordships—my Lord Working-man.

Some may say that respect would by truth be best shown,
That those wish you best who your faults would make known;

That to fawn and to flatter is not so like friends,
As like those who would use you to help their own ends.

Such assertions as these class-distincts can but fan,
Which should ne'er stand between us and you, Working-
Yes,—Whig, Tory, Radical—none of us can [man]
Find a blemish in you, my revered Working-man!

You may ask, why our worship's invariably paid
At the moment our Party's in need of your aid?—
Why we leave you, unopposed, to your pipe and your pot,
Till, by puffing you, something, it seems, can be got?
Such questions as these let him answer that can;
We should wish to avoid them, my dear Working-man.
But we surely must be your best friends, who begin,
To stand forth as your shoe-blacks and slaves. Working-
man?

MARCH 28.

THIS day (said *Mr. Punch's* "Essence of Parliament.") "was the great day of the Session. This day did Benjamin Disraeli, Esq. — in other days author of a Revolutionary Epic — introduce a Reform Bill to the notice of the House of Commons. Unable to trust himself to deal in prose with such a subject, saturated

as it is with all the richest gems of poetry, *Mr. Punch* has upon another of his golden leaves inscribed with pen of diamond the story of this day. . . . *Mr. Punch*, who is not always exactly at *Mr. Disraeli's* feet, begs on this occasion to make that gentleman a bow, and to state that his manner of introducing a most important measure was worthy of the occasion."

(See Cartoon, "The Last Pantomime of the Season.")

THE REFORM BILL.

DONE INTO HIAWATHAS VERSE BY MR. PUNCH.

If you question, if you ask him
What about this new Reform Bill,
Just brought in by Ben Disraeli,
Fleunt, mocking Ben Disraeli,

Who, in case this Bill's adopted,
Will, of all this British nation,
Have the right to vote, at poll-booth,



JOHN BRIGHT.

DISRAELI.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

PALMERSTON.

THE LAST PANTOMIME OF THE SEASON.

Punch will answer, he will tell you,
He, with forty-shilling freehold;
He who is the happy owner
Of five pounds of other tenure;
Or shall occupy, as tenant,
Aught of ten-pound yearly value;
Or shall occupy apartments
For which he pays the moderate
Sum of twice four shillings weekly.
He whose stock, (or Bank or Indian)
Brings its owner ten pounds yearly,
He whose pension, army, navy,
(Civil or unclerical service)

Is what's called a twenty-pounder;
He who in a bank of Savings
Sixty pounds hath wisely hoarded.
He, a graduate of a College,
He, a clergyman, established,
He, a minister dissenting,
He, a barrister, or pleader,
He, a proctor, or attorney,
He, a doctor, (quacks excepted)
He, a certified schoolmaster,
And all other men, if any,
Qualified by the Reform Act
Fitted by Grey, Brougham, and Russell.

For the borough and the counties
We have now a different franchise.
But this Bill, of good Lord Derby's,
Makes in both the franchise equal.
Henceforth, freeholders in boroughs
Cease to have a vote for counties.
This displeases Lord John Russell,
Who, besides, proclaims his anger
That the Bill does next to nothing
For, he says, the working classes;
So declare both Bright and Roebuck,
Who are bent on giving battle.

MARCH 31.

ON this night—or rather at a quarter to one the next morning—the great debate on the second reading of the Reform Bill came to an end. Mr. Disraeli wound it up with great spirit and vigour.

With cheek unchanging from its sallow gloom,
However near his ministerial tomb,

With hand whose almost careless coolness spoke

Its grasp well used to deal the subtle stroke,

With eye, though calm, determined not to spare,

Did Benjamin his willing weapon baze.

So Disraeli struck through brass and triple steel,

Inspiring hope himself had ceased to feel,

Still to the last his battle-won't he cried—

Then came the sound of doom—
“DIVIDE! DIVIDE!”

Ha! all is o’er,—the battle’s lost and won:

The Noes, Three Thirty,—
Ayes, Two Ninety-one.

That Friday good Lord Derby seeks his Queen;
With what result on Monday shall be seen.

On the 4th April the Government announced that in consequence of its defeat it had advised a dissolution and an appeal to the country.

APRIL 9.

A TELEGRAM from Vienna appeared in the *Times*, conveying the disquieting news that the Austrians “were moving 50,000 men into Italy and bringing 150,000 more to back them, that the Croats were entering Milan, and that the railways were ordered to be ready to transport armies.” The intelligence was received with some doubt, but Consols fell from 95½ to 94½ in consequence.

The Chinese Mandarin Voh, the truculent official who had been the cause of much of the Chinese trouble, died this day at Calcutta, where he had been detained as a prisoner since the capture of Canton.

TREASURY



THE REAL UGLY RUSH.

“He heard there would be an ugly rush some of these days.”—MR. HENLEY on the Reform Bill.

APRIL 18.

MR. HENLEY, who with Mr. Walpole had retired from the Derby Ministry owing to their deciding to introduce a Reform Bill, had prophesied what he called “an ugly rush” on the part of the populace, as a consequence of the proposed reduction of the Franchise. The phrase “ugly rush” was much quoted at

the time, and Mr. Punch, applying it in a Parliamentary sense, said that the real ugly rush would be that of the rival parties and politicians for the Treasury Bench.

Your candidate for office cares no rush for man or measure, he values one rush, and only one—the rush that storms the Treasury.

(See Cartoon, “The Real Ugly Rush.”)

APRIL 19.

PARLIAMENT was prorogued by Commission.

APRIL 23.

AUSTRIA called upon Sardinia to disarm, threatening immediate hostilities in case

of her non-compliance. Count Cavour, on behalf of Sardinia, courteously intimated his intention to do nothing of the sort. On the 26th King Victor Emmanuel issued a spirited proclamation, stating that Austria's insulting demand had been rejected with contempt. "The announcement I make," said the King, "is the announce-

ment of war. Soldiers, to arms!" The French army despatched from Paris to aid the Sardinians disembarked at Genoa on the 25th, and on the 26th Austria opened hostilities by moving her troops across the Ticino into Piedmontese territory. England offered to mediate between Austria and France, but



BIRDS OF A FEATHER.

IMPERIAL FRENCH EAGLE (TO IMPERIAL RUSSIAN VULTURE). "Dear Brother! Oh, let us hasten to protect the poor Lamb feeder!"

France declined the offer; she and Russia entered into an offensive and defensive treaty; and on the 28th the Austrian Emperor announced his intention to invade Sardinia, "to put a stop to the hostile acts which for a series of years have been committed against the indisputable rights of my crown."

The news caused a panic on the Stock Exchange, with a fall of 6 per cent. in English, and from 8 to 20 in Foreign Stock ("Annals of Our Time"). On the 25th the Austrians crossed

into Sardinian territory, and Victor Emmanuel in person took command of his army.

(See Cartoon, "Birds of a Feather.")

In this country the cooperation of France and Russia, ostensibly in the interests of Italy, was looked upon with considerable suspicion. *Mr. Punch*, in the following lines, suggested that while we should remain neutral, our neutrality should be an armed one:—

NEUTRAL ADVICE.

LET France delight to go and fight,
If 'tis her folly to;
Let Austria cry for "territory!"
With that we've nought to do.

Our shout must be "Neutrality!"
To England peace is sweet;
But, friends, that she may neutral be,
Let's MAN OUR FORTS AND FLEET!

APRIL 30.

MR. DISRAELI, speaking at Aylesbury, said "he believed the result of the elections would be a considerable gain to the Ministry." This forecast was not however realized, at any rate not to an extent sufficient to give the Derby Government a working majority, as only 302 of its supporters were returned to the new House.

(See Cartoon, "The Anglers' Return.")

THE ANGLERS' RETURN.

(After WALTON.)

VENATOR . . . Lord B.
FISCATOR . . . Mr. R. Dis.
PISCIN.

P. Give you good day, Gentlemen. From your wine and your tackling, I perceive you have but now returned from the country, whither, when last we met, you were, in a great hurry as I remember, going an angling. Welcome back to town! I pray you tell me how you have sped amongst the ponds and rivers, with your hooks and your plummets, your floats, your lines, and your angle-rods? What have you caught?

Pisc. Truly, Sir, a few guldegon. They are, indeed, but a small fry; whereas we had hoped to bring home a good club of trout, and perch and pike; but they were too wary, and would neither rise at our gold fly nor swim at our minnow of the same metal.

P. I pray you, what bait did you use to catch those same guldegon withal?

Pisc. One of the like substance with our fly and minnow; namely, a sort of golden callis; for your guldegon is a goulding, and you must fish for him at the bottom, with a worm or grub. But, Sir, I will confess to you, —only, mark you, this is between ourselves, and must go no further,—we did take some of them with a drag-net, whereinto we did scare and terrify them. For, indeed, to make free with the saying of the poet Horace, my maxim is, "Fish, by fair angling if I can hook them; if not, by whatsoever means, fish."

P. Sir, I perceive you are a moraliser. But how comes it you caught only guldegon, sith, from what you stick not to owe to me, I suppose all to be fish that cometh into your net?

Pisc. Nay, Sir; Piscator spoke of guldegon, as it were, in the gross; but our fish are mostly of that breed, and the rest are like unto them, as chub, and dace, and roach, and unch-like fry. But now, here I will show you a rare fish, whereof we have caught two or three; which had not been done before by our party or some while

He is a crafty fellow, and bites warily; you fish for him in troubled waters; he is called a Pope.

P. In good sooth, is! Methought that fish came never nigh an angler wearing your colours. With what bait, may I ask you, did you tempt your pope?

Pisc. Truth, Sir; keep it to yourself; with a bit of the end of the Protestant pig's snout, and the tip of his tail.

P. I marvel, then, the pig hath not squeaked. As sneaking him, I trow you will no longer pretend to go

the whole hog; and, I fear me, that, for your bait, you will shortly kill the Protestant pig.

Pisc. Sir, I pray you, not a word about the pig; let us to some other discourse.

P. Well, Sir, at what places had you the best sport?

Pisc. Marry, Sir, at Ashburton, Bedford, Berwick; also at Chester, Colchester, Devizes, Ilkewine at Dover.

P. Pardon me, Sir; but I pray you resolve me this riddle—Why are the men of Dover like unto *Anglers' Pished*?



THE ANGLERS' RETURN.

Plc. Good Sir, truly I am
Dury, and not G'dipus; and,
albeit I have not resignation, I
will give it up.

P. So; and the next time,
Sir, you are asked this question,
you may say, as it like you,
because they were made to
swallow a Leake.

Plc. Truly, Sir, a merry say-
ing. Truly, Sir, we did get
some luck at Newport in the Isle
of Wight; at Newry in Ireland;
at Foutfract, Truro, Tyne-
mouth, Warcham, Weymouth,
Wimbor, where we did tickle
some small Thames trout; at
Carnarvon and Yarmouth, where
there are no fish so good as your
blunter; at Plymouth, Helston,
and in a few other snug nooks,
hain, and corners, where a man
may have good sport for his
money.

P. After that, Sir, I shall
try to sing you a little song of
my own composing:—

THE CANDIDATE'S SONG.

Come vote for me, and be my
knavo,

And we cask of beer will stave,
That you may drink till home-
ward wheel,
As soon as you to sleep shall
yield.

And in the Customs, or the
Docks,

I'll put you in a little box,
To our vote-givers good luck
bids,

None in those callous Radicals,
Hark, how these yellow acce-
rouring.

For then, if thou wilt do this
thing!

If thou wilt only conscience
waive, [knowe,
And vote for me and be my

Plc. A choice song, Sir,
quotha! Commend me to the
nightingale; but methought that
in your city I heard somewhat
of the note of the mocking bird.

P. Yes, Sir, sayest thou so?
Truly thou hast a nice ear.

Plc. Seest thou, good Sir,
sight of green in this mine eye?

P. How, gentlemen, may you
be off for soup?

Plc. and *Vin.* Doth your
mother know you are out?

P. Nay; but her son doth
know that you very soon will be.

Plc. and *Vin.* Sir, I salute
you!

P. Sweet Sirs, the same to
you!

MAY 1.

PRINCE ALFRED, second son of the Queen,
had been appointed on board H.M.S.
"Euryalus."

(See *Carlino*, "Men for the Fleet!")

This day was set apart for a General Thank-
sgiving for the restoration of peace and order in
India.

MAY 3.

THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, in announcing
to the Corps Législatif the commencement
of war with Austria, said that Austria, in causing
her army to enter the territory of the King of
Sardinia, France's ally, had violated treaties and
justice, menaced "our frontiers," and so virtu-
ally declared war against France. "Austria (he

added) "has brought matters to this extremity,
that she must either rule up to the Alps, or Italy
must be free to the shores of the Adriatic."
France should arm, and resolutely tell Europe,
"I respect the territories and rights of neutral
powers, but I boldly avow my sympathies for a
people whose history is mingled with our own,
and who groan under foreign oppression."

R. R.



MAY 10.

THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON, having constituted the Empress Regent, left Paris to join the army of Italy. King Victor Emmanuel met him at Genoa on the 13th.

(See Cartoon, "Babel in the Wood.")

MAY 12.

THE British Government formally and officially declared the neutrality of this country in the pending war between Austria and Italy.

MAY 20.

ON this day was fought the Battle of Montebello, the first engagement between the French and the Austrians. The French were victorious, assisted bravely by the Piedmontese cavalry. Two hundred Austrian prisoners were taken.



BABEL IN THE WOOD.

MAY 31.

THE Battle of Palestro, between the Austrian troops and the army under command of Victor Emmanuel and General Cialdini, was won by the latter, 1000 prisoners being captured.

JUNE 4.

THE Battle of Magenta was fought this day. "The Austrians" (says Mr. Punch's Introduction) "were again defeated, after a brave

resistance." General McMahon (says the Emperor's dispatch) "made himself master of Magenta." It was a sanguinary fight, 2000 men being placed *hors de combat* on the French side, whilst the loss of the Austrians was estimated at 15,000 killed and wounded.

Mr. Punch addressed the Emperor of the French in the following lines, in which "the wish was father to the thought," and the rather doubtfully expressed hopes of which were not to be justified by results. Those who, like Mrs.

Browning, believed in the Emperor's disinterested desire to emancipate Italy from the yoke of the Austrian and the Pope soon had occasion for misgivings.

THE FINGER-POST FOR LOUIS NAPOLEON.

LOUIS NAPOLEON—what a game
'Tis at thy hand to play!
If to achieve eternal fame,
And gain an everlasting name,
Blest for all ages, be thine aim,
Before thee lies the way.

Thou wilt but have to keep the
word
Of honour thou hast spoke,
And seek no further with the
sword. [to afford
Which thou hast drawn, than
The aid by Italy implored,
And rid her from her yoke.

That done, thy sword if thou
wilt sheathe,
And fight not on for spoil,
The world thy victor's crown
will wreath
Of flowers that ever sweet will
breathe: [to quench
A noble name thou wilt be
Redeemed from every soil.

But if thou take that meaner line
Tradition would suggest,
To low ambition—not divine—
Of common conquest with de-
sign; [thine
Then, surely, will an end be
Contemptible at best.

More land, more slaves thy
highest prize
To win—against what odds?
A race whose every man will rise,
And fight against thee till he dies,
Or his last farthing sacrifice,
To guard his household gods.

Then, shouldst thou lose—
enough to know
The world will not again
An age of English unregard
For nothing; to the vanquished
The penalty of overthrow [see!
Twere useless to explain.

No more of that. Too wise
thou art
To miss so bright a chance:
And thou wilt to the high goal
start,
Louis Napoleon Bonaparte,
And glory, from each honest
heart,
Win for thyself and France.

(See *Cartoon*, "The Giant
and the Dwarf.")

JUNE 7.

PARLIAMENT was opened
by the Queen in person.
Mr. Punch thus sum-
marised the Royal Speech:

"I AM grieved, my dear Lords,
and dear Gentlemen too,
To state, as I now most reluctantly
do,
That poor Malmesbury there
(though I'm sure he's had the
rope)
Has failed in suspending the
conflict in Europe."

"The French and Sardinians have joined in alliance,
And bid Francis Joseph the fiercest defiance;
All parties declare that they're friendly to me,
So I shall be neutral, till—well, we shall see."

"I have faith in that pledge and that promise of peace,
And, therefore, my navy I'm begged to increase;
Ready votes of supplies I perceive on your lips,
And I know you will help me in manning my ships."



THE GIANT AND THE DWARF.

"Bраво, my little fellow! You shall do all the fighting, and we'll divide the glory!"

"King Francis informs me his father is dead,
And that he is the Sovereign of Naples instead,
I've renewed the relations (he may turn out well)
Which I broke with the wretch who is now—in his
shell."

"If you think, while preparing for probable storm,
You have time to attend to the thing called Reform,
Why, do; but if not, make no needless delay;
The affair should be settled and out of the way."

The Marquis of Hartington moved a vote of
No-confidence in the Ministry. "On the day
before" (says *Mr. Punch's* "Essence of Parlia-
ment"), "between two and three hundred
Liberals had met at Willie's Rooms, and Lords
Palmerston and John having there and then
sworn eternal friendship, it was arranged that
the Derby Cabinet should be flogged." After a

lively debate it *was* flooded. Disraeli made a dashing defence, hitting out right and left at his opponents, old and new. The debate was resumed on the 9th instant, when Sir James Graham said he regarded Mr. Disraeli as "the Red Indian of debate. By the use of the tomahawk he has cut his way to power, and by a recur-

rence to the scalping system he hopes to prevent the loss of it." Again on the 30th the debate was continued, when on a division in a House unusually full, there being 637 members present, the Government were placed in a minority of 13. Mr. Disraeli at once moved the adjournment of the House.

JUNE 17.

THE EARL OF DERBY officially announced the resignation of his Ministry. It had leaked out surreptitiously that the Queen had requested Lord Granville to form a Ministry, but he had been unable to do so. Lord Derby referred



TURN AND TURN-ABOUT.

with surprise and disapproval to a report in the *Times* of the conversation between the Queen and Earl Granville. Earl Granville disclaimed responsibility for the indiscretion, but added that "he could not see that any injury had resulted from the publication, seeing Her Majesty appeared therein as desirous as ever of walking in the spirit of the Constitution." Lord Palmerston ultimately succeeded in forming an Administration, with himself as First Lord of the Treasury, Lord Campbell as Lord Chancellor, Earl Granville President of the Council, Lord John Russell Foreign Secretary, Sir G. C. Lewis

Home Secretary, the Duke of Newcastle Colonial Secretary, Mr. Sidney Herbert Secretary for War, and Mr. Gladstone Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Lord Derby, on resigning, was made Knight of the Garter.

(See Cartoon, "Turn and Turn-about.")

JUNE 24.

THE Battle of Solferino was this day fought between the Austrians and the united French and Piedmontese armies. The Austrians, who had crossed the Mincio to attack, were compelled to retire defeated to the left

bank of that stream, leaving the Allies again victorious.

JUNE 25.

In his Preface to the current Volume *Mr. Punch* thus metrically summarised the leading incidents of the first half, just completed, of the year 1859.

HERE you will find the true story, here, and in no other quarter,

(blockheads, and booties,
(For all the historians but *Punch* are windbags, and
And farther to quote T. Carlyle, Apes from the Sea

Of six most eventfullest months, first half of the year
Fifty-Nine.

Year of the War in the South,
and the winning the Derby
by *Maid*;

Year when the Oxford boat
was, and Cambridge was
merged in the billows;

Year Mr. Millais came out with
these terrible sins in the
graveyard;

Year the great Elbow composer,
Bier, gave *Le Pardon de
Florence*;

Year the first fountain for drink-
ing was set up by Gurney,
near Newgate;

Year Alfred Tennyson uttered a
trumpet-sounded warning to
Arm us;

Year that King Bomba departed
from out of the world he
polluted;

Year that the Daughters of Eng-
land gave a nice baby to
Prussia;

Year that Miss Craig took the
prize for her Ode at the
London Burns Festival;

Year that the young Prince of
Wales was received by the
Pope in the Vatican;

Year Mr. Punch, the Avenger,
kicked Mr. Cox out of
Finchley;

Year that the new Temple Cham-
bers were marked with the
name of Tom Johnson;

Year that the fashion broke out
of abusing our wives for
bad dinners;

Year Queen Victoria announced
that India, indeed, was
Her kingdom;

Year Mr. Owen, Professor, ex-
pounded the dreadful Go-
rilla;

Year that the Tories, in office,
brought in another Reform
Bill;

Year that such Bill was rejected,
and Derby appealed to the
Country;

Year when the General Election
spoiled his Lordship from
office;

Year that Lord Palmerston found
himself Premier again on
Whit Sunday;

Year that Sam Warren the Poet
was raised to be Master in
Laureate;

Year that the Westminster Clock
began to have thoughts
about going;

Year that the gay Floral Hall
rose alongside of the Opera
House;

Year the Welsh child in the
Gallery howled while Lord
Stanley was speaking;

Year that the Emperor Napoleon the Third entered Milan
in triumph;
Year that the Thames swelt as had as it did in the year
ascendens.

Such events which occurred in one-half of the year
Fifty-Nine; [are noted.

Such, and ten million besides, in the Volume before you
Noted, but not in the fashion of Apes from the Sea called
the Dead Sea;

But made texts for uncountable wealth of wit, ever
blended with wisdom.



FREE ITALY (!)

JUNE 31.

MR. GLADSTONE, despite the opposition of the ultra-Conservatives, was once more returned for Oxford University, polling 1050 votes as against 859 recaptured for his opponent, the Marquis of Chandos.

JULY 5.

REMOVAL of the proposed annexation of Savoy to France caused some disquietude

in this country. Lord John Russell, writing to Lord Cowley, said that Her Majesty's Government had heard these rumours "with extreme concern." Lord Cowley in reply said he had received assurances from Count Walewski that the Emperor had abandoned all idea of annexing Savoy to France.

[See *Carlton*, "Free Italy (1)."]

JULY 7.

On this date an Armistice was agreed upon between the Emperor of the French and the Emperor of Austria.

(See Cartoon, "The Armistice.")

JULY 11.

THE preliminaries of a Treaty of Peace between Austria and France were signed at

Villafranca on this day. The bases of peace were as follows:—

"The Two Sovereigns will favour the creation of an Italian Confederation.

"That Confederation shall be under the honorary presidency of the Holy Father.

"The Emperor of Austria cedes to the Emperor of the French his rights over Lombardy, with the exception of the fortresses of Mantua and Peschiera, so that the

frontier of the Austrian possessions shall start from the extreme range of the fortress of Peschiera, and shall extend in a direct line along the Mincio as far as Genua; thence to Scardafano and Lazana to the Po, whence the actual frontier shall continue to form the limits of Austria. The Emperor of the French will hand over (restitute) the ceded territory to the King of Sardinia.

"Venetia shall form part of the Italian Confederation, though remaining under the crown of the Emperor of Austria.



THE ARMISTICE.

EMPEROR NAPOLEON. "Well, brother, haven't they had almost enough of this?"

"The Grand Duke of Tuscany and the Duke of Modena return to their States, granting a general amnesty.

"The two Emperors will ask the Holy Father to introduce irrevocable reforms into his States.

"A full and complete amnesty is granted on both sides to persons compromised in the late events in the territories of the belligerent parties."

"This Treaty" (says Mr. Punch) "greatly disappointed the Italians, and the Assembly at Romagna at once threw off its allegiance to the Pope, and declared fealty to Victor Emmanuel. Lord Derby said, 'In my opinion . . . the late

war was commenced upon insufficient grounds, and on false pretences; for, of all the purposes which were put forward to justify it, there is not one which has been supported or attained by the struggle which has taken place, while there are several which are placed in greater jeopardy than before."

This was indeed the prevailing opinion, it being felt that the campaign, opened avowedly to free Italy "from the Alps to the Adriatic," had come to a lame and impotent conclusion.

JULY 16.

THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON returned to Paris after his Italian campaign.

JULY 18.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, Mr. Gladstone, introduced his Budget in a long and eloquent speech. There was a deficiency, mainly owing to military and naval expenditure, necessitated by continental disturbances.

Estimating the expenditure for the coming year at £64,340,000, and the expenditure at £86,207,000, he calculated that there would be a deficiency of £21,867,000, which he proposed in the main to provide for by adding 4d. to the income tax, for all incomes over £150, thus raising that tax from 5d. to 9d.

Mr. Punch, fresh from reading the first instal-

ment of the Poet Laureate's "Idylls of the King," neatly summarised the Gladstonian Budget in Tennysonian verse, beginning *à la* "Elaine":

Gladstone the good, Gladstone the eloquent,
Gladstone the Chancellor of the Exchequer,
Rose in the chamber on the Moon's warm night,
And gave long talk to the periphrastic throng.
The while the Thames stank like the very deuce,
Lime vainly striving with his tainted slime:

and ending:

"Then my Deficiency, you see, comes down
To just Four Millions. Now, I tell you what,
At present we pay Five Pence in the Pound
Upon our Incomes. We'll pay Four Pence more.
All have desired the tax were laid more nicely,
In future it shall be as nice as Ninepence."

He gave the lidow, but ere they well could feel it,
Followed it up with one more cruel yet.



AN UNPLEASANT NEIGHBOUR.

Mr. Bull. "Here have I got to pay double INSURANCE, all along of your confounded Fireworks."

"I must have money now. I cannot wait.
The word must be—look out upon the rail:
Upon the very first half-yearly payment
I'll charge the whole year's Fourpence, which I add
To twopence halfpenny already due,
And the next time that the Taxgatherer comes
With his ill-omened face, John Bull must pay
As if the tax were Sixpence halfpenny
In every pound he earns by sweat of brow,
Or takes from bank, or from his father's land.
Adjustment is of course impossible,
But those whose income is exceeding small,
Under One Fifty, but above One Hundred,

Shall pay three halfpence only. I have done.
Let my Four Millions be at once made up,
I trust your loyalty and patriotism
And to herself that England will be true."

"O Masters, do you love my tender Tax?"

Mr. Punch (in his "Essence of Parliament") said, "Lords John Russell and Palmerston made ridiculous protests against the newspapers, saying that our enormous armaments were to protect us against possible invasion by Louis

Napoleon. Now what is the good of sensible men talking such twaddle? And who is going to be silenced? Not *Mr. Punch* for one. Look at his big cut in this very Number."

The Cartoon here referred to is the one entitled "An Unpleasant Neighbour," in which it is not indirectly suggested that the Emperor's "firework" policy was the cause of our increased Income Tax.

(See Cartoon, "An Unpleasant Neighbour.")

JULY 19.

COUNT CAVOUR withdrew from the Sardinian Ministry, being succeeded by Ratazzi.

PUNCH TO CAVOUR.

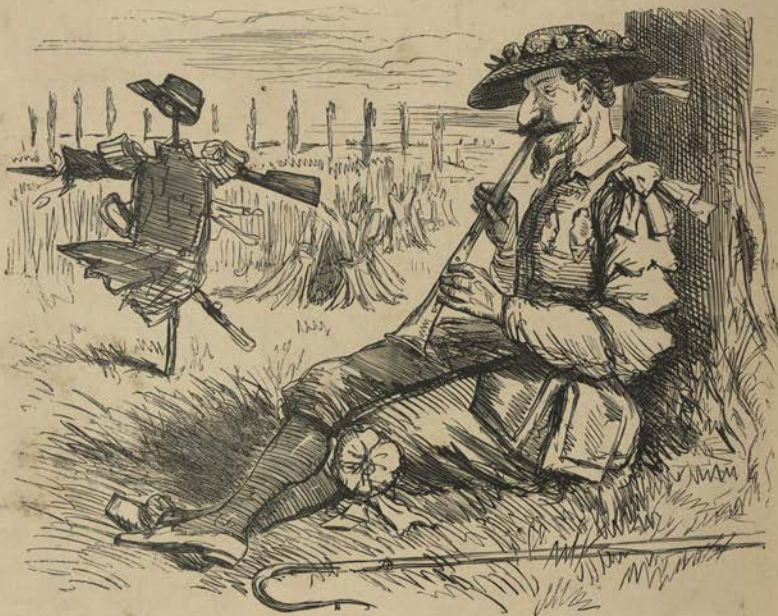
"COUNT CAVOUR * * * has retired in disgust from the proud position he has so long filled."—*Times*, July 14th.

COUNT O'CAVOUREEN, the bubble is breaking.
You've had the last scene, Solferino's rot hill.

The cannons no longer the echoes are waking,
Count O'CAVOUREEN, what, Minister still?
O hast thou forgot the diplomacy clever
In which thou didst bear so distinguished a part,
Thy vow to clear out all the Hapalings for ever?
The vermin still linger, Cavour of my heart.

Cavourcun, Cavourcun, the dead lie in numbers
Beneath the iron turf where the living made fight;

In the bed of My Uncle the Emperor slumbers,
But Italy's Hapalings continue to live.
Well done, my Cavour, they have cut short the struggle
That faced all the pulses of Italy's heart;
And in turning thy back on the humbug and juggle,
Cavour, thou hast played a proud gentleman's part.



PEACEFUL—VERY!

JULY 26.

THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, defending his action in the Italian Campaign to his Ministers, said, "If I have stopped it was neither through weariness nor exhaustion, nor from abandonment of the noble cause which I desired to serve, but for the interests of France. I felt great reluctance to curb the ardour of our soldiers, to withdraw from my programme the territory from the Mincio to the Adriatic, and to see noble illusions and pathetic hopes vanish

from honest hearts. In order to serve the independence of Italy, I made war against the mind of Europe, and as soon as the destinies of my country were imperilled I concluded peace."

(See *Cartoon*, "Peaceful—Very!")

A DUET AT ST. CLOUD.

Louis. When a little farm we keep,
With little girls and boys,
And little subjects, 'boid as sheep,
And guns for little toys.

Louis. Oh, what happy, merry days we'll see,
Eugénie. While Europe to our sceptre bends the knee! (*Exit*).
Eugénie. In costume, I'll engage,
The Court shall be splendid;
Louis. By phrases, I preface,
Kings will be kept quiescent.
Eugénie. The world I'll instruct!
Louis. The world I'll instruct!
Eugénie. "Mendacious, your Queen obey."
Louis. "L'Empire," Sirs, "c'est la paix."
Both. Oh, what happy, merry days we'll see,
While Europe to our sceptre bends the knee! (*Exit*).

AUG. 8.

THE Emperor having proposed a Conference on Italian affairs, a great debate took place in the Commons on the subject, on the motion of Lord Elcho. "The Conservatives" (said Mr. Punch: "Essence of Parliament") pretended to wish to pledge the Government not to go into any Congress about Italian affairs, and Government pretended to be indignant at any notion of being fettered, but declared that they had no intention of congressing. Of course there was no division—why, it was only two days from St. Grouse. Victor Emmanuel on this date made a triumphal entry into Milan.

AUG. 13.

PARLIAMENT was prosequed by Commission. Mr. Punch thus summarized the Queen's Speech—

You may go. You have been good boys.
But next Session you must really do something.
Foreign folks are trying to get me into Congress.
I scarcely know whether I ought to consent.
I should be glad, of course, to promote peace and quietness.
I have sent a Plépie to Pekin.
I am aware that I am going to be quarrelled with.
India is pacified. She must be reformed.
Especially in regard to money matters.
I am extremely obliged for Military and Naval reserves.
Also to you, Commons, for all money voted.
I am rejoiced that the country is happy and content.
Now go home, and continue good boys.

AUG. 14.

ON this day the Army just returned from Italy made a triumphal entry into Paris. The Emperor said he was sorry to part with so formidable and well organised a force. "H," said he, "France has done so much for a friendly people, what should she not do for her own independence?" On the 16th the Emperor published an Amnesty "to all



THE FIRST LESSON.
NOT SO BAD FOR A BEGINNER!

Frenchmen imprisoned or in exile for political offences." (See Cartoon, "The First Lesson.")

AUG. 17.

M. BLOMDEX, a French acrobat, passed over the Falls of Niagara on a rope stretched

across them. He performed thereon many feats of balancing and posturing, including carrying a man over on his shoulders.

SEPT. 3.

ON this date the Assembly of the Romagna expressed by resolution their determination to

live no longer under the temporal rule of the Pope, and Tuscany sent a deputation to King Victor Emmanuel proposing the annexation of that State to Piedmont.

SEPT. 15.

THE HARBARD KINGDOM BUREAU, the distinguished engineer, designer of the "Great Eastern" Steamship, died this day, aged 54, of paralysis, caused, it was suspected, by the difficulties connected with the launching of the huge ship, and especially by a disastrous explosion which had taken place on board her on the 9th inst., during her trial trip.

SEPT. 21.

CAPTAIN MCCLINTOCK reached this country, bringing tidings of the fate of the Franklin Expedition.

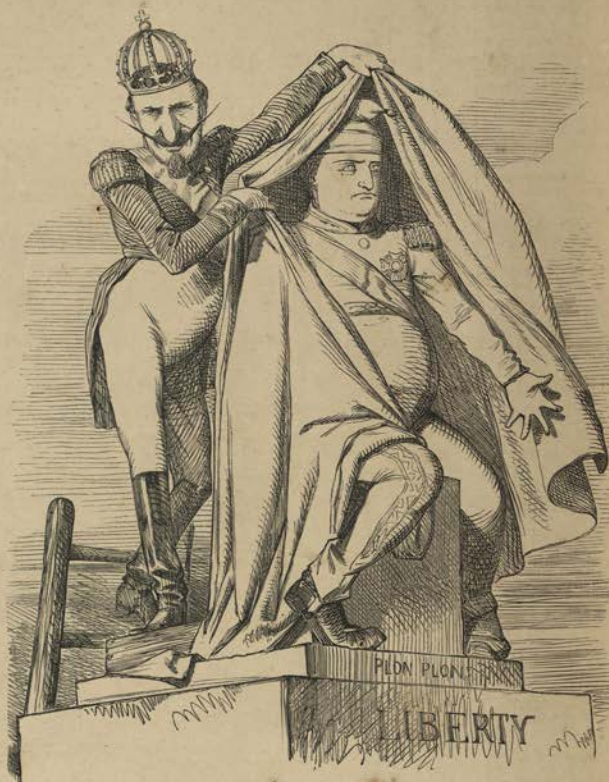
"At Point Victory, upon the north-west coast of King William's Island, a record has been found, dated the 25th April, 1848, and signed by Captains Crozier and Fitzjames. By it we were informed that Her Majesty's ships 'Erebus' and 'Terror' were abandoned on the 22nd of April, 1848, in the ice, five leagues to the N.W., and that the survivors, in all amounting to 105 souls, under the command of Captain Crozier, were proceeding to the Great Fish River. Sir John Franklin had died on the 11th June, 1847."

Mr. Punch sorrowfully sang:—

The Polar clouds split—
A moment and no more—
And through the snowy drift
We see them on the shore.

A band of gallant hearts,
Well ordered, calm, and brave;
Breed for their glowing parts—
Their long march to the grave.

But warm, aboard his ship,
With comfort at his side,
And hope upon his lip,
The gallant Franklin died.



THE EMPEROR UNVEILING ITALIAN LIBERTY.

SEPT. 28.

AT this time it was believed that the Emperor of the French had hopes of seating his cousin Prince Jerome Napoleon, known in Paris by the contemptuous nickname of "Plon-Plon," upon the throne of Italy.

[See Cartoon, "The Emperor unveiling Italian Liberty."]

NAPOLEON AS AN ITALIAN IMAGE-BUY.

(Speaking to the Italians.)

"Buy my fine Image! Plon-Plon! Little Plon-Plon! Pretty King! *Corso di Bocca*, beautiful King! Best Plaster of Paris! Buy my fine Image! Buy! Buy! Cheap—cheap. You shall have him for nothing!"

OCT. 1.

The new "Big Ben" at Westminster was found to be more badly cracked than the one it superseded. The construction of it had been entrusted (says a note of *Mr. Punch*) to Mr. Denison, an amateur in campanology.

THE LAMENT OF THE WESTMINSTER CLOCK-WORKS.

Out! Barry and Denison, ne'er shall we get a
Good pair of hands to exhibit our faces,
So long as you two only double your meta-
Physical fists in each other's faces.

If Barry would make them so weighty no barrow-
Meter could weigh them,—no barrow could carry:

As Time will not wait, but flies on like an arrow,
'Tis meet that we should not wait for Charles Barry.

At Ben Rhydding, Denison seems to be kidding
For lightness of hand—as though old Time would linger;
But Big Ben, himself of his Denison kidding,
Still tells a lament for the loss of his finger.

Each writes to the "*Times*," while the time's flying on:
At each letter the ire of each seems to wax hotter.



BLONDIN OUTDONE.

OCT. 8.

IN his Number of this date *Punch* had a Cartoon entitled "Blondin Outdone," showing Lord Palmerston propelling Lord John Russell in a wheelbarrow along a rope marked "Palmerstonian Politics" across a Niagara whose waters display the Reform, American, Italian, Chinese and Indian difficulties with which the Government at the moment had to deal: The reference is to the *cats* recently performed (on the 17th August) by the French acrobat M.

Sir Charles gives his deep digs, while warm Denison,
From out his cold sheets, throws Sir Charles in hot-
water.

Oh! Barry and Denison, let us alone;
Or put hands to the work—not of writing a letter—
But as both of you have so much face of your own,
Each take to a face; show which does it the better.

Or let some one else, who's a little less wroth,
Give us hands, that are not only handsome, but
strong.

While you two—many cooks only spoiling the broth,—
May prove to the world that you're both in the
wrong.

Blondin, upon a tight rope stretched above and
across the Niagara Falls.

(See Cartoon, "*Blondin Outdone*.")

OCT. 16.

ON this day occurred a critical incident in the great Abolition struggle in America. John Brown, the famous Kansas Abolitionist, headed an anti-slavery outbreak at Harper's Ferry, a town on the borders of Virginia and Baltimore. Brown was captured, tried for high treason, and

eventually executed (on the 2nd December). But his death only stimulated the Abolitionist cause, and precipitated the great struggle shortly to come off between North and South, of which struggle the question of Slavery was at least the leading motive. "Gentlemen," said John Brown, "make an end of slavery, or slavery will make an end of you." Although thus executed as a law-breaker, John Brown did much towards "making an end of" the "Domestic Institution" he so ardently hated.

OCT. 20.

THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON advised Victor Emmanuel to form an Italian Confederation, a scheme which the latter declared to be impracticable. On the 31st of the month the newly constituted kingdom of Italy was divided into seventeen provinces.

OCT. 22.

SPeAKING at Bradford on the subject of the continued prevalence of bribery at parliamentary elections, the veteran reformer Lord Brougham had said, "There was no stopping the Slave-trade until I made it felony, and so it will be with election bribery." Mr. Punch signified his approval of the proposal.

(See *Cartoon*, "The Old Real Reformer.")

NOV. 30.

At this time there was again much wild talk about a French invasion of this country. Four Liverpool merchants took upon themselves to write to the Emperor Napoleon asking him his intentions. The Emperor in an ironical reply said,—"Great fear or great confidence can alone explain the step you have taken." He told them that the cause of their apprehensions was "found only in the din excited among your countrymen by the most chimerical alarms," urged them to rest "com-

pletely reassured," and to "combat an error which is too extended."

The ill-advised action of these well-meaning but foolish persons earned for them much ridicule at home as well as a severe snubbing from the Emperor.

Mr. Punch dealt with them in the following satirical lines:—

THE FOUR FISHERS.
(WHO CAUGHT NOTHING.)
Four Merchants who thought themselves wiser and best
Of all the folks in Liverpool town,
To the Emperor Loosy a letter addressed,
Intended to do him uncommonly brown:
"We'll sound his plans so dark and so deep,
From Liverpool brokers no secret he'll keep."
Said they, in their Lancashire tone,



THE OLD REAL REFORMER.

"There was no stopping the Slave-trade until I made it FELONY, and so it will be with Election Bribery."—LORD BROUGHAM at Bradford.

Four Boobies went sniggering
round all day
Among the folks in Liverpool
town,
And thinking that none were so
clever as they,
And how they should come to
a grand review;
"We'll strike Lord Palmer-
ston all of a heap,
And show we can catch a
French wren asleep,"
Said they, their impudence
owing.

Four Asses they hung down
their lolling ears,
When the post came in to
Liverpool town,
And brought them a letter
whereof it appears
These donkeys couldn't trans-
late a noun.
For Looey knows well how
his secrets to keep,
And the Liverpool boobies
unluckily eap.
A harvest of jeering and
groaning.

These vague war rumours,
if they had no other good
effect, aroused this country
to the need of self-defence,
and stimulated the Volun-
teer movement, then in its
infancy.

(See cartoon, "Days of War.")

OUR FRENCH FRIEND.

"It's coming is he?" quoth our
John,

"I've heard that talk before"—
And then his eye fell straight
upon

His stick behind the door.
"I wonder if 'twould suit Our
Friend

(John's face was rather grim)
For me to save his coming here,
By going there to him."

"Because you know, old girl,"
says he,

"I'm hearty, strong, and hale,
And I'd be all the better for
A little bit of sail.

I fancy, too, he thinks I'm not
Quite sound in wind or limb.
I've really half a thought, old
girl,

Of going there to him.

"Besides, you know, I shouldn't
be

A stranger to the way,
I visited the spot before—
In Bouquarty's day.

That very stick I took with me—
It hasn't grown more slim:
I swear, old gal, I'm half inclined
To go across to him.

"I hate to give a gentleman
More trouble than there's need,
And crossing water makes Our Friend
Uncommon cross indeed.

And if, as these here letters say,
To meet me is his whim,
Why, dang my bottom, Mother Bull,
I'll go across to him.



DOGS OF WAR.

MR. BULL. "Invasion, indeed! That's a game you can play at!—Why, to hear their Poodle talk, one would think my Bull-dog not dead!"

"Mayhap he'd like to have a crack
About old days gone by,
Egypt, and Spain, and Trafalgar,
If he would, so would I.
About those days I rather think
His memory's getting dim,
And that's another reason, dame,
Why I should go to him.

"These Master Jack may mind the house,
I'm glad he's bought a girl,
If he don't keep you safe and sound,
He's not his father's son.
So fill a mug, Our Friend's good health,
Yes, fill it to the brim!
If he'll but say he means to come—
By George, I'll go to him!"

DEC. 1.

FRENCH speakers and writers in the French press continued to comment copiously upon the subject of the relations between ourselves and France. The *Débats* had an article "on the causes of our increased armaments, formation of rifle corps, state of

uneasy expectation and double Income Tax." It contradicted the supposition that the menaces of the French press had caused us to involve ourselves in all this trouble and expense. The *Débats* said, "In that country which holds war in so much abhorrence, they are now making a hundred thousand rifles, and everybody is learning to use them."

Mr. Punch ridiculed both the bluster of the French fire-eaters and the arguments of those who twitted us with superfluous apprehensions and needless military preparations. Both in his eyes were "Bow-wow."

(See Cartoon, "Bow-wow.")

The *Débats*' assertion about our "hundred



BOW-WOW!!

thousand rifles," however, Mr. Punch admitted the truth of. How approvingly he viewed that particular "preparation" may be gathered from the following lines, which he published about this time.

THE RIFLE VOLUNTEERS.

Are—"The British Grenadiers."

Some talk of Alexander,
And some of Hercules,
But John Bull's rising danger
Needs no such aids as these.

He shoulders his long Enfield,
And at his drill appears,
Till "pie-ing-away," the bullets sing,
Of the Rifle Volunteers.

And when he is commanded
To find himself in clothes,
Like a twink into his tailors
For a uniform he goes.
With his easy Knickerbockers,
And no stock his neck that quivers, [mand,
For a run, jump, stand, they're the boys to com-
Are the Rifle Volunteers!

Let the Horse Guards trust to pipe-clay,
And General Routine,
Till the Linesman's shakoed, belted,
And pack'd to a machine,
With wheels and wheels unfettered,
And the use of eyes and ears,
In wide-awake the come the rank and file
Of the Rifle Volunteers!

They mayn't be up to marching,
A hundred legs like one,
Or in coming to the shoulder
To the moment with each gun!

But for hitting of the target,
Or the foreman—have no fears,
He must shoot mighty spray that
could wipe the eye!
Of the Rifle Volunteers!
At dawn to drill or practice,
Blow high, blow low, he goes;
And what a breakfast afterwards
He eats, you may suppose.
For shooting, marching, wheel-
ing,
Not alone chase invasion's
fear,
But they also drive out dyspepsy
and gout
From the Rifle Volunteers!
The lovely maids of England,
The comely matrons too,
Rain-omies upon the Rifles,
And applaud their aims so
true!
For they know while each stout
marksman
His unerring English rifle,
No invader comes to the hearth
and the home
Of the Rifle Volunteers!

Monsieur Michel Chevalier, writing with much moderation and sound sense (for which *Punch* gave him every credit) on the same theme, admitted "that the English fleet ought to exceed the united fleets of France and Russia." Cried *Punch*, "Excellently said, good Monsieur Chevalier! Bravo, good Monsieur! *Punch* thanks you for the hint. The French and Russian fleets are not united now, but there's no knowing when they may be. And when they are, they ought to find themselves outnumbered by the English. Lord Palmerston, we trust that you will look to this."

(See *Cartoon*, "Britannia—The Unprotected Female!")

DEC. 14.

DIPLOMATIC relations were re-opened between the courts of France and Austria, Prince Metternich, Ambassador for Austria, appearing at the Tuilleries this day. The Prince said:—

"SIR,—The Emperor my master, in deigning to appoint me his Ambassador to your Imperial Majesty, particularly impressed upon me to convince you of the value of your personal friendship."

Which "nice thing" *Mr. Punch* thus translated into un diplomatic language:—

"SIR,—In sending me to kiss your Imperial Majesty's foot, the Emperor my master particularly desires me to signify the deep impression which it has made upon his

person, and the conviction which he feels in consequence of your having so well kicked him, that he had better endeavour to keep on good terms with you."

DEC. 20.

A PANPHLET entitled "Le Pape et le Congrès" was published in France and attracted much notice. Although bearing the name of M. de la Guéronnière, it was sus-

pected to be inspired if not actually written by the Emperor himself, and to indicate the Imperial policy.

DEC. 24.

MODENA, PARMA, and the Romagna, all hostile to the Pope's temporal rule, formed themselves into a new Province under the name of Emilia.



BRITANNIA—THE UNPROTECTED FEMALE!

DEC. 24:

Mr. Punch, still doubtful about the aims of the French Emperor, had in a late Cartoon represented him as the clown in the Christmas pantomime, with a goose marked "Italy" hanging from his pocket, and a huge pistol in his hand, assuring Mrs. Britannia that, in spite of appearances, his intentions are strictly honourable. This week he conveyed a reasonable suggestion to the Emperor in a genial Christmas Cartoon, representing himself presenting a Tree of Liberty as the best Christmas Tree, to the young but already armed Prince Imperial.

(See Cartoon, "A Christmas Tree for the Young French Prince.")

CHRISTMAS TREES.

Come fog—come frost—who counts the cost
Of wood and coal at Christmas-time?

Bring winter in, to warm his skin,
And thaw his coat of snow.

Let those that have help those that lack
To food and fire—to game and glee—

Pile high the screen of herried green,
And plant and deck the Christmas-tree.

The tree that like this blessed time
Of peace, good-will, on earth, on high,

Through frost and snow green boughs doth show,
Hope's hue, "neath winter's sky.

In wealth's warm room how brave they bloom,
Hung with child-treasures, bright to see!

But let us think, that cold and gloom
Should also have their Christmas-tree.

A little pine will plant it there,
A willing cost will lack its boughs.

The rare full meal of common
The once-a-year carousal,

Come men of war and lack and bold,
A blaze where fold legs want to be—

Such are the gifts we'll help to spread
Upon the poor man's Christmas-tree.

And if that nation have a life
That may collective merries own,

To Britain's heart what thanks were ripe,
For God's hand o'er her shown!

What boughs were bend enough to bear
The gifts she takes by land and sea?

The once-a-year carousal,

Come men of war and lack and bold,

A blaze where fold legs want to be—

Such are the gifts we'll help to spread

Upon the poor man's Christmas-tree.

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A CHRISTMAS TREE FOR THE YOUNG FRENCH PRINCE.

Mr. Punch, "There, my dear, put away that nasty thing, and plant this."

Small wonder hungrier lands elsewhere
Should envy England's Christmas-tree!
As we are rich let us bestow
A thought on poorer nations' want;
Letting our fulsome overflow,
Giving, as we should,
Till lands show bright where now is night,
And Europe's borders see
Arise for them, that nobler stem—
Unlying Freedom's Christmas-tree!

DEC. 28.

On this day the country experienced a great loss in the sudden death of Thomas Babington, Lord Macaulay, the graphic historian and eloquent politician, at this somewhat early age of 59. He was buried in Westminster Abbey on the 9th of the following month.

[END OF VOLUME I.]



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